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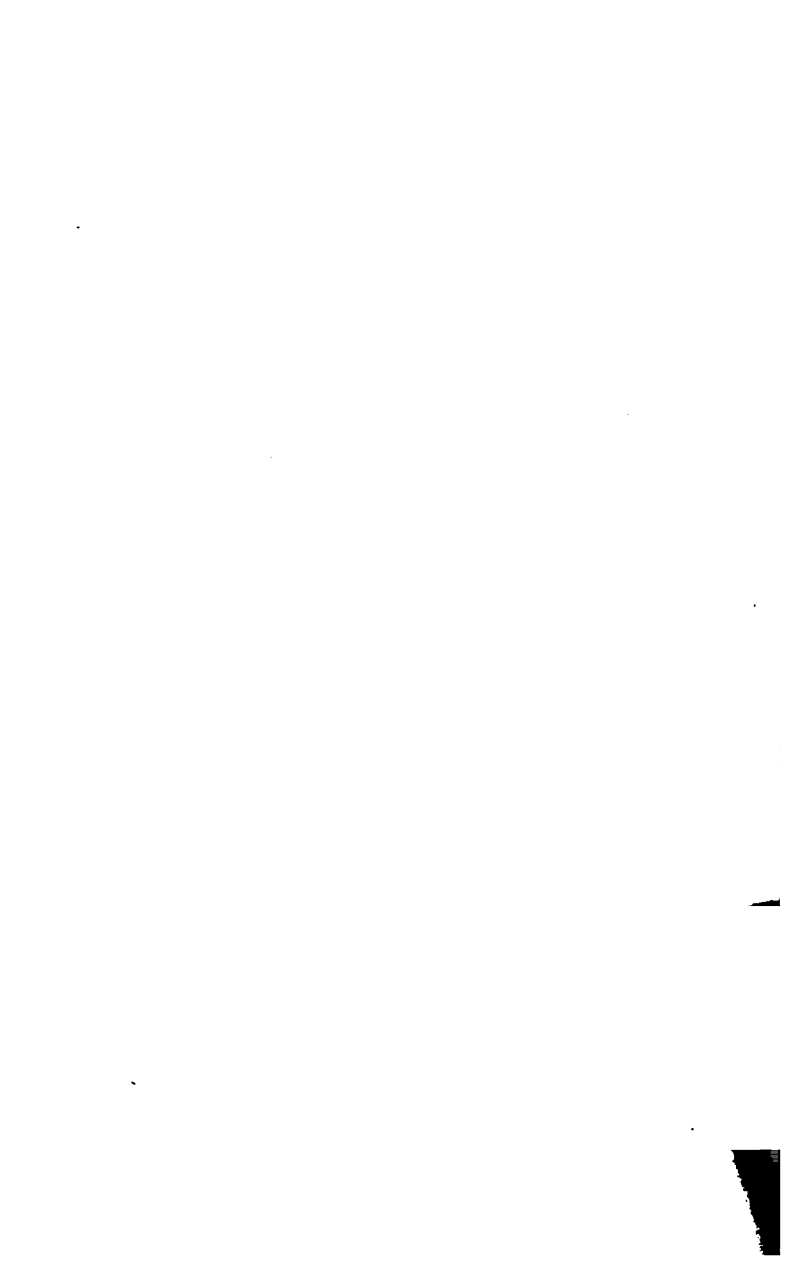
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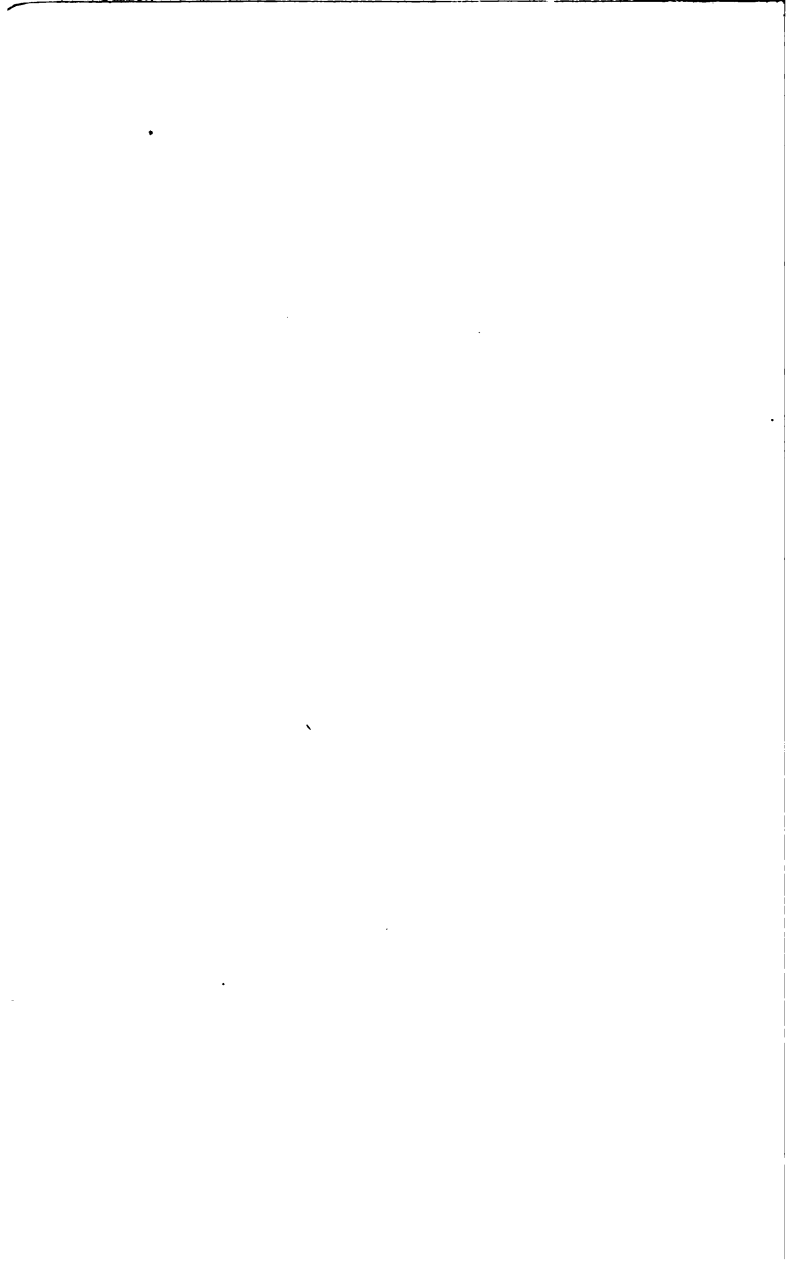
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Sum of jole and mirth also;  
And sum of trecherie and of gile,  
Of old aventours that fel while;  
And sum of bourdes and ribaudy;  
And many ther beth of fairy;  
Of all thinges that men seth;—  
Maist o love forsothe thai beth.

*Lay le Freine.*

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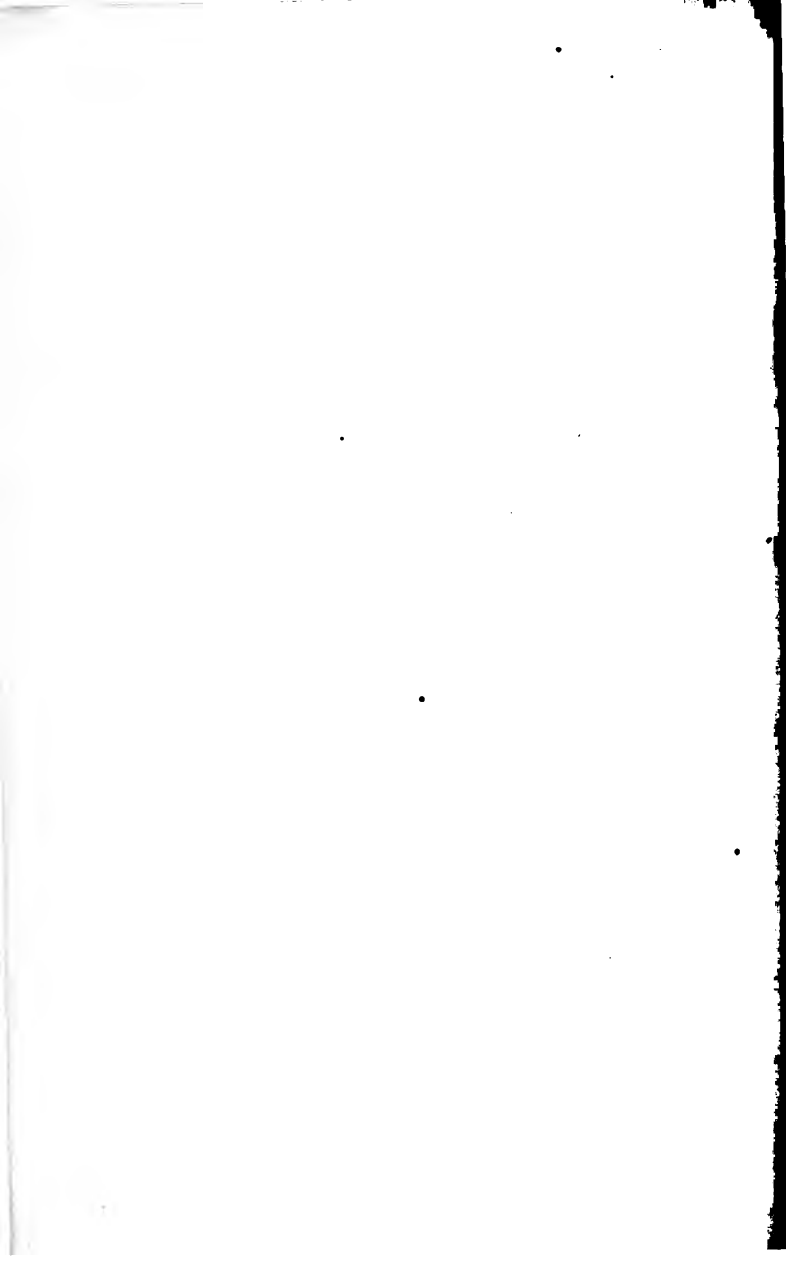
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## PREFACE.

THE compilation now offered to the public will be found more comprehensive in its plan than any of its kind which has hitherto appeared. It includes nearly all that is known to be left to us of the *ancient* ballads of England and Scotland, with a liberal selection of those which are of later date. Of traditional ballads preserved in a variety of forms, all the important versions are given, and no genuine relic of olden minstrelsy, however mutilated or debased in its descent to our times, has on that account been excluded, if it was thought to be of value to the student of popular fiction. \*

● \* Some resolution has been exercised, and much disgust suppressed, in retaining certain pieces from Buchan's collections, so strong is the suspicion that, after having been procured from very inferior sources, they were tampered with by the editor.



It is manifest that so extensive a plan must embrace not a little that possesses small attractions for a cursory reader. To obviate, as far as may be, the objection arising from this circumstance, those pieces which are, for any reason, of less general interest, have been thrown into an Appendix at the end of each volume.

Some arrangement of parts being practically convenient as well as philosophically appropriate, a division into books according to subjects has been adopted; but in order to avoid the appearance of formality, the fact and the principle of classification have not been kept before the reader's eyes by a running title. In the several books, the ballads are grouped with some attention to chronological order, the probable antiquity of the story, and not the actual age of the form or language, regulating the succession. For special reasons, several pieces stand apparently out of place. The whole matter of arrangement is one, however, in which strictness is offensive as well as useless, and this premised, the reader will observe the *general* disposition in these four volumes to be as follows :—

BOOK I. contains, for the most part, Romances

of Chivalry and Legends of the Popular Heroes of England ; \*

BOOK II. Ballads involving various Superstitions,—as of Fairies, Elves, Magic, and Ghosts ;

BOOK III. Tragic Love-ballads ;

BOOK IV. other Tragic Ballads ;

BOOK V. Love-ballads not Tragic.

With respect to the texts, the Editor, after selecting the most authentic copies, has carefully adhered to the originals as they stand in the printed collections, sometimes restoring a reading which had been changed without reason, and in all cases indicating deviations, whether his own or those of others, in the margin. It would have given him extreme satisfaction to be able to cancel or register the numerous alterations which Bishop Percy made in the ballads taken from his famous manuscript ; but that invaluable document has fallen into hands which refuse an inspection of it even to the most eminent of English scholars.

It has been an object to make the introduc-

\* Some of the longer pieces in this book are not of the nature of ballads, and require an apology. They were admitted before the limits of the work had been determined with exactness. Two or three others might better have been placed in the Appendix.

tions to the individual pieces in this collection as brief as possible. What is prefixed has reference principally to the bibliographical history and the various forms of the ballad, or to its affinities with the romance of other nations. While the former points have been diligently attended to, the last (except in a few instances) has received only such illustration as the notices of previous editors and a hasty turning over the leaves of the most celebrated foreign collections have supplied. It has been regarded as especially superfluous (at least after one or two examples of the futility of such inquiries) to expend time and space in discussions concerning the actual localities and personages involved in legends older than history.

The Editor hopes to complete his work within the next year, and in four more volumes, and in the concluding volume proposes to insert an Essay on the History of Ballad Poetry.

December, 1856.

# LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL COLLECTIONS

## OF ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS AND SONGS,

### TOGETHER WITH SOME AUXILIARY WORKS.<sup>1</sup>

- "Cantus, Songs, and Fancies, to several musicall parts, both apt for voices and viols; with a brief introduction to Musick, as is taught by Thomas Davidson, in the Musick School of Aberdeen;" &c. Aberdeen. Printed by John Forbes. 1st ed. 1662, 2d ed. 1666, 3d ed. 1682.
- "A Chaise Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems. Both Ancient and Modern. By several Hands. Edinburgh. Printed by James Watson." Three Parts, 1706, 1709, 1710. [1718, 1709, 1711.]
- "Miscellany Poems, containing a variety of new Translations of the Ancient Poets, together with several original poems. By the most eminent hands." Ed. by Dryden. 6 vols. 1st ed. 1684-1708. Ed. of 1716 contains ballads not in the earlier ones.
- "Wit and Mirth: or Pills to Purge Melancholy; being a Collection of the best Merry Ballads and Songs, Old and New. Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper Tune for either Voice or Instrument: most

<sup>1</sup> The relative importance of the works in this list is partially indicated by difference of type. When two or more editions are mentioned, those used in this collection are distinguished by brackets.

of the Songs being new set." By Thomas D'Urfey.  
6 vols. London. 1719-20.

"A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS. Corrected from the best and most ancient Copies extant. With Introductions Historical, Critical, or Humorous." 3 vols. London. 1st and 2d vol. 1723, 3d vol. 1725.

"The Evergreen. Being a Collection of Scots Poems, Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600. Published by Allan Ramsay." 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1724. [Edinburgh. Printed for Alex. Donaldson, 1761.]

"The Tea-Table Miscellany: A Collection of Choice Songs, Scots and English." Edinburgh. 1724. 4 vols. [Glasgow, R. & A. Foulis. 1768. 2 vols.]

"Orpheus Caledonius, or a Collection of the best Scottish Songs, set to Musick by W. Thomson." London. 1725. fol. 1788. 2 vols. 8vo.

7 "RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY: Consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our Earlier Poets; together with some few of later date. By THOMAS PERCY, Lord Bishop of Dromore." 3 vols. 1st ed. London, 1765. 4th ed. (improved) 1794. [London, L. A. Lewis, 1839.]

"ANCIENT AND MODERN SCOTTISH SONGS, Heroic Ballads, &c." By DAVID HERD. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1769. 2d ed. 1776. [3d ed. Printed for Lawrie and Symington, 1791.]

"Ancient Scottish Poems. Published from the MS. of George Bannatyne, MDLXVIII." By Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes. Edinburgh, 1770.

"The Choice Spirit's Chaplet: or a Poesy from Parnassus, being a Select Collection of Songs from the most approved authors: many of them written and the whole compiled by George Alexander Stevens, Esq." Whitehaven, 1771.

"A Collection of English Songs in score for three or four Voices. Composed about the year 1500. Taken from MSS. of the same age. Revised and digested by John Stafford Smith." London, 1779.

"Scottish Tragic Ballads." John Pinkerton. London, 1781.

"Two Ancient Scottish Poems; The Gaberlunzie-Man and Christ's Kirk on the Green. With Notes and Observations. By John Callender, Esq. of Craigforth." Edinburgh, 1782.

"The Charmer: A Collection of Songs, chiefly such as are eminent for poetical merit; among which are many originals, and others that were never before printed in a song-book." 2 vols. 4th ed. Edinburgh, 1782.

"Select Scottish Ballads." 2 vols. John Pinkerton. London, 1783. Vol. I. Tragic Ballads, Vol. II. Comic Ballads.

V "A Select Collection of English Songs, with their Original Airs, and an Historical Essay on the Origin and Progress of National Song." By J. Ritson. 1783. 2d ed. with Additional Songs and Occasional Notes, by Thomas Park. London, 1813. 3 vols.

"The Poetical Museum. Containing Songs and Poems on almost every subject. Mostly from Periodical Publications." George Caw. Hawick, 1784.

"The Bishopric Garland or Durham Minstrel." Edited by Ritson. Stockton, 1784. Newcastle, 1792. [London, 1809.]

"The New British Songster. A Collection of Songs, Scots

and English, with Toasts and Sentiments for the Bottle." Falkirk, 1785.

"Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print, but now published from the MS. collections of Sir Richard Maitland," &c. John Pinkerton. 2 vols. London, 1786.

"The Works of James I., King of Scotland." To which are added "Two Ancient Scottish Poems, commonly ascribed to King James V." (The Gaberlunzie-Man and the Jollie Beggar.) Morrison's Scottish Poets. Poets. Perth, 1786.

"THE SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM. In six volumes. Consisting of Six Hundred Scots Songs, with proper Bases for the Piano Forte," &c. By James Johnson. Edinburgh, 1787-1803. [3d ed. "with copious Notes and Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland, by the late William Stenhouse," and "with additional Notes and Illustrations," by David Laing. 4 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1853.]

"The Yorkshire Garland." Edited by Ritson. York, 1788.

"Reliques of Irish Poetry, translated into English verse," &c. By Charlotte Brooke. Dublin, 1789.

"A Select Collection of Favourite Scottish Ballads." 6 vols. R. Morison & Son. Perth, 1790.

"Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry: From Authentic Manuscripts and Old Printed Copies. By Joseph Ritson, Esq." London, 1791. [Second Edition, London, 1833.]

"Ancient Songs and Ballads, from the Reign of King Henry the Second to the Revolution. Collected by Joseph Ritson, Esq." 2 vols. Printed 1787, dated 1790, published 1792. [London, 1829.]

"Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions, with three

- pieces before unpublished." Collected by John Pinkerton. 3 vols. London, 1792.
- "The Select Melodies of Scotland," &c. By George Thomson. 6 vols. 1792. London, 1822-25.
- "The Northumberland Garland." Edited by Ritson. Newcastle, 1793. [London, 1809.]
- "SCOTISH SONG. In two volumes." JOSEPH RITSON. London, 1794.
- "ROBIN HOOD: A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs and Ballads, now extant, relative to that celebrated English Outlaw. To which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life. By JOSEPH RITSON, Esq." 2 vols. 1795. [Second Edition, London, 1832.]
- "A Collection of English Songs, with an Appendix of Original Pieces." London, 1796. Lord Hailes.
- "An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, &c., by Alexander Campbell, to which are subjoined Songs of the Lowlands of Scotland, carefully compared with the original editions." Edinburgh, 1798. 4to.
- "Tales of Wonder; Written and collected by M. G. Lewis, Esq., M. P." 2 vols. London, 1800. [New-York, 1801.]
- "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century." Ed. by J. G. Dalzell. Edinburgh, 1801. 2 vols. (Contains "Ane Compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie Partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of Prophaine Sanges for avoyding of Sinne and Harlotrie, with Augmentatioun of sundrie Gude and Godly Ballates, not contained in the first Edition. Newlie corrected and amended by the first Originall Copie. Edinburgh, printed by Andro Hart.")



- "The Complaynt of Scotland. Written in 1548. With a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary." By John Leyden. Edinburgh, 1801.
- "Chronicle of Scottish Poetry; from the Thirteenth Century to the Union of the Crowns." By J. Sibbald. 4 vols. Edinburgh, 1802.
- "Ancient Engleish Metrical Romanceës. Selected and publish'd by Joseph Ritson." 3 vols. London. 1802.
- "The North-Country Chorister." Edited by J. Ritson. Durham, 1802. [London, 1809.]
- "MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER: Consisting of Historical and Romantic Ballads, collected in the Southern Counties of Scotland; with a few of modern date founded upon local tradition." 1st and 2d vols. 1802, 3d 1803. [Poetical Works of SIR WALTER SCOTT, vols. 1-4. Cadell, Edinburgh, 1851.]
- "The Wife of Auchtermuchty. An ancient Scottish Poem, with a translation into Latin Rhyme." Edinburgh, 1803.
- "A Collection of Songs, Moral, Sentimental, Instructive, and Amusing." By James Plumptre. 4to. Cambridge, 1805. London, 1824. 3 vols.
- "POPULAR BALLADS AND SONGS, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions; with translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish language, and a few originals by the Editor. By ROBERT JAMIESON." 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1806.
- "Ancient (!) Historic Ballads." Newcastle, 1807.
- "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, chiefly ancient." By John Finlay. 2 vols. Edinburgh. 1808.

- "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," &c. By R. H. Cromek. London, 1810.
- "Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative, with some of modern date: collected from Rare Copies and MSS." By Thomas Evans. 2 vols. 1777. 4 vols. 1784. [New edition, revised and enlarged by R. H. Evans. 4 vols. London, 1810.]
- "Essay on Song-Writing; with a Selection of such English Songs as are most eminent for poetical merit. By John Aiken. A new edition, with Additions and Corrections, and a Supplement by R. H. Evans." London, 1810.
- "Northern Garlands." London, 1810. (Contains The Bishopric, Yorkshire, and Northumberland Garlands, and The North-Country Chorister, before mentioned.)
- "Bibliographical Miscellanies, being a Collection of Curious Pieces in Verse and Prose." By Dr. Bliss. Oxford, 1813.
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- "A Collection of Ancient and Modern Scottish Ballads, Tales, and Songs: with explanatory Notes and Observations." By John Gilchrist. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1815.
- "Heliconia. Comprising a Selection of the Poetry of the Elizabethan age, written or published between 1575 and 1604." Edited by T. Park. 3 vols. London, 1815.
- "Original National Melodies of Scotland." By Peter Macleod. 1816, and Edinburgh, 1838.

- "Albyn's Anthology." By —Campbell. Edinburgh, 1816.
- "The Pocket Encyclopædia of Song." 2 vols. Glasgow, 1816.
- Calliope: An Original Selection of Ballads, Legendary and Pathetic. 18mo. 1816.
- Facetiæ. Musarum Deliciæ (1656), Wit Restor'd (1658), and Wits Recreations (1640). 2 vols. London, 1817.
- "The Suffolk Garland: or a Collection of Poems, Songs, Tales, Ballads, Sonnets, and Elegies, relative to that county." Ipswich, 1818.
- "The Jacobite Relics of Scotland: being the Songs, Airs, and Legends of the adherents to the House of Stuart. Collected and illustrated by James Hogg." 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1819 and 1821.
- "The Harp of Caledonia; or Songs, ancient and modern, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, with copious Annotations." By John Struthers. 3 vols. Glasgow, 1819.
- "The New Notborune Mayd." Roxburghe Club. London, 1820.
- "The British Minstrel, a Selection of Ballads, Ancient and Modern; with Notes, Biographical and Critical. By John Struthers." Glasgow, 1821.
- "Scarce Ancient Ballads, many never before published." Aberdeen. Alex. Laing, 1822.
- "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland." By David Laing. Edinburgh, 1822.
- "The Thistle of Scotland; a Selection of Ancient Ballads, with Notes. By Alexander Laing." Aberdeen, 1823.
- "Some ancient Christmas Carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England; together with two ancient Ballads, a Dialogue, &c. Collected by Davies Gilbert." The Second Edition. London, 1823.

- "The Scottish Minstrel, a Selection from the Vocal Melodies of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, arranged for the Piano-Forte by R. A. Smith." 6 vols. 1820-24.
- "A Collection of Curious Old Ballads and Miscellaneous Poetry." David Webster. Edinburgh, 1824.
- "A Ballad Book." By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. 1824. (30 copies printed.)
- "A North Countrie Garland." By James Maidment. Edinburgh, 1824. (30 copies printed.)
- "The Common-Place Book of Ancient and Modern Ballads and Metrical Legendary Tales, an Original Selection, many never before published." Edinburgh, 1824.
- "The Scottish Caledonian Encyclopædia; or, the Original, Antiquated, and Natural Curiosities of the South of Scotland, interspersed with Scottish Poetry." By John Mac-taggart. London, 1824.
- "Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry, republished principally from early Printed Copies in Black Letter." E. V. Utterson. London, 1825.
- "Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce Old Ballads, chiefly Tragical and Historical." By Peter Buchan. Peterhead, 1825.
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The Gentleman's Magazine, The Scots Magazine, The Retrospective Review, The British Bibliographer, Censura Litteraria, Restituta, Notes and Queries, &c.

The foreign collections most useful for comparative study are :

- " Udvalgte Danske Viser fra Middelalderen ; efter A. S. Vedels og P. Syvs trykte Udgaver og efter haandskrevne Samlinger udgivne paa ny af Abrahamson, Nyerup, og Rahbek." Copenhagen, 1812-1814. 5 vols.
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## THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

No incident is more common in romantic fiction, than the employment of some magical contrivance as a test of conjugal fidelity, or of constancy in love. In some romances of the Round Table, and tales founded upon them, this experiment is performed by means either of an enchanted horn, of such properties that no dishonoured husband or unfaithful wife can drink from it without spilling, or of a mantle which will fit none but chaste women. The earliest known instances of the use of these ordeals are afforded by the *Lai du Corn*, by Robert Bikelz, a French minstrel of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and the *Fabliau du Mantel Mautailé*, which, in the opinion of a competent critic, dates from the second half of the thirteenth century, and is only the older lay worked up into a new shape. (Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 327, sq., 342, sq.) We are not to suppose, however, that either of these pieces presents us with the primitive form of this humorous invention. Robert Bikelz tells us that he learned his story from an abbot, and that "noble ecclesiast" stood



but one further back in a line of tradition which curiosity will never follow to its source. We shall content ourselves with noticing the most remarkable cases of the use of these and similar talismans in imaginative literature.

In the *Roman de Tristan*, a composition of unknown antiquity, the frailty of nearly all the ladies at the court of King Marc is exposed by their essaying a draught from the marvellous horn, (see the English *Morte Arthur*, Southey's ed. i. 297.) In the *Roman de Perceval*, the knights, as well as the ladies, undergo this probation. From some one of the chivalrous romances Ariosto adopted the wonderful vessel into his *Orlando*, (xlii. 102, sq., xliii. 31, sq.,) and upon his narrative La Fontaine founded the tale and the comedy of *La Coupe Enchantée*. In German, we have two versions of the same story,—one, an episode in the *Krone* of Heinrich vom Türlin, thought to have been borrowed from the *Perceval* of Chrétien de Troyes, (*Die Sage vom Zauberbecher*, in Wolf, *Ueber die Lais*, 378,) and another, which we have not seen, in Bruns, *Beiträge zur kritischen Bearbeitung alter Handschriften*, ii. 139; while in English, it is represented by the highly amusing "bowrd," which we are about to print, and which we have called *The Horn of King Arthur*. The forms of the tale of the Mantle are not so numerous. The *fabliau* already mentioned was reduced to prose in the sixteenth century, and published at Lyons, (in 1577,) as *Le Manteau mal taillé*, (Legrand's *Fabliaux*, 3d ed., i. 126,) and under this title, or that of *Le Court Mantel*, is very well known. An old fragment (*Der Mantel*) is given in Haupt and Hoffmann's *Alteutsche Blätter*, ii. 217, and the story is also in Bruns *Beiträge*.

Lastly, we find the legends of the horn and the mantle united, as in the German ballad *Die Ausgleichung*, (*Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 389,) and in the English ballad of *The Boy and The Mantle*, where a magical knife is added to the other curiosities. All three of these, by the way, are claimed by the Welsh as a part of the *insignia* of Ancient Britain, and the special property of Tegau Eurvron, the wife of Caradog with the strong arm. (Jones, *Bardic Museum*, p. 49.)

In other departments of romance, many other objects are endowed with the same or an analogous virtue. In Indian and Persian story, the test of innocence is a red lotus-flower; in *Amadis*, a garland, which fades on the brow of the unfaithful; in *Perceforest*, a rose. The *Lay of the Rose* in *Perceforest*, is the original (according to Schmidt) of the much-praised tale of Senecé, *Camille, ou la Manière de filer le parfait Amour*, (1695,)—in which a magician presents a jealous husband with a portrait in wax, that will indicate by change of color the infidelity of his wife,—and suggested the same device in the twenty-first novel of *Bandello*, (Part First,) on the translation of which in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, (vol. ii. No. 28,) Massinger founded his play of *The Picture*. Again, in the tale of *Zeyn Alasman and the King of the Genii*, in the *Arabian Nights*, the means of proof is a mirror, that reflects only the image of a spotless maiden; in that of the carpenter and the king's daughter, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (c. 69,) a shirt, which remains clean and whole as long as both parties are true; in *Palmerin of England*, a cup of tears, which becomes dark in the hands of an inconstant lover; in the *Fairy Queen*, the famous girdle of Florimel; in

*Horn and Rimnild* (Ritson, *Metrical Romances*, iii. 301,) as well as in one or two ballads in this collection, the stone of a ring; in a German ballad, *Die Krone der Königin von Afion*, (Erlach, *Volkslieder der Deutschen*, i. 132,) a golden crown, that will fit the head of no incontinent husband. Without pretending to exhaust the subject, we may add three instances of a different kind: the Valley in the romance of *Lancelot*, which being entered by a faithless lover would hold him imprisoned forever; the Cave in *Amadis of Gaul*, from which the disloyal were driven by torrents of flame; and the Well in *Horn and Rimnild*, (*ibid.*) which was to show the shadow of Horn, if he proved false.

In conclusion, we will barely allude to the singular anecdote related by Herodotus, (ii. 111,) of Phero, the son of Sesostris, in which the experience of King Marc and King Arthur is so curiously anticipated. In the early ages, as Dunlop has remarked, some experiment for ascertaining the fidelity of women, in defect of evidence, seems really to have been resorted to. "By the Levitical law," (*Numbers* v. 11-31,) continues that accurate writer, "there was prescribed a mode of trial, which consisted in the suspected person drinking water in the tabernacle. The mythological fable of the trial by the Stygian fountain, which disgraced the guilty by the waters rising so as to cover the laurel wreath of the unchaste female who dared the examination, probably had its origin in some of the early institutions of Greece or Egypt. Hence the notion was adopted in the Greek romances, the heroines of which were invariably subjected to a magical test of this nature, which is one of the few particulars in which any similarity of incident can be traced between the Greek

novels and the romances of chivalry." See DUNLOP, *History of Fiction*, London, 1814, i. 239, sq.; LEGRAND, *Fabliaux*, 3d ed., 149, sq., 161; SCHMIDT, *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, xxix. 121; WOLF, *Ueber die Lais*, 174-177; and, above all, GRAESSE'S *Sagenkreise des Mittelalters*, 185, sq.

*The Boy and the Mantle* was "printed verbatim" from the Percy MS., in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 38.

IN the third day of May,  
To Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
That cold much of wisdome.

A kirtle and a mantle  
This child had uppon,  
With brouches and ringes  
Full richelye bedone.

He had a sute of silke  
About his middle drawne ;  
Without he cold of curtesye,  
He thought itt much shame.

“ God speed thee, King Arthur,  
Sitting at thy meate :  
And the goodly Queene Guénever  
I cannott her forgett.

“ I tell you, lords, in this hall,  
I hett you all to heede,  
Except you be the more surer,  
Is you for to dread.”

He plucked out of his poterner,  
And longer wold not dwell ;

He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
Betweene two nut-shells.

“Have thou here, King Arthur, 25  
Have thou heere of mee ;  
Give itt to thy comely queene,  
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

Itt shall never become that wiffe,  
That hath once done amisse : ” — 30  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Began to care for his.

Forth came dame Guénever ;  
To the mantle shee her hied ;  
The ladye shee was newfangle, 35  
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle,  
She stode as shee had beene madd :  
It was from the top to the toe,  
As sheeres had itt shread. 40

One while was it gule,  
Another while was itt greene ;  
Another while was it wadded ;  
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke, 45  
And bore the worst hue :  
"By my troth," quoth King Arthur,  
"I think thou be not true."

She threw down the mantle,  
That bright was of blee ; 50  
Fast, with a rudd redd,  
To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver and the walker  
That clothe that had wrought,  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne  
That hither hath itt brought. 55

"I had rather be in a wood,  
Under a greene tree,  
Then in King Arthurs court  
Shamed for to bee." 60

Kay called forth his ladye,  
And bade her come neere ;  
Saies, "Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there."

Forth came his ladye, 65  
Shortlye and anon ;  
Boldlye to the mantle  
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
And cast it her about, 70

Then was shee bare  
' Before all the rout.'

Then every knight,  
That was in the kings court,  
Talked, laughed, and showted 75  
Full oft att that sport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,  
That bright was of blee ;  
Fast, with a red rudd,  
To her chamber can shee flee. 80

Forth came an old knight,  
Pattering ore a creede,  
And he proferred to this litle boy  
Twenty markes to his meede,

And all the time of the Christmasse,  
Willinglye to ffeede ; 85  
For why this mantle might  
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,  
Of cloth that was made, 90  
Shee had no more left on her,  
But a tassell and a threed :  
Then every knight in the kings court  
Bade evill might shee speed.



Shee threw downe the mantle, 95  
 That bright was of blee ;  
 And fast, with a redd rudd,  
 To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye, 100  
 And bade her come in ;  
 Saith, " Winne this mantle, ladye,  
 With a little dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,  
 And it shal be thine,  
 If thou never did amisse 105  
 Since thou wast mine."

Forth came Craddockes ladye,  
 Shortlye and anon ;  
 But boldlye to the mantle  
 Then is shee gone. 110

When she had tane the mantle,  
 And cast it her about,  
 Upp at her great toe  
 It began to crinkle and crowt :  
 Shee said, " Bowe downe, mantle, 115  
 And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,  
 I tell you certainlye,  
 When I kist Craddockes mouth  
 Under a greene tree ; 120

When I kist Craddockes mouth  
Before he marryed mee."

When shee had her shreeven,  
And her sines shee had tolde,  
The mantle stoode about her 125  
Right as shee wold,

Seemelye of coulour,  
Glittering like gold :  
Then every knight in Arthurs court  
Did her behold. 130

Then spake dame Guénever  
To Arthur our king ;  
"She hath tane yonder mantle  
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman, 135  
That maketh her self soe 'cleane' ?  
I have seene tane out of her bedd  
Of men fiveteene ;

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men  
From her, bydeene : 140  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
And maketh her self cleane."

Then spake the little boy,  
That kept the mantle in hold ;  
Sayes, " King, chasten thy wiffe, 155  
Of her words shee is to bold :

Shee is a bitch and a witch,  
And a whore bold :  
King, in thine owne hall  
Thou art a cuckold." 160

The little boy stoode  
Looking out a dore ;  
' And there as he was lookinge  
He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore, 165  
Wold have werryed a man :  
He pulld forth a wood kniffe,  
Fast thither that he ran :  
He brought in the bores head,  
And quitted him like a man. 170

He brought in the bores head,  
And was wonderous bold :  
He said there was never a cuckolds kniffe  
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives 175  
Uppon a whetstone :

Some threw them under the table,  
And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child  
Stood looking them upon ; 170  
All their knives edges  
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a little knive  
Of iron and of steele ;  
He birtled the bores head 175  
Wonderous weele,  
That every knight in the kings court  
Had a morssell.

The little boy had a horne,  
Of red gold that ronge : 180  
He said there was "noe cuckolde  
Shall drinke of my horne,  
But he shold it sheede,  
Either behind or beforne."

Some shedd on their shoulder, 185  
And some on their knee ;  
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,  
Put it in his eye :  
And he that was a cuckold  
Every man might him see. 190

Craddocke wan the horne,  
And the bores head ;  
His ladie wan the mantle  
Unto her meede,  
Everye such a lovely ladye  
God send her well to speede.

4/28/17

## THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY PERCY.

*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 393.

IN Carleile dwelt King Arthur,  
A prince of passing might ;  
And there maintain'd his table round,  
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas 5  
With mirth and princely cheare,  
When, lo ! a straunge and cunning boy  
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle and a mantle  
This boy had him upon, 10  
With brooches, rings, and owches,  
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk  
About his middle meet ;  
And thus with seemely curtesy, 15  
He did King Arthur greet.

“ God speed thee, brave King Arthur,  
Thus feasting in thy bowre ;  
And Guenever thy goodly queen,  
That fair and peerlesse flowre.

20

“ Ye gallant lords, and lordings,  
I wish you all take heed,  
Lest what you deem a blooming rose  
Should prove a cankred weed.”

Then straitway from his bosome  
A little wand he drew ;  
And with it eke a mantle  
Of wondrous shape and hew.

25

“ Now have thou here, King Arthur,  
Have this here of mee,  
And give unto thy comely queen,  
All shapen as you see.

30

“ No wife it shall become,  
That once hath been to blame.”  
Then every knight in Arthur's court  
Slye glaunced at his dame.

35

And first came Lady Guenever,  
The mantle she must trye :  
This dame, she was new-fangled,  
And of a roving eye.

40

When she had tane the mantle,  
And all was with it cladde,  
From top to toe it shiver'd down,  
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long, 45  
Another while too short,  
And wrinkled on her shoulders  
In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,  
Then all of sable hue : 50  
"Beshrew me," quoth King Arthur,  
"I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,  
Ne longer would not stay ;  
But storming like a fury, 55  
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,  
That had the mantle wrought :  
And doubly curst the froward impe,  
Who thither had it brought. 60

"I had rather live in desarts,  
Beneath the green-wood tree,  
Than here, base king, among thy groomes,  
The sport of them and thee."



Sir Kay call'd forth his lady, 65  
And bade her to come near :  
" Yet, dame, if thou be guilty,  
I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly giggling,  
With forward step came on, 70  
And boldly to the little boy  
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,  
With purpose for to wear,  
It shrunk up to her shoulder, 75  
And left her b\*\*side bare.

Then every merry knight,  
That was in Arthur's court,  
Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,  
To see that pleasant sport. 80

Downe she threw the mantle,  
No longer bold or gay,  
But with a face all pale and wan,  
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight, 85  
A pattering o'er his creed,  
And proffered to the little boy  
Five nobles to his meed ;

“ And all the time of Christmas  
Plum-porridge shall be thine, 90  
If thou wilt let my lady fair  
Within the mantle shine.”

A saint his lady seemed,  
With step demure and slow,  
And gravely to the mantle 95  
With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,  
That was so fine and thin,  
It shrivell'd all about her,  
And show'd her dainty skin. 100

Ah ! little did her mincing,  
Or his long prayers bestead ;  
She had no more hung on her,  
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threwe the mantle, 105  
With terror and dismay,  
And, with a face of scarlet,  
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,  
And bade her to come neare ; 110  
“ Come win this mantle, lady,  
And do me credit here.

"Come win this mantle, lady,  
For now it shall be thine,  
If thou hast never done amiss, 115  
Sith first I made thee mine."

The lady gently blushing,  
With modest grace came on,  
And now to trye the wondrous charm  
Courageously is gone. 120

When she had tane the mantle,  
And put it on her backe,  
About the hem it seemed  
To wrinkle and to cracke.

"Lye still," shee cryed, "O mantle ! 125  
And shame me not for nought,  
I'll freely own whate'er amiss,  
Or blameful I have wrought.

"Once I kist Sir Cradocke  
Beneathe the green wood tree : 130  
Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth  
Before he married mee."

When thus she had her shriven,  
And her worst fault had told,  
The mantle soon became her 135  
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,  
Like gold it glittering shone :  
And much the knights in Arthur's court  
Admir'd her every one. 140

Then towards King Arthur's table  
The boy he turn'd his eye :  
Where stood a boar's head garnished  
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head 145  
His little wand had drawne,  
Quoth he, " There's never a cuckold's knife  
Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed  
On whetstone, and on hone : 150  
Some threwe them under the table,  
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife,  
Of steel and iron made ;  
And in an instant thro' the skull 155  
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade  
Full easily and fast ;  
And every knight in Arthur's court  
A morsel had to taste. 160

The boy brought forth a horne,  
All golden was the rim :  
Said he, " No cuckolde ever can  
Set mouth unto the brim.

" No cuckold can this little horne 163  
Lift fairly to his head ;  
But or on this, or that side,  
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,  
Some shed it on their thigh ; 170  
And hee that could not hit his mouth,  
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he that was a cuckold,  
Was known of every man :  
But Cradock lifted easily, 175  
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn, and mantle,  
Were this fair couple's meed :  
And all such constant lovers,  
God send them well to speed. 180

Then down in rage came Guenever  
And thus could spiteful say :  
" Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully  
Hath borne the prize away.

“ See yonder shameless woman,  
That makes herself so clean :  
Yet from her pillow taken  
Thrice five gallants have been. 185

“ Priests, clarkes, and wedded men,  
Have her lewd pillow prest :  
Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth  
Must beare from all the rest.” 190

Then bespake the little boy,  
Who had the same in hold :  
“ Chastize thy wife, King Arthur,  
Of speech she is too bold : 195

“ Of speech she is too bold,  
Of carriage all too free ;  
Sir king, she hath within thy hall  
A cuckold made of thee. 200

“ All frolick light and wanton  
She hath her carriage borne,  
And given thee for a kingly crown  
To wear a cuckold's horne.”

## THE HORN OF KING ARTHUR.

MS. Ashmole, 61, fol. 59 to 62.

THIS amusing piece was first published entire in Hartshorne's *Ancient Metrical Tales*, p. 209, but with great inaccuracies. It is there called *The Cokwolds Daunce*. A few extracts had previously been given from the MS., in the Notes to *Orfeo and Heurodis*, in Laing's *Early Popular Poetry of Scotland*. Mr. Wright contributed a corrected edition to Karajan's *Frühlingsgabe für Freunde älterer Literatur*. That work not being at the moment obtainable, the Editor was saved from the necessity of reprinting or amending a faulty text, by the kindness of J. O. Halliwell, Esq., who sent him a collation of Hartshorne's copy with the Oxford manuscript.

ALL that wyll of solas lere,  
Herkyngs now, and ȝe schall here,  
And ȝe kane vnderstond ;  
Off a bowrd I wyll ȝou schew,  
That ys full gode and trew,  
That fell some tyme in Ynglond.

Kynge Arthour was off grete honour,  
Off castellis and of many a toure,  
And full wyde iknow;  
A gode ensample I wyll ȝou sey,  
What chanse befell hym one a dey;  
Herkyn to my saw!

10

Cokwoldes he louyd, as I ȝou plyȝt;  
He honouryd them, both dey and nyght,  
In all maner of thyng;  
And as I rede in story,  
He was kokwold sykerly;  
Ffor sothê it is no lesyng.

15

Herkynne, seres, what I sey;  
Her may ȝe here solas and pley,  
Iff ȝe wyll take gode hede;  
Kyng Arthour had a bugyll horn,  
That ever mour stod hym be forn,  
Were so that ever he ȝede.

20

Ffor when he was at the bord sete,  
Anon the horne schuld be fette,  
Ther off that he myght drynk;  
Ffor myche crafte he couth thereby,  
And ofte tymes the treuth he sey;  
Non other couth he thyнке.

25

30

Iff any cokwold drynke of it,  
Spyll he schuld, withouten lette;



Therfor thei wer not glade ;  
 Gret dyspyte thei had therby,  
 Because it dyde them vilony, 35  
 And made them oft tymes sade.

When the kyng wold hafe solas,  
 The bugyll was fett into the plas,  
 To make solas and game ;  
 And then changyd the cokwoldes chere ; 40  
 The kyng them callyd ferre and nere,  
 Lordynges, by ther name.

Than men myght se game inow3e,  
 When every cokwold on other leu3e,  
 And 3it thei schamyd sore : 45  
 Where euer the cokwoldes wer sought,  
 Befor the kyng thei were brought,  
 Both lesse and more.

Kyng Arthour than, verament,  
 Ordeynd, throw hys awne assent, 50  
 Ssoth as I 3ow sey,  
 The tabull dormounte withouten lette ;  
 Ther at the cokwoldes wer sette,  
 To have solas and pley.

Ffor at the bord schuld be non other 55  
 Bot euery cokwold and hys brother ;  
 To tell treuth I must nedes ;

And when the cokwoldes wer sette,  
Garlandes of wylos sculd be fette,  
And sett vpon ther hedes.

60

Off the best mete, withoute lesyng,  
That stode on bord befor the kyng,  
Both ferr and nere,  
To the cokwoldes he sente anon,  
And bad them be glad euerychon,  
Ffor his sake make gode chere.

65

And seyde, " Lordyngs, for 3our lyues,  
Be neuer the wrother with 3our wyues,  
Ffor no manner of nede :  
Off women com duke and kyng ;  
I 3ow tell without lesyng,  
Of them com owre manhed.

70

So it befell sertenly,  
The duke off Glosseter com in hy3e,  
To the courte with full gret my3ht ;  
He was reseuyed at the kyngs palys,  
With mych honour and grete solas,  
With lords that were well dyg3ht.

75

With the kyng ther dyde he dwell,  
Bot how long I can not tell,  
Therof knaw I non name ;  
Off kyng Arthour a wonder case,  
Frendes, herkyne how it was,  
Ffor now begynes game.

80

Vppon a dey, withouten lette,  
The duke with the kyng was sette,  
At mete with mykill pride;  
He lukyd abowte wonder faste,  
Hys syght on euery syde he caste  
To them that sate besyde.

85

90

The kyng aspyed the erle anon,  
And fast he lowȝhe the erle vpon,  
And bad he schuld be glad;  
And yet, for all hys grete honour,  
Cokwold was Kyng Arthour,  
Ne galle non he had.

95

So at the last, the duke he brayd,  
And to the kyng thes wordes sayd;  
He myght no lenger forbere;  
“Syr, what hath thes men don,  
That syche garlondes thei were vpon?  
That skylle wold I lere.”

100

The kyng seyde the erle to,  
“Syr, non hurte they haue do,  
Ffor this was thruȝh a chans.  
Sertes thei be fre men all,  
Ffor non of them hath no gall;  
Therfor this is ther penans.

105

“Ther wyves hath ben merchandabull,  
And of ther ware compenabull;

110

Methinke it is non herme ;  
 A man of lufe that wold them craue,  
 Hastely he schuld it haue,  
 Ffor thei couth not hym wern.

“ All theyr wyves, sykerlyke, 115  
 Hath vsyd the baskefysyke,  
 Whyll thes men were oute ;  
 And ofte they haue draw that draught,  
 To vse well the lechers craft,  
 With rubyng of ther toute. 120

“ Syr,” he seyde, “ now haue I redd ;  
 Ete we now, and make vs glad,  
 And euery man fle care ;”  
 The duke seyde to hym anon,  
 “ Than be thei cokwoldes, everychon ;” 125  
 The kyng seyde, “ hold the there.”

The kyng than, after the erlys word,  
 Send to the cokwolds bord,  
 To make them mery among,  
 All manner of mynstralsy, 130  
 To glad the cokwolds by and by  
 With herpe, fydell, and song :

And bad them take no greffe,  
 Bot all with loue and with leffe,  
 Euery man . . with other ; 135

Ffor after mete, without distans,  
 The cockwolds schuld together danse,  
 Euery man with hys brother.

Than began a nobull game :  
 The cockwolds together came 140  
 Befor the erle and the kyng ;  
 In skerlet kyrtells over one,  
 The cokwoldes stodyn euerychon,  
 Redy vnto the dansyng.

Than seyde the kyng in hye, 145  
 " Go fyll my bugyll hastely,  
 And bryng it to my hond.  
 I wyll asey with a gyne  
 All the cokwolds that her is in ;  
 To know them wyll I fond." 150

Than seyde the erle, " for charyte,  
 In what skyll, tell me,  
 A cokwold may I know ?"  
 To the erle the kyng ansuerd,  
 " Syr, be myn hore berd, 155  
 Thou schall se within a throw."

The bugyll was brought the kyng to hond.  
 Then seyde the kyng, " I vnderstond,  
 Thys horne that ȝe here se,  
 Ther is no cokwold, fer ne nere, 160  
 Here of to drynke hath no power,  
 As wyde as Crystiante,

“ Bot he schall spyll on euery syde ;  
Ffor any cas that may betyde,  
Schall non therof avanse.” 163  
And ȝit, for all hys grete honour,  
Hymselfe, noble kyng Arthour,  
Hath forteynd sýche a chans.

“ Syr erle,” he seyde, “ take and begyn.”  
He seyde, “ nay, be seynt Austyn, 170  
That wer to me vylony ;  
Not for all a reme to wyn,  
Befor you I schuld begyn,  
Ffor honour off my curtassy.”

Kyng Arthour ther he toke the horn, 175  
And dyde as he was wont beforne,  
Bot ther was ȝit gon a gyle :  
He wend to haue dronke of the best,  
Bot sone he spyllid on hys brest,  
Within a lytell whyle. 180

The cokwoldes lokyd iche on other,  
And thought the kyng was their own brother,  
And glad thei wer of that :  
“ He hath vs scornid many a tyme,  
And now he is a cokwold fyne, 185  
To were a cokwoldes hate.”

The quene was therof schamyd sore ;  
Sche changyd hyr colour lesse and more,

And wold haue ben a wey.  
 Therwith the kyng gan hyr behold, 190  
 And seyde he schuld neuer be so bold,  
 The soth agene to sey.

“Cokwoldes no mour I wyll repreue,  
 Ffor I ame ane, and aske no leue,  
 Ffor all my rentes and londys. 195  
 Lordyngs, all now may ye know  
 That I may dance in the cokwold row,  
 And take you by the handes.”

Than seyde thei all at a word,  
 That cokwoldes schuld begynne the bord, 200  
 And sytt hiest in the halle.  
 “Go we, lordyngs, all [and] same,  
 And dance to make vs gle and game,  
 Ffor cokwolds haue no galle.”

And after that sone anon, 205  
 The kyng causyd the cokwolds ychon  
 To wesch withouten les ;  
 Ffor ought that euer may betyde,  
 He sett them by hys awne syde,  
 Vp at the hye dese. 216

The kyng hymselff a gurlond fette ;  
 Uppon hys hede he it sette,  
 Ffor it myght be non other,  
 And seyde, “Lordyngs, sykerly,

We be all off a freyry ; 215  
I ame 3our awne brother.

“ Be Jhesu Cryst that is aboffe,  
That man aught me gode loffe  
That ley by my quene :  
I wer worthy hym to honour, 220  
Both in castell and in towre,  
With rede, skerlet and grene.

“ Ffor him he helpyd, when I was forth,  
To cher my wyfe and make her myrth ;  
Ffor women louys wele pley ; 225  
And therfor, serys, haue 3e no dowte  
Bot many schall dance in the cokwoldes rowte,  
Both by nyght and dey.

“ And therefor, lordyngs, take no care ;  
Make we mery ; for nothing spare ; 230  
All brether in one rowte.”  
Than the cokwoldes wer full blythe,  
And thankyd God a hundred syth,\*  
Ffor soth withouten dowte.

Euery cokwold seyde to other, 235  
“ Kyng Arthour is our awne brother,  
Therfor we may be blyth : ”  
The erle off Glowsytur verament,  
Toke hys leue, and home he wente,  
And thankyd the kyng fele sythe. 240



Kyng Arthour lived at Karlyon,  
 With hys cokwolds euerychon,  
 And made both gam and gle :

|   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * |

A knyght ther was withouten les,  
 That seruyd at the kyngs des,  
     Syr Corneus hyght he ;  
 He made this gest in hys gam,  
 And named it after hys awne name,  
     In herpyng or other gle.

245

And after, nobull kyng Arthour  
 Lyued and dyed with honour,  
     As many hath don senne,  
 Both cokwoldes and other mo :  
 God gyff vs grace that we may go  
     To heuyn ! Amen, Amen.

250

241, left at Skarlyon. 243, Three lines omitted in MS.

## THE GRENE KNIGHT.

COPIED from the Percy Manuscript, by Sir Frederic Madden, and published by him in his *Syr Gawayne*, (p. 224.) An older form of the story is the Scottish romance, *Syr Gawayn and the Grene Knyzt*, in the same volume, p. 3. The original of the *Grene Knyzt*, remarks Sir Frederic Madden, appears to exist in the *Roman de Perceval*, by Chrestien de Troyes, and the same kind of incident is found in the *fabliau* of *La Mule sans Frein*, and in the second part of the *Roman du Saint Graal*, ascribed to Walter Map. See Notes to *Syr Gawayn and the Grene Knyzt*. Bishop Percy had himself transcribed this poem, with the purpose of inserting it in a later edition of his *Reliques*.

LIST, when Arthur he was King,  
He had att all 'his leading'  
The broad Ile of Brittain;e;  
England and Scotland one was,  
And Wales stood in the same case,  
The truth itt is not to layne.

He driue allyans out of this Ile,  
Soe Arthur liued in peace a while,  
As man of mickle maine ;  
Knights stronge of their degree, 10  
Which of them hiest shold bee,  
Therof Arthur was not faine.

Hee made the Round Table for their behoue,  
That none of them shold sitt aboue,  
But all shold sitt as one ; 15  
The King himselfe, in state royall,  
Dame Gueneuer, our Queene, with all,  
Seemlye of body and bone.

Itt fell againe the Christmase,  
Many came to that Lords place, 20  
To that worthye one ;  
With helme and head and brand bright,  
All that tooke order of knight,  
None wold linger att home.

There was noe Castle, nor manur free, 25  
That might harbour that companye,  
Their puissance was soe great ;  
Their tentes vp they pight,  
For to lodge there all that night,  
Therto were sett to meate. 30

Messengers there came [and] went  
With much victualls, verament,

MS. 7, allyance. 9, men. 28, the.

Both by way and streete ;  
 Wine and wildfowle thither was brought,  
 Within they spared nought, 35  
 For gold, and they might itt gett.

Now of King Arthur noe more I mell,  
 But of a venterous knight I will you tell,  
 That dwelled in the west Countrye ;  
 Sir Bredbeddle for sooth he hett, 40  
 He was a man of mickle might,  
 And Lord of great bewtye.

He had a lady to his wiffe,  
 He loued her deerlye as his liffe,  
 Shee was both blyth and blee ; 45  
 Because Sir Gawaine was stiffe in stowre,  
 Shee loued him priuilye par amour,  
 And shee neuer him see.

Itt was Aggteb that was her mother,  
 Itt was witchcraft, and noe other, 50  
 That shee dealt with all ;

|   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * |

Shee cold transpose knightes and swaine, 55  
 Like as in battaile they were slaine,  
 Wounded both lim and lighth ;

MS. 43, wis. 45, Qu. so blyth of blee? 54, three lines here wanting.

Shee taught her sonne the knight alsoe,  
 In transposed likeneese he shold goe,  
 Both by fell and frythe.

60

Shee said, " thou shalt to Arthurs hall,  
 For there great aduentures shall befall,  
 That euer saw King or knight ;

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

65

All was for her daughters sake,  
 That the witch soe sadlye spake,  
 To her sonne in law the knight ;  
 Because Sir Gawaine was bold and hardye,  
 And therto full of curtesye,  
 To bring him into her sight.

71

The knight said, " soe mote I thee,  
 To Arthurs court will I mee hye,  
 For to praise thee right ;  
 And to proue Gawaines points three,  
 And that be true that men tell me,  
 By Mary, most of might ! "

75

Earlye soone as itt was day,  
 The knight dressed him full gay,  
 Vmstrode a full good steede ;

80

MS. 66, three lines again are missing. 68, they weh.

Helme and hawberke both he hent,  
A long fauchion, verament,  
To fend them in his neede.

That was a jolly sight to seene, 85  
When horsse and armour was all greene,  
And weapon that hee bare ;  
When that burne was harnisht still,  
His countenance he became right well,  
I dare itt safelye sweare. 90

That time at Carleile lay our King,  
Att a castle of Flatting was his dwelling,  
In the Forrest of Delamore ;  
For sooth he rode, the sooth to say  
To Carleile he came on Christmas day, 95  
Into that fayre countrye.

When he into that place came,  
The porter thought him a maruelous groome,  
He saith, " Sir, wither wold yee ? "  
Hee said, " I am a venterous knight 100  
And of your King wold haue sight,  
And other Lords that heere bee."

Noe word to him the porter spake,  
But left him standing att the gate,  
And went forth, as I weene ; 105  
And kneeled downe before the King,  
Saith, " in lifes dayes, old or younge,  
Such a sight I haue not seene.

For yonder att your gates right,  
 He saith hee is a venterous knight, 110  
 All his vesture is greene ;"  
 Then spake the King, proudest in pall,  
 Saith, "bring him into the hall,  
 Let vs see what hee doth meane."

When the Greene Knight came before the  
 King, 115  
 He stood in his stirrops strechinge,  
 And spoke with voice cleere ;  
 And saith, "King Arthur, god saue thee,  
 As thou sittest in thy prosperitye,  
 And maintaine thine honor. 120

Why thou wold me nothing but right,  
 I am come hither, a venterous [knight,]  
 And kayred thorrow countryes farr ;  
 To proue poynts in thy pallace,  
 That longeth to manhood in euerye case, 125  
 Among thy Lords deere."

The King, he sate full still,  
 Till he had said all his will,  
 Certein thus can he say ;  
 "As I am true knight and King, 130  
 Thou shalt haue thy askinge,  
 I will not say thee nay.

Whether thou wilt on foote fighting,  
Or on steed-backe iusting,  
For loue of ladyes gay ; 135  
If and thine armor be not fine,  
I will giue thee part of mine,"—  
" Godamercy, Lord," can he say.

" Here I make a challenging,  
Among the Lords, both old and younge, 140  
That worthy beene in weede ;  
Which of them will take in hand,  
Hee that is both stiffe and stronge,  
And full good att need.

I shall lay my head downe, 145  
Strike itt of, if he can,  
With a stroke to garr itt bleed ;  
For this day 12 monthe another at his,  
Let me see who will answer this,  
A knight that is doughtye of deed. 150

For this day 12 monthe, the sooth to say,  
Let him come to me, and feicth his praye,  
Rudlye, or euer hee blin ;  
Whither he come I shall him tell,  
The readie way to the Greene Chappell, 155  
That place I will be in."



The King att ease sate full still,  
And all his Lords said but litle,  
Til he had said all his will ;  
Upp stood Sir Kay, that crabbed knight, 160  
Spake mightye words that were of height,  
That were both loud and shrill.

"I shall strike his necke in tooe,  
The head away the body froe,"  
They bade him all be still ; 165  
Saith " Kay, of thy dints make noe rouse,  
Thou wottest full litle what thou does,  
Noe good but mickle ill."

Eche man wold this deed haue done,  
Vp start Sir Gawaine soone, 170  
Vpon his knees can kneele ;  
He said, "that were great villanye,  
Without you put this deede to me,  
My Leege, as I haue sayd.

Remember I am your sisters sonne :"  
The King said, " I grant thy boone, 175  
But mirth is best att meelee ;  
Cheere thy guest, and giue him wine,  
And after dinner to itt fine,  
And sett the buffett well." 180

Now the Grene Knight is set att meate,  
Seemlye serued in his seate,  
Beside the Round Table ;  
To talke of his welfare nothing he needs,  
Like a knight himselfe he feeds, 185  
With long time reasonable.

When the dinner itt was done,  
The King said to Sir Gawaine soone,  
Withouten any fable ;  
He said, " an you will doe this deede, 190  
I pray Jesus be your speede,  
This knight is nothing vnstable."

The Greene Knight his head downe layd,  
Sir Gawaine to the axe he braid,  
To strike with eger will ; 195  
He stroke the necke-bone in twaine,  
The blood burst out in euerye vaine,  
The head from the body fell.

The Greene Knight his head vp hent,  
Into his saddle wightilye he sprent, 200  
Spake words both loud and shrill ;  
Saith, " Gawaine, thinke on thy couenant,  
This day 12 monthes see thou ne want,  
To come to the Greene Chappell."

•

All had great maruell that they see, 205  
 That he spake soe merrilye,  
     And bare his head in his hand ;  
 Forth att the hall dore he rode right,  
 And that saw both King and knight,  
     And Lords that were in land. 210

Without the hall dore, the sooth to saine,  
 Hee sett his head vp on againe,  
     Saies, " Arthur, haue heere my hand ;  
 Whensoever the knight cometh to mee,  
 A better buffett sickerlye, 215  
     I dare him well warrand."

The Greene Knight away went.  
 All this was done by enchantment,  
     That the old witch had wrought ;  
 Sore sicke fell Arthur the King, 220  
 And for him made great mourning,  
     That into such bale was brought.

The Queene shee weeped for his sake,  
 Sorry was Sir Lancellott du Lake,  
     And other were dreery in thought ; 225  
 Because he was brought in great peril,  
 His mightye manhood will not availe,  
     That before hath freshlye fought.

Sir Gawaine comfort King and Queene  
And all the doughtye there be-deene,

230

He bade they shold be still ;  
Said, " of my deede I was neuer feard,  
Nor yett I am nothing adread,  
I swere, by Saint Michael !

For when draweth toward my day,  
I will dresse me in mine array,

335

My promise to fullfill ;  
Sir," he saith, " as I haue blis,  
I wott not where the Greene Chappell is,  
Therefore seeke itt I will."

240

The royall Court, verament,  
All rought Sir Gawaines intent,  
They thought itt was the best ;  
They went forth into the feild,  
Knights that ware both speare and sheeld,  
They priked forth full prest.

245

Some chuse them to justinge,  
Some to dance, karoll, and singe,  
Of mirth they wold not rest ;  
All they swore together in fere,  
That and Sir Gawaine ouer-come were,  
They wold bren all the west.

250

Now leaue wee the King in his pallace,  
 The Greene Knight come home is,  
     To his owne Castle ; 255  
 His folke frend, when he came home,  
 What doughtye deeds he had done,  
     Nothing he wold them tell.

Full well he wist in certaine,  
 That his wiffe loued Sir Gawaine, 260  
     That comelye was vnder kell ;  
 Listen, Lords, and yee will sitt,  
 And yee shall heere the second Fitt  
     What aduentures Sir Gawaine befell.

## SECOND PARTE.

The day is come that Gawaine must gone,  
 Knightes and Ladyes waxed wann, 266  
     That were without in that place ;  
 The King himselfe siked ill,  
 The Queene a swounding almost fell,  
     To that jarney when he shold passe. 270

When he was in armour bright,  
 He was one of the goodlyest knightes  
     That euer in Brittain was borne ;  
 They brought Sir Gawaine a steed,  
 Was dapple gray, and good att need, 275  
     I tell, withouten scorne.

His bridle was with stones sett,  
With gold and pearle ouer frett,  
And stones of great vertue ;  
He was of a furley kind,  
His stirroppps were of silke of Ynd,  
I tell you this tale for true.

When he rode ouer the mold,  
His geere glistered as gold,  
By the way as he rode ;  
Many furleys he there did see,  
Fowles by the water did flee,  
By brimes and bankes soe broad.

Many furleys there saw he,  
Of wolues and wild beasts sikerlye,  
On hunting hee tooke most heede ;  
Forth he rode, the sooth to tell,  
For to seeke the Greene Chappell,  
He wist not where indeed.

As he rode in an euening late,  
Riding downe a greene gate,  
A faire Castell saw hee,  
That seemed a place of mickle pride ;  
Thitherward Sir Gawaine can ryde,  
To gett some harborrowe.

Thither he came in the twylight ;  
He was ware of a gentle knight,

The Lord of the place was hee ;  
 Meekly to him Sir Gawaine can speake,  
 And asked him for King Arthurs sake, 305  
 "Of harborrowe I pray thee.

"I am a far labored knight,  
 I pray you lodge me all this night,"  
 He sayd him not nay ;  
 Hee tooke him by the arme, and led him to  
 the hall, 310  
 A poore child can hee call,  
 Saith, "dight well his palfrey."

Into a chamber they went, a full great speed,  
 There they found all thinges readye att need,  
 I dare safelye swere ; 315  
 Fier in chambers burning bright,  
 Candles in chandlers burning light,  
 To supper they went full yare.

He sent after his Ladye bright,  
 To come to supp with the gentle knight, 320  
 And shee came blythe with all ;  
 Forth she came then anon,  
 Her maides following her eche one,  
 In robes of rich pall.

As shee sate att her supper, 325  
 Euermore the Ladye clere,

Sir Gawaine shee looked vpon ;  
When the supper it was done,  
Shee tooke her maids [euery one,]  
And to her chamber will gone. 330

He cheered the knight and gaue him wine,  
And said, "welcome, by Saint Martine !  
I pray you take itt for none ill ;  
One thing, Sir, I wold you pray,  
What you make soe farr this way, 335  
The truth you wold me tell.

"I am a knight, and soe are yee,  
Your concell an you will tell mee,  
Forsooth keepe itt I will ;  
For if itt be poynt of any dread, 340  
Perchance I may helpe att need,  
Either lowd or still."

For his words that were soe smooth,  
Had Sir Gawaine wist the soothe,  
All he wold not haue told ; 345  
For that was the Greene Knight,  
That hee was lodged with that night,  
And harbarrowe in his hold.

He saith, "as to the Greene Chappell,  
Thitherward I can you tell, 350  
Itt is but furlonges three.



The Master of it is a venterous knight,  
And workes by witchcraft day and night,  
With many a great furley.

If he worke with neuer soe much frauce, 335  
He is curteous as he sees cause,  
I tell you sikerlye ;  
You shall abyde and take your rest,  
And I will into yonder forrest,  
Vnder the greenwood tree." 360

They plight their truthes to be leele,  
Either with other for to deale,  
Whether it were siluer or gold ;  
He said, " we two both wilbe,  
Whatsoever God send you and mee, 365  
To be parted on the mold."

The Greene Knight went on hunting,  
Sir Gawaine in the Castle beinge,  
Lay sleeping in his bed ;  
Vp rose the old Witche with hast thowe, 370  
And to her dauhter can shee goe,  
And said, " bee not a-dread."

To her daughter can shee say,  
" The man that thou has wisht many a day,  
Of him thou maist be sped ; 375

MS. 361, beleene. 364, a word seems to be wanting. 370, throwe.

For Sir Gawaine, that curteous knight,  
Is lodged in this hall all night," —

Shee brought her to his bedd.

Shee saith, "gentle knight, awake,  
And for this faire ladies sake,

380

That hath loued thee soe deere,  
Take her body in thine armes,  
There is noe man shall doe thee harm ;"

Now beene they both heere.

The Ladye kissed him times three,

385

Saith, "without I haue the loue of thee,

My life standeth in dere ;"

Sir Gawine blushed on the ladye bright,

Saith, "your husband is a gentle knight,

By him that bought mee deare !

390

"To me itt were great shame,

If I schold doe him any grame,

That hath beene kind to mee ;

For I haue such a deede to doe,

That I can neyther rest nor roe,

395

Att an end till itt bee."

Then spake that ladye gay,

Saith, "tell me some of your journey,

Your succour I may bee ;

If itt be poynt of any warr,

400

There shall noe man doe you noe darr,

And yee wilbe gouerned by mee.

“ For heere I haue a lace of silke,  
It is as white as any milke,  
And of a great value ;”  
Shee saith, “ I dare safelye sweare,  
There shall noe man doe you deere,  
When you haue it vpon you.”

405

Sir Gawaine spake mildlye in the place ;  
He thanked the lady, and tooke the lace, 410  
And promised her to come againe ;  
The knight in the forrest slew many a hind,  
Other venison he cold none find,  
But wild bores on the plaine.

Plentye of does and wild swine, 415  
Foxes, and other ravine,  
As I hard true men tell ;  
Sir Gawaine swore sickerlye,  
“ Home to your owne welcome you bee,  
By him that harrowes hell !” 420

The Greene Knight his venison downe layd,  
Then to Sir Gawaine thus he said,  
“ Tell me anon in hight  
What noueltyes that you haue won,  
For heers plenty of venison,”— 425  
Sir Gawaine said full right.

Sir Gawaine sware by Saint Leonard,  
“ Such as God sends, you shall haue part,”

In his armes he hent the knight ;  
And there he kissed him times three, 430  
Saith, "heere is such as God sends mee,  
By Mary, most of might !"

Euer priuilye he held the lace ;  
That was all the villanye that euer was  
Prooued by Sir Gawaine the gay ; 435  
Then to bed soone they went,  
And slepted there, verament,  
Till morrow itt was day.

Then Sir Gawaine soe curteous and free,  
His leaue soone taketh hee, 440  
At the ladye soe gaye ;  
Hee thanked her, and tooke the lace,  
And rode towards the Chappell apace,  
He knew noe whitt the way.

Euermore in his thought he had, 445  
Whether he shold worke as the ladye bade,  
That was soe curteous and sheene ;  
The Greene Knight rode another way,  
He transposed him in another array,  
Before as it was greene. 450

As Sir Gawaine rode ouer the plaine,  
He hard on high vpon a mountaine,

A hornie blowne full lowde ;

|   |   |   |   |   |     |
|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| * | * | * | * | * |     |
| * | * | * | * | * | 455 |
| * | * | * | * | * |     |

He looked after the Greene Chappell,  
 He saw itt stand vnder a hill,  
     Couered with euyes about ;  
 He looked after the Greene Knight, 460  
 He hard him whett a fauchion bright,  
     That the hills rang about.

The knight spake with strong cheere,  
 Said, "yee be welcome, S[ir] Gawaine, heere,  
     It behooueth thee to lowte ;" 465  
 He stroke, and litle perced the skin,  
 Vnneth the flesh within,  
     Then Sir Gawaine had noe doubt.

He saith, "thou shontest ; why dost thou soe ?"  
 Then Sir Gawaine in hart waxed throe, 470  
     Vpon his feete con stand ;  
 And soone he drew out his sword,  
 And saith, "traitor, if thou speake a word,  
     Thy liffe is in my hand.

I had but one stroke att thee, 475  
 And thou hast had onother att mee,

Noe falshood in me thou found ;

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

480

The knight said, " withouten laine,

I wend I had Sir Gawaine slaine,

The gentlest knight in this land ;

Men told me of great renowne,

Of curtesie thou might haue woon the  
                   crowne,

487

Aboue both free and bound ;

" And alsoe of great gentrye :

And now three poyntes be put for thee,

Itt is the moe pittye,

Sir Gawaine, thou wast not leele,

490

When thou didst the lace conceale,

That my wiffe gaue to thee.

" For wee were both wist full well,

For thou hadst the halfe dele

Of my venerye ;

493

If the lace had neuer beene wrought,

To haue slaine thee was neuer my thought,

I swere by God, verelye !

" I wist it well my wiffe loued thee ;

Thou wold doe me noe villanye,

500

MS. 480. Three more lines are apparently deficient here.  
 493 appears to be corrupt.

But nicked her with nay ;  
 But wilt thou doe as I bidd thee,  
 Take me to Arthurs court with thee,  
 Then were all to my pay."

Now are the knightes accorded thore ; 505  
 To the Castle of Hutton can they fare,  
 To lodge there all that night ;  
 Earlye on the other day,  
 To Arthurs court they tooke the way  
 With harts blyth and light. 510

All the court was full faine,  
 Aliue when they saw Sir Gawaine ;  
 They thanked God abone ;  
 That is the matter and the case,  
 Why knightes of the Bathe weare the lace,\*  
 Vntill they haue wonen their shoen. 515

Or else a Ladye of hye estate,  
 From about his necke shall it take,  
 For the doughtye deeds that hee hath done ;

MS. 506, 509, the.

\* The lace alluded to was of white silk, and worn on the left shoulder, as early as the reign of Richard the Second. From a curious passage in Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life, written by himself, 4to. 1764, p. 54, we learn that the practice was still observed in the reign of James the First, and that the Knights were obliged to wear the lace until they had done something famous in arms, or till some lady of honor had taken it off. **MADDEN.**

It was confirmed by Arthur the King, 520  
Thorrow Sir Gawaines desiringe,  
The King granted him his boone.

Thus endeth the tale of the Greene Knight :  
God, that is soe full of might,  
To heauen their soules bring 525  
That haue hard this litle storye,  
That fell sometimes in the west Countrye,  
In Arthurs days our king.



## CARLE OF CARLILE.

COPIED by Sir F. Madden, from the Percy Manuscript, and printed for the first time in his *Syr Gawayne*, (p. 256.) It is a *rifacimento* of *Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle* (same volume, p. 187.) The original of the story is found in the *fabliau* of *Le Chevalier à l'Épée*—Méon, *Nouveau Recueil*, vol. i. 127. Legrand, *Fabliaux*, (ed. 1829,) vol. i. 101, and Appendix, 3.

Listen to me a litle stond,  
Yee shall heare of one that was sober and sound;  
Hee was meeke as maid in bower,  
Stiffe and strong in every stoure.

Certes, withouten fable,  
He was one of the Round Table;  
The knights name was Sir Gawaine,  
That much worshipp wan in Brittainne.

The Ile of Brittainne called is,  
Both England and Scotland, iwis;  
Wales is an angle to that Ile,  
Where King Arthur soiorned awhile.

With him twenty four Knights told,  
Besids Barrons and Dukes bold ;  
The King to his Bishopp gan say, 15  
“Wee will have a Masse to-day.”

Bishop Bodwin shall itt done,  
After to the fairest wee will gone ;  
For now its grass time of the yeere,  
Barrons bold shall breake the deere. 20

Faine theroff was Sir Marroche,  
Soe was Sir Kay the knight stout ;  
Faine was Sir Lancelott Du Lake,  
Soe was Sir Percivall, I undertake.

Faine was Sir Ewaine, 25  
And Sir Lott of Lothaine ;  
Soe was the Knight of armes greene,  
And alsoe Sir Gawaine the sheene.

Sir Gawaine was steward in Arthurs hall,  
Hee was the curteous knight amongst them all, 30  
King Arthur, and his cozen Mordred,  
And other knights withouten lett.

Sir Lybius Disconyus was there,  
With proud archers, lesse and more ;  
Blanch Faire, and Sir Ironside, 35  
And many knights that day can ryde.

And Ironside, as I weene,  
Gate the knight of armour greene,  
Certes, as I understand,  
Of a faire lady of Blaunch-Land.

40

Hee cold more of honor in warr,  
Then all the knights that with Arthur weare ;  
Burning dragons he slew in land,  
And wilde beasts, as I understand.

Wilde beares he slew that stond,  
A hardyer knight was never found ;  
He was called in his dayes,  
One of King Arthurs fellowes.

45

Why was hee called Ironsyde,  
For ever armed wold he ryde ;  
Hee wold allwais armes beare.  
For gyants and hee were ever att warr.

50

Dapple coulour was his steede,  
His armour, and his other weede ;  
Azure of gold he bare,  
With a griffon, lesse or more.

55

And a difference of a molatt,  
He bare in his crest algate ;  
Wheresoever he went, east nor west,  
He never forsooke man nor beast.

60

Beagles keenely away they ran,  
The King followed after, with many a man ;  
The grayhounds out of the leeshe,  
They drew downe the deere of grasse.

Fine tents in the feild were sett,  
A merry sort there were mett ;  
Of comely knights of kind,  
Uppon the bent there can they lend ;  
And by noone of the same day,  
A hundred harts on the ground they lay

Then Sir Gawaine and Sir Kay,  
And Bishopp Bodwin, as I heard say,  
After a redd deere they rode,  
Into a forest, wyde and brode.

A thicke mist fell them among,  
That caised them all to goo wronge ;  
Great moane made then Sir Kay,  
That they shold loose the hart that day

That red hart wold not dwell,—  
Hearken what adventures them beffell :  
Full sore they were adread,  
Ere they any lodginge had.

Then spake Sir Gawaine,  
"This labour wee have had in vaine ;  
This red hart is out of sight,  
Wee meete with him no more this night.

85

"I rede wee of our horssees do light,  
And lodge wee heere all this night ;  
Truly itt is best, as thinketh mee,  
To lodge low under this tree."

90

"Nay," said Kay, "go wee hence anon,  
For I will lodge wherforre I come ;  
For there dare no man warne me,  
Of whatt estate soever hee bee."

"Yes," said the Bischopp, "that wott I well,  
Here dwelleth a Carle in a castell ;  
The Carle of Carlile is his name,  
I know itt well, by Saint Jame !

95

"Was there never man yett soe bold,  
That durst lodge within his hold ;  
But and if hee staye with his liffe away,  
Hee ruleth him well, I you say."

100

Then said Kay, "all in fere,  
To goe thither is my desire ;  
For and the Carle be never soe bolde,  
I thinke to lodge within his hold.

105

“ For if he iangle, and make itt stout,  
I shall beate the Carle all about ;  
And I shall make his bigging bare,  
And doe to him mickle care. 110

“ And I shall beate [him,] as I thinke,  
Till he both sweate and stinke ; ”  
Then said the Bishopp, “ so mote I fare,  
Att his bidding I wilbe yare ! ”

Gawaine said, “ lett be thy bostlye fare, 115  
For thou dost ever waken care ;  
If thou staye with thy liffe away,  
Thou ruleth thee well, I dare say.”

Then said Kay, “ that pleaseth mee,  
Thither let us ryde all three ; 120  
Such as hee bakes, such shall hee brew,  
Such as hee shapes, such shall hee sew,

“ Such as he breweth, such shall he drinke,”—  
“ That is contrary,” said Gawaine, “ as I thinke ;  
But if any faire speeche will he gaine, 125  
Wee shall make him Lord within his owne.

“ If noe faire speech will awayle,  
Then to karp on, Kay, wee will not faile ; ”  
Then said the Bishopp, “ that tenteth mee,  
Thither lett us ryde all three.” 130

When they came to the Carles gate,  
 A hammer they found hanging theratt ;  
 Gawaine hent the hammer in his hand,  
 And curteouslye on the gates dange.

Forth came the Porter, with still fare, 135  
 Saying, " Who is soe bold to knocke there ? "  
 Gawaine answered him curteouslye,  
 " Man," hee said, " that is I.

" Wee be two knights of Arthurs inn,  
 And a Bishopp, no moe to min ; 140  
 Wee have rydden all day in the forrest still,  
 Till horsse and man beene like to spill.

" For Arthurs sake, that is our kinge,  
 Wee desire my Lord of a nights lodginge ;  
 And harborrow till the day at morne, 145  
 That wee may staye away without scorne."

Then spake the crabbed knight Sir Kay,  
 " Porter, our errand I reede the say ;  
 Or else the castle gate wee shall breake,  
 And the keyes thereof to Arthur take." 150

The Porter sayd with words throe,  
 " Theres no man alive, that dares doe soe ;  
 If a hundred such as thou his death had sworne,  
 Yett he wold ryde on hunting to-morne."

Then answered Gawaine, that was courteous  
aye, 155  
“Porter, our errand I pray thee say ;”  
“Yes,” said the Porter, “withouten fayle,  
I shall say your errand full well.”

As soone as the Porter the Carle see,  
Hee kneeled downe upon his knee ;— 160  
“Yonder beene two knights of Arthurs in,  
And a Bishopp, no more to myn.

“They have roden all day in the forrest still,  
That horsse [and] man is like to spill ;  
They desire you for Arthurs sake, their King, 165  
To grant them one nights lodginge ;  
And herberrow till the day att morne,  
That they may staye away without scorne.”

“Noe thing greeves me,” sayd the Carle, “without  
doubt,  
But that the knights stand soe long without ;” 170  
With that the Porter opened the gates wyde,  
And the knights rode in that tyde.

Their steeds into the stable are tane,  
The knights into the hall are gone ;  
Heere the Carle sate in his chaire on hye, 175  
With his legg cast over the other knee.

MS. 168, stape. 170, 171, they.



His mouth was wyde, and his beard was gray,  
His lockes on his shoulders lay ;  
Betweene his browes, certaine,  
Itt was large there a spann. 180

With two great eyen brening as fyer,  
Lord ! hee was a lodlye syer ;  
Over his sholders he bore a bread,  
Three taylors yards, as clarkes doe reade.

His fingars were like to tedder stakes, 185  
And his hands like breads that wives may bake ;  
Fifty cubitts he was in height,  
Lord ! he was a lothesome wight !

When Sir Gawaine that Carle see,  
He halsed him full curteouslye ; 190  
And saith, " Carle of Carlile, God save thee,  
As thou sitteth in thy prosperitee ! "

The Carle said, " as cheif me save,  
Yee shall be welcome for Arthurs sake ;  
Yet itt is not my part to doe soe, 195  
For Arthur hath beene ever my foe.

" He hath beaten my knights and done them bale,  
And send them wounded to my owne hall ;  
Yett the truth to tell I will not leane,  
I have quitt him the same againe." 200

MS. 190, halted. 191, Callile. 193, Crist? 199, leave.

"That is a kind of a knave," said Kay, "without  
leasing,

Soe to revile a noble King ;"

Gawaine heard, and made answer,

" Kay, thou sayst more then meete were."

With that they went further into the hall, 205  
Where bords were spredd, and covered with pall ;  
And four welpes of great ire,  
They found lying by the fire.

There was a beare that did rome,  
And a bore, that did whett his tusks some ; 210  
Alsoe a bull, that did rore,  
And a lyon, that did both gape and rore.

The lyon did both gape and gren,  
" O ! peace, whelpes," said the Carle then ;  
For that word that the Carle did speake, 215  
The four whelpes under the bord did creepe.

Downe came a lady faire and free,  
And sett her on the Carles knee ;  
One whiles shee harped, another whiles song,  
Both of paramours and lovinge amonge. 220

" Well were that man," said Gawaine, " that ere  
were borne,  
That might lye with that lady till day att morne ;"

MS. 215, 216, they.

"That were great shame," said the Carle free,  
"That thou sholdest doe me such villanye."  
"Sir," said Gawaine, "I sayd nought,"— 225  
"No, man," said the Carle, "more thou thought."

Then start Kay to the flore,  
And said hee wold see how his palfrey fore ;  
Both corne and hay he found lyand,  
And the Carles palfrey by his steed did stand.

Kay tooke the Carles palfrey by the necke, 231  
And soone he thrust him out att the hecke ;  
Thus Kay put the Carles fole out,  
And on his backe he sett a clout.  
Then the Carle himselfe hee stood thereby, 236  
And sayd, "this buffett, man, thou shalt aby!"

The Carle raught Kay such a rapp,  
That backward he fell flatt ;  
Had itt not beene for a feald of straw  
Kayes backe had gone in twa. 240

Then said Kay, "and thou were without thy  
hold,  
Man, this buffett shold be deere sold."  
"What!" said the Carle, "dost thou menace me ?  
I swere by all soules, sikerlye,

"Man, I swere further thore, 245  
If I heere any malice more,

For this one word that thou hast spoken,  
Itt is but earnest thou hast gotten."

Then went Kay into the hall, .  
And the Bishopp to him can call ; 250  
Saith, " Brother Kay, where have you beene ? " —  
" To looke my palfrey, as I weene."

Then said the Bishopp, " itt falleth me,  
That my palfrey I must see ;"  
Both corne and hay he found lyand, 255  
And the Carles palfrey, as I understand.

The Bishopp tooke the Carles horsse by the necke,  
And soone hee thrust him out att the hecke ;  
Thus he turned the Carles fole out,  
And on his backe he sett a clout. 260

Sais, " wend forth, fole, in the devills way !  
Who made the soe bold with my palfrey ? "  
The Carle himselfe he stood thereby,—  
" Man, this buffett thou shalt abuy ! "

He hitt the Bishopp upon the crowne, 265  
That his miter and he fell downe ;  
" Mercy," said the Bishopp, " I am a clarke,  
Somewhatt I can of Christs werke."

He saith, "by thy clergye I sett nothing,  
Nor yett by thy miter, nor by thy ringe ; 270  
It fitteth a clarke to be curteous and free,  
By the conning of his clergy."

With that the Bishopp went into the hall,  
And Sir Gawaine to him can call ;  
Saith, "brother Bishopp, where have you  
beene ?"— 275  
"To looke my palfrey, as I weene."

Then sayd Sir Gawaine, "it falleth mee,  
'That my palfrey I must needs see ;"  
Corne and hay he found enoughe lyand,  
And the Carles fole by his did stand. 280

The Carles fole had beene forth in the raine,  
Therof Sir Gawaine was not faine ;  
Hee tooke his mantle, that was of greene,  
And covered the fole, as I weene.

Sayth, "stand up, fole, and eate thy meate, 285  
Thy Master payeth for all that wee heere gett ;"  
The Carle himselfe stood thereby,  
And thanked him of his curtesye.

The Carle tooke Gawaine by the hand,  
And both together in the hall they wend ; 290

The Carle called for a bowle of wine,  
And soone they settled them to dine.  
Seventy bowles in that bowle were,  
He was not weake that did itt beare.

Then the Carle sett itt to his chin,  
And said, "to you I will begin."  
Fifteen gallons he dranke that tyde,  
And raught to his men on every side.

Then the Carle said to them anon,  
"Sirrs, to supper gett you gone ;"  
Gawaine answered the Carle then,  
"Sir, att your bidding wee will be ben."

"If you be bayne att my bidding,  
You honor me, without leasing ;"—  
They washed all, and went to meate,  
And dranke the wine that was soe sweete.

The Carle said to Gawaine anon,  
"A long speare see thou take in thy hand ;  
Att the buttrye dore take thou thy race,  
And marke me well in middest the face."

A ! thought Sir Kay, that that were I,  
Then his buffett he shold deer aby !

"Well," quoth the Carle, "when thou wilt, thou  
may,

When thou wilt thy strength assay."

"Well Sir," said Kay, "I said nought,"— 315

"Noe," said the Carle, "but more thou thought."

Then Gawaine was full glad of that,  
And a long spere in his hand he gatt ;  
Att the buttery dore he tooke his race,  
And marked the Carle in the middst the face. 320

The Carle saw Sir Gawaine come in ire,  
And cast his head under his speare ;  
Gawaine raught the wall such a rapp,  
The fyer flew out, and the speare brake.

He stroke a foote into the wall of stone, 325  
A bolder Barron was there never none ;  
"Soft," said the Carle, "thou was to radd,"—  
"I did but, Sir, as you me bade."  
"If thou had hitt me, as thou had ment,  
Thou had raught me a fell dint." 330

The Carle tooke Gawaine by the hand,  
And both into a chamber they wend ;  
A full faire bed there was spred,  
The Carles wiffe therin was laid.

The Carle said, "Gawaine, of curtesye, 335  
Gett into this bedd with this faire ladye ;

Kisse thou her thrise before mine eye,  
Looke thou doe no other villanye."

The Carle opened the sheetes wyde,  
Gawaine gott in by the ladyes syde ; 340  
Gawaine over her put his arme,  
With that his flesh began to warme.

Gawaine had thought to have made in fare  
" Hold ! " quoth the Carle, " man, stopp there ;  
Itt were greet shame," quoth the Carle, " for me,  
That thou sholdest doe me such villanye. 346

But arise up, Gawaine and goe with me,  
I shall bring thee to a fairer lady then ever was  
shee ; "

The Carle tooke Gawaine by the hand,  
Both into another chamber they wend. 350

A faire bedd there found they spred,  
And the Carles daughter therin laid ;  
Saith, " Gawaine, now, for thy curtesye,  
Gett thee to bedd to this faire lady."

The Carle opened the sheetes wyde, 355  
Sir Gawaine gott in by the ladyes side ;  
Gawaine put his arme over that sweet thing,  
" Sleepe, daughter," sais the Carle, " on my blessing ! "



The Carle turned his backe, and went his way,  
And lockt the dore with a silver kaye ; 360  
On the other morning, when the Carle rose,  
Unto his daughters chamber he goes.

“ Rise up, Sir Gawaine, and goe with mee,  
A marvelous sight I shall lett thee see ; ”  
The Carle tooke him by the hand, 365  
And both into another chamber they wend.

And there they found many a bloody serke,  
Which were wrought with curyous werke ;  
Fifteen hundred dead mens bones  
They found upon a rooke att once. 370  
“ Alacke ! ” quoth Sir Gawaine, “ what have bene  
here ? ”  
Saith, “ I and my welpes have slaine all there.”

Then Sir Gawaine, curteous and kind,  
He tooke his leave away to wend ;  
And thanked the Carle, and the ladyes there, 375  
Right as they worthy were ;  
“ Nay,” said the Carle, “ wee will first dine,  
And then thou shalt goe with blessing mine.”

After dinner, the sooth to say,  
The Carle tooke Gawaine to a chamber gay, 380  
Where were hanginge swords a-rowe ;  
The Carle soone tooke one of tho.

MS. 359, they. 361, Carles. 365, they. 369, a bones.  
375, they. 381, swords rowe.

And sayd to the knight then,  
"Gawaine, as thou art a man,  
Take this sword, and stryke of my head," 383  
"Nay," said Gawaine, "I had rather be dead,  
For I had rather suffer pine and woe,  
Or ever I wold that deede doe."

The Carle sayd to Sir Gawaine,  
"Looke thou doe as I thee faine ; 390  
And therof be not adread,  
But shortly smite of my head.

"For if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,  
Forsooth thy head I will of smyte ;"  
To the Carle said Sir Gawaine, 395  
"Sir, your bidding shall be done."

He stroke the head the body froe,  
And he stood up a man thoe,  
Of the height of Sir Gawaine,  
The certaine soothe, withouten laine. 400

The Carle sayd, "Gawaine, God bless thee !  
For thou hast delivered mee ;  
From all false witchcraft  
I am delivered att the last.

"By nigromance thus was I shapen, 405  
Till a knight of the Round Table,

Had with a sword smitten of my head,  
If he had grace to doe that deede.

“ Itt is forty winters agoe,  
Since I was transformed soe ; 410  
Since then none lodged within this woone,  
But I and my whelpes driven them downe,  
And but if hee did my bidding soone,  
I killed him, and drew him downe.

“ Every one but only thee, 416  
Christ grant thee of his mercye !  
He that the world made, reward thee this,  
For all my bale thou hast turned to blisse.

“ Now will I leave that lawe,  
There shall no man for me be slawe ; 420  
And I purpose for their sake,  
A chantry in this place to make ;

“ And five preists to sing for aye,  
Untill itt be doomes-day ;  
And Gawaine, for the love of thee, 425  
Every one shall bee welcome to mee.”

Sir Gawaine and the young lady clere,  
The Bishopp wedded them in fere ;  
The Carle gave him for his wedding,  
A staffe, miter and a ringe. 430

He gave Sir Kay, that angry knight,  
A blood-red steede and a wight ;  
He gave his daughter, the sooth to say,  
An ambling white palfrey.

The fairest hee was, on the mold :  
Her palfrey was charged with gold ;  
Shee was soe gorgeous and soe gay,  
No man cold tell her array.

The Carle comanded Sir Gawaine to wend,  
And say unto Arthur our King,  
And pray him that hee wold,  
For his love that Judas sold,  
And for his sake that in Bethelem was borne,  
If hee wold dine with him to-morne.

Sir Gawaine said the Carle unto,  
“ Forssooth I shall your message doe ; ”  
Then they rode singing by the way,  
With the lady that was gay.

They were as glad of that lady bright,  
As ever was fowle of the day-lyght ;  
They told King Arthur where they had beene,  
And what adventures they had seene.

“ I thanke God,” sayd the King, “ cozen Kay,  
That thou didst on live part away ; ”

"Marry!" sayd Sir Kay againe, 455  
 "Of my liffe I may be faine.  
 For his love that was in Bethlem borne,  
 You must dine with the Carle to-morne."

In the dawning of the day they rode,  
 A merryer meeting was never made; 460  
 When they together were mett,  
 Itt was a good thing, I you hett.

The trumpetts plaid att the gate,  
 With trumpetts of silver theratt;  
 There [was] all manner of minstrelsy, 465  
 Harpe, gyttorne and sawtrye.

Into the hall the king was fett,  
 And royallye in seat was sett;  
 By then the dinner was readye dight,  
 Tables were covered all on height. 470

Then to wash they wold not blinn,  
 And the feast they can beginn;  
 There they were mached arright,  
 Every lady against a knight.

And minstrells sate in windowes faire, 475  
 And playd on their instruments cleere;

MS. 456, lifte. 459, the. 464, therott. 466, gyttome. 467,  
 has fell.

Minstrells for worshipp at every messe,  
Full lowd they cry "Largesse!"

The Carle bade the King doe gladlye,  
"For heere yee gett great curtesye;" 490  
The King said, "by Saint Michael!  
This dinner liketh me full well."

He dubd the Carle a knight anon,  
He gave him the county of Carlile soone;  
And made him erle of all that land, 495  
And after knight of the Table Round.  
The King said, "knight, I tell thee,  
Carlile shall thy name bee."

When the dinner was all done,  
Every knight tooke his leave soone; 490  
To wend forward, soberlye,  
Home into their owne countrye.

He that made us all with his hand,  
Both the sea and the land,  
Grant us all, for his sake, 495  
This false world to forsake;

And out of this world when wee shall wend,  
To heavens blisse our soules bringe;  
God grant us grace itt may soe bee!  
Amen! say all, for charitye. 500

## FRAGMENT OF THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

From Percy's *Reliques* (iii. 403), where it was literally printed from the manuscript, "with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata."

"This Ballad," says the Editor, "has most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away; and, as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half-page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas." The story may be seen, unmutilated and in an older form, in Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 298, *The Weddyng of Syr Gawen and Dame Ragnell*.

The transformation on which the story turns is found also in Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale*, in Gower's tale of Florent and the King of Sicily's Daughter, (*Confessio Amantis*, Book I.) in the ballad of *King Henry*, (page 265 of this volume,) and in an Icelandic saga of the Danish king Helgius, quoted by Scott in his illustrations to *King Henry, Minstrelsy*, iii. 274. Voltaire has employed the same idea in his *Ce qui plaît aux Dames*, but whence he borrowed it we are unable to say.

KINGE Arthur lues in merry Carleile,  
And seemely is to see ;  
And there he hath with him Queene Genever,  
That bride so bright of blee.

And there he hath with him Queene Genever,  
That bride soe bright in bower ;  
And all his barons about him stooode,  
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The King kept a royall Christmasse,  
Of mirth & great honor ; 10  
.. when ..

[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

“ And bring me word what thing it is  
That women most desire ;  
This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,” he sayes,  
“ For Ile haue no other hier.” 15

King Arthur then held vp his hand,  
According thene as was the law ;  
He tooke his leaue of the baron there,  
And homword can he draw.

And when he came to merry Carlile, 20  
To his chamber he is gone ;  
And ther came to him his cozen, Sir Gawaine,  
As he did make his mone.

And there came to him his cozen, Sir Gawaine,  
That was a curteous knight ; 25  
“ Why sigh you soe sore, vnckle Arthur,” he said,  
“ Or who hath done thee vnright ? ”

“ O peace ! o peace ! thou gentle Gawaine,  
That faire may thee befall ;  
For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe, 30  
Thou wold not meruaile att all.

MS. 13, Y<sup>e</sup> a woman. 24, Cawaine.



“ Ffor when I came to Tearne-wadling,  
 A bold barron there I fand ;  
 With a great club vpon his backe,  
 Standing stiffe & strong. 35

“ And he asked me wether I wold fight  
 Or from him I shold be gone ;  
 Or else I must him a ransome pay,  
 And soe depart him from.

“ To fight with him I saw noe cause, 40  
 Me thought it was not meet ;  
 For he was stiffe and strong with all ;  
 His strokes were nothing sweete.

“ Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,  
 I ought to him to pay ; 45  
 I must come againe, as I am sworne,  
 Vpon the Newyeers day.

“ And I must bring him word what thing it is  
[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

Then King Arthur drest him for to ryde,  
 In one soe riche array, 50  
 Towards the foresaid Tearne-wadling,  
 That he might keepe his day.

And as he rode over a more,  
 Hee see a lady, where shee sate,

Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen ; 55  
She was clad in red scarlett.

Then there as shold have stood her mouth,  
Then there was sett her eye ;  
The other was in her forehead fast,  
The way that she might see. 60

Her nose was crooked, & turnd outward,  
Her mouth stood foule a-wry ;  
A worse formed lady then shee was,  
Neuer man saw with his eye.

To halch vpon him, King Arthur, 65  
This lady was full faine ;  
But King Arthur had forgott his lesson,  
What he shold say againe.

" What knight art thou," the lady sayd,  
" That wilt not speake to me ? 70  
Of me [be] thou nothing dismayd,  
Tho I be vgly to see.

" For I haue halched you curteouslye,  
And you will not me againe ;  
Yett I may happen, Sir knight," shee said, 75  
" To ease thee of thy paine."

" Giue thou ease me, lady," he said,  
" Or helpe me any thing,

Thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine, my cozen,  
And marry him with a ring." 80

"Why if I helpe thee not, thou noble King Ar-  
thur,  
Of thy owne hearts desiringe,  
Of gentle Gawaine . . . . .  
[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

And when he came to the Tearne-wadling,  
The baron there cold he finde ; 85  
With a great weapon on his backe,  
Standinge stiffe and stronge.

And then he tooke King Arthurs letters in his  
hands,  
And away he cold them fling ;  
And then he puld out a good browne sword, 90  
And cryd himselfe a king.

And he sayd, "I haue thee, & thy land, Ar-  
thur,  
To doe as it pleaseth me ;  
For this is not thy ransome sure,  
Therefore yeeld thee to me." 95

And then bespoke him noble Arthur,  
And bade him hold his hand ;

“ And give me leave to speake my mind,  
In defence of all my land.”

He said, “ as I came over a more, 100  
I see a lady, where shee sate,  
Betweene an oke & a green hollen ;  
Shee was clad in red scarlette.

“ And she says a woman will haue her will,  
And this is all her cheef desire ; 105  
Doe me right, as thou art a baron of skill,  
This is thy ransome, & all thy hyer.”

He sayes, “ an early vengeance light on her !  
She walkes on yonder more ;  
It was my sister, that told thee this, 110  
She is a misshapen hore.

“ But heer Ile make mine avow to God,  
To do her an euill turne ;  
For an euer I may thate fowle theefe get,  
In a fyer I will her burne.” 115

[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

#### THE SECOND PART.

SIR Lancelott, & Sir Steven, bold,  
They rode with them that day ;

MS. 100, The.

"Both to the ale and wine ;  
 Alas ! then I must hyde my selfe, 165  
 I must not goe withinne."

And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,  
 Said, " Lady, thats but a skill ;  
 And because thou art my owne lady,  
 Thou shalt haue all thy will." 170

Then she said, "blessed be thou, gentle Ga-  
 waine,  
 This day that I thee see ;  
 For as thou see me att this time,  
 From hencforth I wil be.

"My father was an old knight, 175  
 And yett it chanced soe,  
 That he married a younge lady,  
 That brought me to this woe.

"Shee witched me, being a faire young lady,  
 To the greene forrest to dwell ; 180  
 And there I must walke in womans liknesse,  
 Most like a feeind of hell.

"She witched my brother to a Carlist B . . . .

[*About nine stanzas wanting.*]

That looked soe foule, and that was wont  
 On the wild more to goe. 185

“Come kisse her, brother Kay,” then said Sir  
Gawaine,

“And amend the of thy liffe ;  
I sweare this is the same lady  
That I marryed to my wiffe.”

Sir Kay kissed that lady bright, 190  
Standing vpon his ffeete ;  
He swore, as he was trew knight,  
The spice was neuer soe sweete.

“Well, cozen Gawaine,” sayes Sir Kay,  
“Thy chance is fallen arright ; 195  
For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids,  
I euer saw with my sight.”

“It is my fortune,” said Sir Gawaine ;  
“For my vnckle Arthurs sake,  
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine, 200  
Great joy that I may take.”

Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,  
Sir Kay tooke her by the tother ;  
They led her straight to King Arthur,  
As they were brother and brother. 205

King Arthur welcomed them there all,  
And soe did lady Geneuer, his queene ;  
With all the knights of the Round Table,  
Most seemly to be seene.

King Arthur beheld that lady faire, 210  
That was soe faire & bright ;  
He thanked Christ in Trinity  
For Sir Gawaine, that gentle knight.

Soe did the knights, both more and lesse, 220  
Rejoyced all that day,  
For the good chance that hapened was  
To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

## THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

"WITH LARGE CONJECTURAL SUPPLEMENTS AND CORRECTIONS," BY DR. PERCY.

*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 49.

### PART THE FIRST.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,  
And seemely is to see ;  
And there with him Queene Guenever,  
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him Queene Guenever,      5  
That bride so bright in bowre :  
And all his barons about him stoode,  
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,  
With mirth and princelye cheare ;      10  
To him repaired many a knichte,  
That came both farre and neare.



And when they were to dinner sette  
And cups went freely round :  
Before them came a faire damsèlle, 15  
And knelt upon the ground.

“ A boone, a boone, O Kinge Arthùre,  
I beg a boone of thee ;  
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,  
Who hath shent my love and mee. 20

“ At Tearne-Wadling his castle stands,  
Near to that lake so fair,  
And proudlye rise the battlements,  
And streamers deck the air.

“ Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay, 25  
May pass that castle-wall,  
But from that foule discourteous knighte,  
Mishappe will them befall.

“ Hee's twice the size of common men,  
Wi' thewes and sinewes stronge, 30  
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,  
That is both thicke and longe.

21. *Tearne Wadling* is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. *Tearn*, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use. PERCY.

“ This grimme baròne ’twas our harde happe,  
 But yester morne to see ;  
 When to his bowre he bare my love, 35  
 And sore misused mee.

“ And when I told him King Arthùre  
 As lyttle shold him spare ;  
 Goe tell, sayed hee, that cuckold kinge,  
 To meete mee if he dare.” 40

Upp then sterted King Arthùre,  
 And sware by hille and dale,  
 He ne’er wolde quitt that grimme baròne,  
 Till he had made him quail.

“ Goe fetch my sword Excalibar, 45  
 Goe saddle mee my steede ;  
 Nowe, by my faye, that grimage baròne  
 Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.”

And when he came to Tearne-Wadlinge  
 Benethe the castle walle : 50  
 “ Come forth, come forth, thou proud baròne,  
 Or yielde thyself my thralle.”

On magicke grounde that castle stode,  
 And fenc’d with many a spelle :  
 Noe valiant knyghte could tread thereon, 55  
 But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,  
King Arthur felte the charme :  
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,  
Downe sunke his feeble arme.

60

"Nowe yield thee, yield thee, King Arthùre,  
Now yield thee, unto mee ;  
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,  
Noe better termes maye bee :

"Unless thou sweare upon the rood,  
And promise on thy faye,  
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,  
Upon the new-yeare's daye,

65

"And bringe me worde what thing it is  
All women moste desyre :  
This is thy ransome, Arthur," he sayes,  
"Ile have noe other hyre."

70

King Arthur then helde up his hande,  
And sware upon his faye,  
Then tooke his leave of the grimme baròne,  
And faste hee rode awaye.

75

And he rode east, and he rode west,  
And did of all inqyre,  
What thing it is all women crave,  
And what they most desyre.

80

Some told him riches, pompe, or state ;  
Some rayment fine and brighte ;  
Some told him mirthe ; some flatterye ;  
And some a jollye knyghte.

In letters all King Arthur wrote, 85  
And seal'd them with his ringe :  
But still his minde was helde in doubte,  
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,  
He sawe a ladye, sette 90  
Betweene an oke and a greene holléye,  
All clad in red scarlette.

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwårde,  
Her chin stooode all awrye ;  
And where as sholde have been her mouthe,  
Lo ! there was set her eye : 96

Her haire, like serpents, clung aboute  
Her cheekes of deadly hewe :  
A worse-form'd ladye than she was,  
No man mote ever viewe. 100

To hail the king in seemelye sorte  
This ladye was full faine :  
But King Arthùre, all sore amaz'd,  
No aunswere made againe.

“What wight art thou,” the ladye sayd, 105  
“That wilt not speake to mee ;  
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,  
Though I bee foule to see.”

“If thou wilt ease my paine,” he sayd,  
“And helpe me in my neede, 110  
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,  
And it shall bee thy meede.”

“O sweare mee this upon the roode,  
And promise on thy faye ;  
And here the secrette I will telle, 115  
That shall thy ransome paye.”

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,  
And sware upon the roode ;  
The secrette than the ladye told,  
As lightlye well shee coude. 120

“Now this shall be my paye, Sir King,  
And this my guerdon bee,  
That some yong, fair and courtlye knight,  
Thou bringe to marrye mee.”

Fast then pricked King Arthùre 125  
Ore hille, and dale, and downe :  
And soone he founde the barone's bowre,  
And soone the grimme baroûne.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,  
Hee stode bothe stiffe and stronge ;  
And, when he had the letters reade,  
Awaye the lettres flunge.

130

“ Nowe yelde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,  
All forfeit unto mee ;  
For this is not thy paye, Sir King,  
Nor may thy ransome bee.”

133

“ Yet hold thy hand, thou proude baròne,  
I praye thee hold thy hand ;  
And give mee leave to speake once more  
In reskewe of my land.

140

“ This morne, as I came over a more,  
I sawe a ladye, sette  
Betwene an oke and a greene hollèye,  
All clad in red scarlèt.

“ Shee sayes, all women will have their wille  
This is their chief desyre ;  
Nowe yield, as thou art a barone true,  
That I have payd mine hyre.”

146

“ An earlye vengeaunce light on her ! ”  
The carlish baron swore :  
“ Shee was my sister tolde thee this,  
And shee's a mishapen whore.

150

“ But here I will make mine avowe,  
To do her as ill a turne :  
For an ever I may that foule theefe gette, 155  
In a fyre I will her burne.”

## PART THE SECONDE.

HOMEWARDE pricked King Arthùre,  
And a wearye man was hee ;  
And soone he mette Queene Guenever,  
That bride so bright of blee.

“ What newes ! what newes ! thou noble king,  
Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped ? 5  
Where hast thou hung the carlish knight ?  
And where bestow'd his head ? ”

“ The carlish knight is safe for mee,  
And free fro mortal harme : 10  
On magicke grounde his castle stands,  
And fenc'd with many a charme.

“ To bowe to him I was fulle faine,  
And yelde mee to his hand :  
And but for a lothly ladye, there 15  
I sholde have lost my land.

“ And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,  
And sorrowe of my life ;

I swore a yonge and courtlye knight  
Sholde marry her to his wife."

20

Then bespake him Sir Gawàine  
That was ever a gentle knight :  
" That lothly ladye I will wed ;  
Therefore be merrie and lighte."

" Nowe naye, nowe naye, good Sir Gawàine, 25  
My sister's sonne yee bee ;  
This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,  
And all too foule for yee.

" Her nose is crookt and turn'd outwàrde,  
Her chin stands all awrye ; 30  
A worse form'd ladye than shee is  
Was never seen with eye."

" What though her chin stand all awrye,  
And shee be foule to see ;  
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake, 35  
And I'll thy ransome bee."

" Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good Sir Ga-  
wàine,  
And a blessing thee betyde !  
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,  
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride. 40



“And wee’ll have hawkes and wee’ll have  
 houndes,  
 To cover our intent ;  
 And wee’ll away to the greene forèst,  
 As wee a hunting went.”

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde, 45  
 They rode with them that daye ;  
 And foremoste of the companye  
 There rode the stewarde Kaye :

Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,  
 And eke Sir Garratte keene ; 50  
 Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,  
 To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèst,  
 Beneathe a faire holley tree,  
 There sate that ladye in red scarlèt, 55  
 That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady’s face,  
 And looked upon her sweere ;  
 “Whoever kisses that ladye,” he sayes,  
 “Of his kisse he stands in feare.” 60

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,  
 And looked upon her snout ;

“Whoever kisses that ladye,” he sayes,  
“Of his kisse he stands in doubt.”

“Peace, brother Kay,” sayde Sir Gawàine, <sup>65</sup>  
“And amend thee of thy life :  
For there is a knight amongst us all,  
Must marry her to his wife.”

“What, marry this foule queane ?” quoth Kay,  
“I’ the devil’s name anone ; <sup>70</sup>  
Gett mee a wife wherever I maye,  
In sooth shee shall be none.”

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,  
And some took up their houndes,  
And sayd they wolde not marry her, <sup>75</sup>  
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him King Arthùre,  
And sware there “by this daye,  
For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,  
Yee shall not say her naye.” <sup>80</sup>

“Peace, lordlings, peace,” Sir Gawaine  
sayd,  
“Nor make debate and strife ;  
This lothlye ladye I will take,  
And marry her to my wife.”

" Nowe thanks, nowe thanks, good Sir Ga-  
waine, 85

And a blessinge be thy meede !  
For as I am thine owne ladyè,  
Thou never shalt rue this deede."

Then up they tooke that lothly dame,  
And home anone they bringe : 90  
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,  
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,  
And all were done awaye :  
" Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord, 95  
Come turne to mee, I praye."

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,  
For sorrowe and for care ;  
When, lo ! instead of that lothelye dame,  
He sawe a young ladye faire. 100

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheekes,  
Her eyen were blacke as sloe :  
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,  
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady faire, 105  
Lying upon the sheete,

And swore, as he was a true knyghte,  
The spice was never soe sweete.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady brighte,  
Lying there by his side : 110  
"The fairest flower is not so faire :  
Thou never can'st bee my bride."

"I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde;  
The same whiche thou didst knowe,  
That was soe lothlye, and was wont 115  
Upon the wild more to goe.

"Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse," quoth shee,  
"And make thy choice with care ;  
Whether by night, or else by daye,  
Shall I be foule or faire ?" 120

"To have thee foule still in the night,  
When I with thee should playe !  
I had rather farre, my lady deare,  
To have thee foule by daye."

"What ! when gaye ladyes goe with their  
lordes,  
To drinke the ale and wine ; 125  
Alas ! then I must hide myself,  
I must not goe with mine !"

“ My faire ladyè,” Sir Gawaine sayd,  
 “ I yield me to thy skille ; 130  
 Because thou art mine owne ladyè,  
 Thou shalt have all thy wille.”

“ Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawàine,  
 And the daye that I thee see ;  
 For as thou seest mee at this time, 135  
 Soe shall I ever bee.

“ My father was an aged knighte,  
 And yet it chanced soe,  
 He tooke to wife a false ladyè,  
 Whiche broughte me to this woe. 140

“ Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge  
 maide,  
 In the greene forèst to dwelle,  
 And there to abide in lothlye shape,  
 Most like a fiend of helle ;

“ Midst mores and mosses, woods and wilds,  
 To lead a lonesome life, 145  
 Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte  
 Wolde marrye me to his wife :

“ Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,  
 (Such was her devilish skille,) 150

Until he wolde yelde to be rul'd by mee,  
And let mee have all my wille.

“ She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,  
And made him stiffe and stronge ;  
And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,  
To live by rapine and wronge. 150

“ But now the spelle is broken throughe,  
And wronge is turnde to righte ;  
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,  
And hee be a gentle knighte.” 160

## KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

### A FRAGMENT.

*Reliques of English Poetry*, iii, 67.

“THE subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance *Morte Arthur*, but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who ‘believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveyed awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then retorne againe and reign in as great authority as ever.’ (Holinshed, B. 5, c. 14.) Or, as it is expressed in an old chronicle printed at Antwerp, 1493, by Ger. de Leew: ‘The Bretons supposen, that he [King Arthur] shall come yet and conquere all Bretaine, for certes this is the prophycye of Merlyn; He sayd, that his deth shall be doubteous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen for ever more,—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede.’ See more ancient testimonies in Selden’s *Notes on Polyolbion*, Song 3.

“This fragment, being very incorrect and imperfect

in the original MS., hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas composed from the romance of *Morte Arthur*." PERCY.

\* \* \* \* \*

ON Trinity Mondaye in the morne,  
This sore battayle was doom'd to bee,  
Where manye a knighte cry'd, Well-awaye!  
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,  
When as the kinge in his bed laye,  
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye.

"Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,  
And as you prize your life, this daye  
O meet not with your foe in fighte;  
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

"For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,  
And with him many an hardye knighte:  
Who will within this moneth be backe,  
And will assiste yee in the fighte."

7. Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad. See the next ballad, ver. 73. P.



The kinge then call'd his nobles all,  
Before the breakinge of the daye ;  
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,  
And there to him these wordes did saye. 20

His nobles all this counsayle gave,  
That earlye in the morning, hee  
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,  
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthur chose,  
The best of all that with him were, 26  
To parley with the foe in field,  
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,  
In readinesse there for to bee ; 30  
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred, on the other parte,  
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe,  
The beste of all his companye, 35  
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,  
In readinesse there for to bee ;  
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,  
But if a sworde drawne they shold see. 40

For he durste not his unkle truste,  
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell ;  
Alacke ! it was a woefulle case,  
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette, 45  
And both to faire accordance broughte,  
And a month's league betweene them sette,  
Before the battayle sholde be foughte,

An addere crept forth of a bushe,  
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee ;  
Alacke ! it was a woefulle chance, 51  
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knyghte found him wounded sore,  
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there,  
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe ; 55  
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,  
They joyned battayle instantlye ;  
Till of so manye noble knightes,  
On one side there were left but three. 60

For all were slaine that durst abide,  
And but some fewe that fled awaye :

Ah mee ! it was a bloodye fieldè,  
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partyè, 65  
Onlye himselfe escaped there,  
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,  
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes  
All dead and scattered on the molde, 70  
The teares fast trickled downe his face ;  
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

"Nowe reste yee all, brave knights," he said,  
"Soe true and faithful to your trust :  
And must yee then, yee valiant hearts, 75  
Be lefte to moulder into dust !

"Most loyal have yee been to mee,  
Most true and faithful unto deathe :  
And, oh ! to rayse yee up againe,  
How freelye could I yield my breathe ! 80

"But see, the traitor's yet alive !  
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade !  
Nowe bitterlye he shall abyè,  
And vengeance fall upon his head."

"O staye, my liege," then sayd the duke ; 85  
"O staye for love and charitiè ;

Remember what the vision spake,  
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee."

"O staye mee not, thou worthy wight,  
This debt my loyal knights I owe : 90  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then strait he grasp'd his trustye speare,  
And on his horse then mounted hee :  
As his butler holpe him to his horse, 95  
His bowels gushed to his knee.

"Alas !" then sayd the noble king,  
"That I should live this sight to see !  
To see this good knight here be slaine,  
All for his love in helping mee !" 100

He put his speare into his reste,  
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye ;  
"Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,  
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye."

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde, 105  
And fierce to meet the king ran hee :  
The king his speare he through him thrust,  
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordered felt the stroke of death,  
And found that he was wounded soe, 110

He thruste himselfe upon the speare,  
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmye dyed Sir Mordered,  
Presentlye upon that tree :  
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge, 113  
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake :  
" Sir knyghte, thou hast been faithfulle tryde ;  
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,  
That hangs so freelye by my syde, 120

" O take my sword Excalibar,  
And there into the river throwe :  
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,  
All use of weapons I foregoe.

" And fare thee well, thou trustye sword, 125  
A better neer had valiant knyghte ;  
With thee full ofte, and many a daye,  
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

" With this good fauchion in my hande,  
Oft have I reaped the bloody feelde : 130  
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,  
That never more I may thee weelde."

119. More commonly called *Caliburn*. In the folio MS.  
*Escalberd*. P.

The duke to the river side he went,  
And there his owne sword in threwe he ;  
But he kept back Excalibar, 135  
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade,  
And all the hilde of precious stone :  
“And ever alacke !” then sayd the knyghte, 139  
“ Must such a sword awaye be throwne ? ”

Then backe he came unto the kinge,  
Who sayd, “ Sir Lukyn, what did yee see ? ”  
“ Nothing, my liege, save that the winde  
Blewe oer the waters faire and free.”

“ O goe againe,” then said the kinge, 145  
“ O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe :  
Into the rivere throwe my sword,  
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,  
And the kings scabbard in threwe hee ; 150  
But hee kept backe Excalibar,  
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,  
Who sayde, “ Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte ? ”  
“ Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde 155  
Nowe with the angrye waters fought.”

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the kinge,  
"Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye :  
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,  
When suche a knyghte soe false can bee ! 160

"Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,  
All for a sword that wins thine eye ?  
Now goe againe, and throwe it in,  
Or here the one of us shall dye."

The duke, all shent with this rebuke, 165  
No aunswere made unto the kinge ;  
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,  
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,  
And flourishd three times in the air ; 170  
Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,  
And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke,  
He stood as still, as still mote bee ;  
Then hastend backe to tell the kinge, 175  
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place, he cold not tell,  
For never after hee did him see ;  
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,  
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye. 180

And whether the kinge were there, or not,  
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde ;  
For from that sad and direfulle daye,  
Hee never more was seene on molde.



## THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

*Reliques of English Poetry*, iii. 76.

“WE have here a short summary of King Arthur’s History as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance *Morte Arthur*.—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew (quoted above in p. 106) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS., and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced: *viz.*, that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followed v. 36.

“Printed from the Editor’s ancient folio MS.”

PERCY.

OF Brutus’ blood, in Brittain borne,  
King Arthur I am to name ;  
Through Christendome and Heathynesse  
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve ;  
I am a Christyan bore ;  
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost,  
One God, I doe adore.

1. MS., Bruitehis.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,  
     Oer Brittainē I did rayne, 10  
 After my Savior Christ his byrth,  
     What time I did maintaine

The fellowship of the Table Round,  
     Soe famous in those dayes ;  
 Whereatt a hundred noble knights 15  
     And thirty sat alwayes :

Who for their deeds and and martiall feates,  
     As bookes done yett record,  
 Amongst all other nations  
     Wer feared through the world. 20

And in the castle off Tyntagill  
     King Uther mee begate,  
 Of Agyana, a bewtyous ladye,  
     And come of 'hie' estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old, 25  
     Then was I crowned kinge :  
 All Brittainē, that was att an uprøre,  
     I did to quiett bringe ;

And drove the Saxons from the realme,  
     Who had opprest this land ; 30

9, He began his reign A. D. 515, according to the Chronicles. 23, She is named *Igernā* in the old Chronicles. 24, his, MS.

All Scotland then, throughe manly feates,  
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norwaye,  
These countryes wan I all ;  
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swetheland ; 33  
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,  
That now is called France ;  
And slew the hardye Froll in feild,  
My honor to advance. 40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus,  
Soe terrible to vewe,  
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,  
By force of armes I slew.

And Lucyus, the emperour of Rome, 45  
I brought to deadly wracke ;  
And a thousand more of noble knightes  
For feare did turne their backe.

Five kinges of Pavye I did kill  
Amidst that bloody strife ; 50  
Besides the Grecian emperour,  
Who alsoe lost his liffe.

39, Froland field, MS. Froll, according to the Chronicles, was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul. 41, Danibus, MS. 49, see p. 134, v. 55.

Whose carcasce I did send to Rome,  
 Cladd poorlye on a beere ;  
 And afterward I past Mount-Joye 55  
 The next approaching yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett,  
 Right as a conquerour,  
 And by all the cardinalls solempnelye  
 I was crowned an emperour. 60

One winter there I made abode,  
 Then word to mee was brought,  
 Howe Mordred had oppressed the crowne,  
 What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittain with my queene : 65  
 Therfore I came with speede  
 To Brittain backe, with all my power,  
 To quitt that traiterous deede ;

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,  
 Where Mordred me withstoode : 70  
 But yett at last I landed there,  
 With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,  
 Being wounded in that sore  
 The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight 75  
 Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordered away,  
 Who fledd to London right,  
 From London to Winchester, and  
 To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

80

And still I him pursued with speed,  
 Till at last wee mett ;  
 Wherby an appointed day of fight  
 Was there agreed and sett :

Where we did fight, of mortal life  
 Eche other to deprive,  
 Till of a hundred thousand men  
 Scarce one was left alive.

85

There all the noble chivalrye  
 Of Brittain tooke their end.  
 O see how fickle is their state  
 That doe on fates depend !

90

There all the traiterous men were slaine,  
 Not one escape away ;  
 And there dyed all my vallyant knightes,  
 Alas ! that woefull day !

95

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne  
 In honor and great fame,  
 And thus by death was suddenlye  
 Deprived of the same.

100

## KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

From *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 63.

"THIS song was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities it is thus mentioned : ' A Minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, [see Southey's *Kyng Arthur*, Book i. ch. 27,] whereof I gat a copy, and is this :

So it fell out on a Pentecost, &c.'

"After the song the narrative proceeds : 'At this the Minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for Primus Passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not.'

"The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's *Hist. B. x. c. 3*, which is alluded to by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song 4, and by Spenser in *Faerie Queene*, vi. i. 13, 15. See Warton's *Observations on Spenser*, vol. II. p. 223.

"The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's *Cambria Triumphans*, p. 197. The second in the Letter above mentioned. And the third inserted in MS. in a copy of *Morte Arthur*, 1632, in the Bodl. Library." PERCY.

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,

King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,

With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay,  
And many bold barons sitting in hall,  
With ladies attired in purple and pall, 5  
And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,  
Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie.*

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas  
Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee ;  
With steven fulle stoute amids all the preas, 10  
Sayd, "Nowe, sir King Arthur, God save thee  
and see !

Sir Ryence of North-Gales greeteth well thee,  
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,  
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

"For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle, 15  
With eleven kings beards bordered about,  
And there is room lefte yet in a kante,  
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out.  
This must be done, be thou never so stout ;  
This must be done, I tell thee no fable, 20  
Maugre the teethe of all thy Round Table."

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,  
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in  
bower :  
The king fum'd ; the queene screecht ; ladies  
were aghast ;  
Princes puff'd ; barons blustred ; lords began  
lower ; 25

Knights stormed ; squires startled, like steeds  
in a stower ;  
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall ;  
Then in came Sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

"Silence, my soveraignes," quoth this courteous  
knight,

And in that stound the stowre began still : 30  
'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was  
dight ;

Of wine and wassel he had his wille,  
And when he had eaten and drunken his fill,  
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold  
Were given this dwarf for his message bold. 35

"But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf," quoth the  
king,

"That for his bold message I do him defye,  
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring  
Out of North-Gales ; where he and I  
With swords, and not razors, quickly shall  
trye, 40

Whether he, or King Arthur, will prove the best  
barbor :"

And therewith he shook his good sword Escalà-  
bor.

\* \* \* \* \*



**SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.**

THIS ballad first occurs in the *Garland of Good Will*, and is attributed to Thomas Deloney, whose career as a song-writer extends from about 1586 to 1600. It is merely a rhymed version of a passage in the *Morte D'Arthur*, (Book vi. ch. 7, 8, 9, of Southey's ed.) The first two lines are quoted in the Second Part of Henry IV., A. ii. sc. 4.

The present text is nearly that of the *Garland of Good Will* (Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 38), and differs considerably from that of Percy, (*Reliques*, i. 215.) The same, with very trifling variations, is found in *Old Ballads*, (1723,) ii. 21; Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 188; Evans's *Old Ballads*, ii. 5.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,  
And was approvèd king,  
By force of arms great victories won,  
And conquests home did bring ;

Then into Britain straight he came,  
Where fifty good and able  
Knights then repairèd unto him,  
Which were of the Round Table :

And many justs and tournaments  
Before them there were drest, 10  
Where valiant knights did then excel,  
And far surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,  
Who was approvèd well,  
He in his fights and deeds of arms, 15  
All others did excel.

When he had rested him a while,  
To play, to game, and sport,  
He thought he would go try himself,  
In some adventurous sort. 20

He armèd rode in forest wide,  
And met a damsel fair,  
Who told him of adventures great,  
Whereto he gave good ear.

“Why should I not?” quoth Lancelot tho, 25  
“For that cause I came hither.”  
“Thou seem’st,” quoth she, “a goodly knight,  
And I will bring thee thither

“Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,  
That now is of great fame; 30  
Therefore tell me what knight thou art,  
And then what is your name.”

“My name is Lancelot du Lake.”  
Quoth she, “it likes me than ;  
Here dwells a knight that never was 35  
O’ermatch’d with any man ;

“Who has in prison threescore knights  
And four, that he has bound ;  
Knights of King Arthur’s court they be,  
And of his Table Round.” 40

She brought him to a river side,  
And also to a tree,  
Whereon a copper bason hung,  
His fellows shields to see.

He struck so hard, the bason broke : 45  
When Tarquin heard the sound,  
He drove a horse before him straight,  
Whereon a knight lay bound.

“Sir knight,” then said Sir Lancelot,  
“Bring me that horse-load hither, 50  
And lay him down, and let him rest ;  
We’ll try our force together.

“And as I understand, thou hast,  
So far as thou art able,  
Done great despite and shame unto 55  
The knights of the Round Table.”

36, E’er match’d. 44, fellow.

“If thou be of the Table Round”  
    (Quoth Tarquin, speedilye),  
“Both thee and all thy fellowship  
    I utterly defie.”

60

“That’s overmuch,” quoth Lancelot tho ;  
    “Defend thee by and by.”  
They put their spurs unto their steeds,  
    And each at other fly.

They coucht their spears, and horses ran 65  
    As though there had been thunder ;  
And each struck them amidst the shield,  
    Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backs brake under them,  
    The knights were both astound ; 70  
To void their horses they made great haste,  
    To light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,  
    Their swords they drew out than ;  
With mighty strokes most eagerly 75  
    Each one at other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,  
    For breath they both did stand,  
And leaning on their swords awhile,  
    Quoth Tarquin, “Hold thy hand, , 80

“And tell to me what I shall ask ;”

“Say on,” quoth Lancelot tho ;

“Thou art,” quoth Tarquin, “the best knight  
That ever I did know ;

“And like a knight that I did hate ; 85

So that thou be not he,

I will deliver all the rest,

And eke accord with thee.”

“That is well said,” quoth Lancelot then ;

“But sith it must be so, 90

What is the knight thou hatest thus ?

I pray thee to me show.”

“His name is Lancelot du Lake,

He slew my brother dear ;

Him I suspect of all the rest ; 95

I would I had him here.”

“Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown ;

I am Lancelot du Lake !

Now knight of Arthur’s Table Round,

King Ban’s son of Benwake ; 100

“And I desire thee do thy worst.”

“Ho ! ho !” quoth Tarquin tho,

“One of us two shall end our lives,

Before that we do go.

“ If thou be Lancelot du Lake,  
Then welcome shalt thou be ;  
Wherefore see thou thyself defend,  
For now defie I thee.”

106

They buckled then together so,  
Like two wild boars rashing,  
And with their swords and shields they ran  
At one another slashing.

110

The ground besprinkled was with blood,  
Tarquin began to faint ;  
For he gave back, and bore his shield  
So low, he did repent.

115

This soon espied Sir Lancelot tho ;  
He leapt upon him then,  
He pull'd him down upon his knee,  
And rushed off his helm.

120

And then he struck his neck in two ;  
And when he had done so,  
From prison, threescore knights and four  
Lancelot delivered tho.

112, flashing. 117, 'spied. 120, rushing.

## THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY.

(Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 143.)

"PUBLISHED from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black-letter in the Pepys collection." PERCY.

An inferior copy is printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 193.

From an essay on the romance of Sir Guy, read by Mr. Wright before the British Archæological Association during its meeting at Warwick, we extract the following remarks in illustration of the history of the present ballad, and other similar popular heroic traditions.

"As the Teutonic tribes progressed in their migrations, and settled in new lands — and especially when they received a new faith, and made advances in civilization, — the mythic romances of their forefathers underwent remarkable modifications to adapt them to new sentiments and new manners. Among people who had forgotten the localities to which they referred, they received a new location and became identified with places and objects with which people were better acquainted, and in this manner they underwent

a new historical interpretation. It would be no uninteresting task to point out how many romantic tales that are soberly related of individuals of comparatively modern history, are merely new applications of these early myths.

"Among the romances of the Anglo-Danish cycle by no means the least celebrated is that of GUY OF WARWICK. It is one, of the few, which has been preserved in its Anglo-Norman form, since which it has gone through an extraordinary number of versions, and Chaucer enumerated it among the *romances of pris*, or those which in the fourteenth century were held in the highest estimation. It is doubtless one of those stories in which an ancient mythic romance has undergone the series of modifications I have been describing; a legend which had become located by popular traditions in the neighbourhood we are now visiting, in which the contests between northern chieftains are changed into tilts and tournaments, but in which the combats with dragons and giants are still preserved. Whatever may have been the name of the original hero, that which he now bears, Guy, is a French name, and could not have been given till Norman times.

"From the Anglo-Norman poem, so great was its popularity, two or three different English metrical versions were made, which are still found in manuscripts, and the earliest of which, that of the well-known Auchinlech manuscript, has been printed in a very expensive form by one of the Scottish Antiquarian clubs. It was next transformed into French prose, and in that form was popular in the fifteenth century, and was printed by some of the earlier printers. It was finally reduced to a popular chap-book in prose and a



broadside ballad in verse, and in these forms was hawked about the streets until a very recent period. Such has in general been the fate of the romantic literature of the middle ages; a remarkable proof of the tenacity with which it has kept its hold on the popular mind." *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1847, p. 300.

WAS ever knight for ladyes sake  
Soe tost in love, as I, Sir Guy,  
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright  
As ever man beheld with eye ?

She gave me leave myself to try, 5  
The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,  
Ere that her love she would grant me ;  
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,  
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight 10  
That in those dayes in England was,  
With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe :  
In faith of Christ a christyan true :  
The wicked lawes of infidells 15  
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde  
After our Saviour Christ his birth,  
When King Athèlstone wore the crowne,  
I lived heere upon the earth. 20

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,  
And, as I sayd, of very truth  
A ladyes love did me constraine  
To seeke strange ventures in my youth ;

To win me fame by feates of armes 25  
In strange and sundry heathen lands ;  
Where I atchieved for her sake  
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,  
And there I stoutlye wan in fight 30  
The emperours daughter of Almaine,  
From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece,  
To helpe the emperour in his right,  
Against the mightye souldans hoaste 35  
Of puissant Persians for to fight :

Where I did slay of Sarazens,  
And heathen pagans, manye a man ;  
And slew the souldans cozen deere,  
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn. 40

Eskeldered, a famous knight,  
To death likewise I did pursue :  
And Elmayne, King of Tyre, alsoe,  
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast, 45  
Being thither on embassage sent,  
And brought his head away with mee ;  
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land  
Most fiercelye mett me by the waye, 50  
As hee a lyon did pursue,  
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,  
And came to Pavye land aright ;  
Where I the duke of Pavye killed, 55  
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,  
To wedd faire Phelis, lady bright ;  
For love of whome I travelled farr  
To try my manhood and my might. 60

But when I had espoused her,  
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,  
Ere that I left this lady faire,  
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort, 65  
My voyage from her I did take  
Unto the blessed Holy-Land,  
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,  
And all his sonnes, which were fifteene, 70  
Who with the cruell Sarazens  
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant  
In battel fiercelye hand to hand,  
And doughty Barknard killed I, 75  
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,  
And here with Colbronde fell I fought ;  
An ugly gyant, which the Danes  
Had for their champion hither brought. 80

I overcame him in the feild,  
And slewe him soone right valliantlye ;  
Wherebye this land I did redeeme  
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp 85  
The use of weapons solemnlye  
At Winchester, whereas I fought,  
In sight of manye farr and nye.

‘ But first, neare Winsor, I did slaye  
A bore of passing might and strength ; 90  
Whose like in England never was  
For hugenessse both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett  
Within the castle there doth lye ;  
One of his sheeld-bones to this day 95  
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe  
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,  
Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath ;  
Which manye people had opprest. 100

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett  
Still for a monument doth lye,  
And there exposed to lookers viewe,  
As wondrous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland 105  
I alsoe did in fight destroye,  
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,  
And all the countrye sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,  
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne ;  
And there I lived a hermits life 111  
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house  
Out of a craggy rocke of stone,  
And lived like a palmer poore 115  
Within that cave myself alone :

And daylye came to begg my bread  
Of Phelis att my castle gate ;  
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,  
Who dailye mourned for her mate. 120

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,  
Yea, sicke soe sore that I must dye ;  
I sent to her a ring of golde,  
By which shee knew me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave, 125  
Before that I gave up the ghost,  
Herself closd up my dying eyes ;  
My Phelis faire, whom I lovd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,  
To bring my corpes unto the grave, 130  
And like a palmer dyed I,  
Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,  
Though now it be consumed to mold,  
My statue, faire engraven in stone, 135  
In Warwicke still you may behold.

## THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

*The Famous Historie of the Seven Champions of Christendom*, is the work of Richard Johnson, a ballad maker of some note at the end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century. All that is known of him may be seen in Chappel's Introduction to the *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, of which Johnson was the compiler or the author. (Percy Society, vol. vi.) "The Story of St. George and the Fair Sabra," says Percy, "is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton."

The *Seven Champions* is twice entered on the Stationers' Registers in the year 1596. It is here reprinted from *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, vol. i. 28. The same copy is in Evans's collection, i. 372.

Now of the Seven Champions here  
My purpose is to write,  
To show how they with sword and spear  
Put many foes to flight;  
Distressed ladies to release,  
And captives bound in chains,  
That Christian glory to increase  
Which evermore remains.

First, I give you to understand  
 That great Saint George by name,  
 Was the true champion of our land ;  
 And of his birth and fame,  
 And of his noble mother's dream,  
 Before that he was born,  
 The which to her did clearly seem  
 Her days would be forlorn.

This was her dream ; that she did bear  
 A dragon in her womb ;  
 Which griev'd this noble lady fair,  
 'Cause death must be her doom.  
 This sorrow she could not conceal,  
 So dismal was her fear,  
 So that she did the same reveal  
 Unto her husband dear ;

Who went for to inquire straight  
 Of an enchanteress ;  
 When, knocking at her iron gate,  
 Her answer it was this :  
 " The lady shall bring forth a son,  
 By whom, in tract of time,  
 Great noble actions shall be done ;  
 He will to honour climb.

" For he shall be in banners wore ;  
 This truth I will maintain ;  
 Your lady, she shall die before



You see her face again."  
His leave he took, and home he went ;  
His wife departed lay ;  
But that which did his grief augment,  
The child was stole away. 40

Then did he travel in despair,  
Where soon with grief he died ;  
While the young child, his son and heir,  
Did constantly abide  
With the wise lady of the grove, 45  
In her enchanted cell ;  
Amongst the woods he oft did rove,  
His beauty pleased her well.

Blinded with love, she did impart,  
Upon a certain day, 50  
To him her cunning magic art,  
And where six Champions lay  
Within a brazen castle strong,  
By an enchanted sleep,  
And where they had continued long ; 55  
She did the castle keep.

She taught and show'd him every thing  
Through being free and fond ;  
Which did her fatal ruin bring ;  
For with a silver wand 60  
He clos'd her up into a rock,  
By giving one small stroke ;

So took possession of her stock,  
And the enchantment broke.

Those Christian Champions being freed 65  
From their enchanted state,  
Each mounted on his prancing steed,  
And took to travel straight ;  
Where we will leave them to pursue  
Kind fortune's favours still, 70  
To treat of our own champion, who  
Did courts with wonders fill.

For as he came to understand,  
At an old hermit's cell,  
How, in the vast Egyptian land, 75  
A dragon fierce and fell  
Threatened the ruin of them all,  
By his devouring jaws,  
His sword releas'd them from that thrall,  
And soon remov'd the cause. 80

This dreadful dragon must destroy  
A virgin every day,  
Or else with stinks he'll them annoy,  
And many thousands slay.  
At length the king's own daughter dear, 85  
For whom the court did mourn,  
Was brought to be devoured here,  
For she must take her turn.

The king by proclamation said,  
If any hardy knight 90  
Could free this fair young royal maid,  
And slay the dragon quite,  
Then should he have her for his bride,  
And, after death, likewise  
His crown and kingdom too beside : 95  
Saint George he won the prize.

When many hardy strokes he'd dealt,  
And could not pierce his hide,  
He run his sword up to the hilt  
In at the dragon's side ; 100  
By which he did his life destroy,  
Which cheer'd the drooping king ;  
This caused an universal joy,  
Sweet peals of bells did ring.

The daughter of a king, for pride 105  
Transformed into a tree  
Of mulberries, Saint Denis spied,  
And being hungry,  
Of that fair fruit he ate a part,  
And was transformed likewise 110  
Into the fashion of a hart,  
For seven years precise.

At which he long bewail'd the loss  
Of manly shape : then goes  
To him his true and trusty horse, 115  
107, which Dennis.

And brings a blushing rose,  
By which the magic spell was broke,  
And both were fairly freed  
From the enchanted heavy yoke :  
They then in love agreed. 120

Now we come to Saint James of Spain,  
Who slew a mighty boar,  
In hopes that he might honour gain,  
But he must die therefore :  
Who was allow'd his death to choose, 125  
Which was by virgins' darts,  
But they the same did all refuse,  
So tender were their hearts.

The king's daughter at length, by lot,  
Was doomed to work his woe ; 130  
From her fair hands a fatal shot,  
Out of a golden bow,  
Must put a period to the strife ;  
At which grief did her seize.  
She of her father begg'd his life 135  
Upon her bended knees ;

Saying, " my gracious sovereign Lord,  
And honoured father dear,  
He well deserves a large reward ;  
Then be not so severe. 140  
Give me his life ! " He grants the boon,  
And then without delay,

This Spanish champion, ere 'twas noon,  
Rid with her quite away.

Now come we to Saint Anthony, 145  
A man with valour fraught,  
The champion of fair Italy,  
Who many wonders wrought.  
First, he a mighty giant slew,  
The terror of mankind : 150  
Young ladies fair, pure virgins too,  
This giant kept confined

Within his castle walls of stone,  
And gates of solid brass,  
Where seven ladies made their moan, 155  
But out they could not pass.  
Many brave lords, and knights likewise,  
To free them did engage,  
Who fell a bleeding sacrifice  
To this fierce giant's rage. 160

Fair daughters to a royal king !  
Yet fortune, after all,  
Did our renowned champion bring  
To free them from their thrall.  
Assisted by the hand of heaven, 165  
He ventured life and limb :  
Behold the fairest of the seven,  
She fell in love with him.

That champion good, bold Saint Andrew,  
The famous Scottish knight, 170  
Dark gloomy deserts travelled through,  
Where Phœbus gave no light.  
Haunted with spirits, for a while  
His weary course he steers,  
Till fortune blessed him with a smile, 175  
And shook off all his fears.

This Christian champion travell'd long,  
Till at the length he came  
Unto the giant's castle strong,  
Great Blanderon by name, 180  
Where the king's daughters were transform'd  
Into the shape of swans :  
Though them he freed, their father storm'd,  
But he his malice shuns.

For though five hundred armed knights 185  
Did straight beset him round,  
Our Christian champion with them fights,  
Till on the heathen ground  
Most of those Pagans bleeding lay ;  
Which much perplexed the king ; 190  
The Scottish champion clears the way,  
Which was a glorious thing.

Saint Patrick too, of Ireland,  
That noble knight of fame,  
He travelled, as we understand, 195

Till at the length he came  
Into a grove where satyrs dwelt,  
Where ladies he beheld,  
Who had their raged fury felt,  
And were with sorrow fill'd. 200

He drew his sword, and did maintain  
A sharp and bloody fray,  
Till the ring-leader he had slain ;  
The rest soon fled away.  
This done, he asked the ladies fair, 205  
Who were in silks array'd,  
From whence they came, and who they were.  
They answered him and said :

" We are all daughters to a king,  
Whom a brave Scottish knight 210  
Did out of tribulation bring :  
He having took his flight,  
Now after him we are in quest."  
Saint Patrick then replies,  
" He is my friend, I cannot rest 215  
Till I find him likewise.

" So, ladies, if you do intend  
To take your lot with me,  
This sword of mine shall you defend  
From savage cruelty." 220  
The ladies freely gave consent  
To travel many miles ;

Through shady groves and woods they went,  
In search of fortune's smiles.

The Christian champion David, went 225  
To the Tartarian court,  
Where at their tilt and tournament,  
And such like royal sport,  
He overthrew the only son  
Of the Count Palatine ; 230  
This noble action being done  
His fame began to shine.

The young Count's sad and sudden death  
Turn'd all their joys to grief ;  
He bleeding lay, bereaved of breath, 235  
The father's son in chief ;  
But lords and ladies blazed the fame  
Of our brave champion bold ;  
Saying, they ought to write his name  
In characters of gold. 240

Here have I writ a fair account  
Of each heroic deed,  
Done by these knights, which will surmount  
All those that shall succeed.  
The ancient chronicles of kings, 245  
Ere since the world begun,  
Can't boast of such renowned things  
As these brave knights have done.



Saint George he was for England,  
     Saint Dennis was for France, 250  
 Saint James for Spain, whose valiant hand  
     Did Christian fame advance :  
 Saint Anthony for Italy,  
     Andrew for Scots ne'er fails,  
 Patrick too stands for Ireland, 255  
     Saint David was for Wales.

Thus have you those stout champions names  
     In this renowned song :  
 Young captive ladies bound in chains,  
     Confined in castles strong, 260  
 They did by knightly prowess free,  
     True honour to maintain :  
 Then let their lasting memory  
     From age to age remain.

## ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

From Percy's *Reliques*, iii, 278.

"THE following ballad is given (with some corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys collection ; one of which is in 12mo., the other in folio.

"The incidents in this, and the other ballad of *The Birth of St. George*, are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the *Seven Champions of Christendome* ; which, though now the plaything of children, was once in high repute. Bishop Hall, in his satires, published in 1597, ranks

"St. George's sorell, and his cross of blood,"  
among the most popular stories of his time." PERCY.

This legend is found in many forms in the northern languages. See 'the introduction to the Swedish ballad *Sanct Görans Visa*, in Geijer & Afzelius, *Svenska Folk-Visor*, ii. 252, *Ritter St. Georg*, in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, i. 151, *Der Heilige Georg* of Reinbot von Dorn, in von der Hagen & Büsching's *Deutsche Gedichte des Mittelalters*, and their *Literarischer Grundriss zur Geschichte der Deutschen Poesie*, pp. xxix, 281.

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing,  
And of the sack of stately Troy,  
What griefs fair Helena did bring,  
Which was Sir Paris' only joy :

And by my pen I will recite 5  
 St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude  
 Fought he full long and many a day,  
 Where many gyaunts he subdu'd,  
 In honour of the Christian way ; 10  
 And after many adventures past,  
 To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,  
 Within that countrey there did rest  
 A dreadful dragon, fierce and fell, 15  
 Whereby they were full sore opprest :  
 Who by his poisonous breath each day  
 Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great  
 Throughout the limits of the land, 20  
 That they their wise men did intreat  
 To shew their cunning out of hand ;  
 What way they might this fiend destroy,  
 That did the countrey thus annoy.

The wise men all before the king, 25  
 This answer fram'd incontinent :  
 The dragon none to death might bring  
 By any means they could invent ;  
 His skin more hard than brass was found,  
 That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.

When this the people understood,  
They cryed out most piteouslye,  
The dragon's breath infects their blood,  
That every day in heaps they dye ;  
Among them such a plague is bred,  
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,  
For to appease the dragon's rage,  
But to present some virgin clear,  
Whose blood his fury might assuage ;  
Each day he would a maiden eat,  
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise men found,  
Which truly must observed be ;  
Wherefore, throughout the city round,  
A virgin pure of good degree  
Was, by the king's commission, still  
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

•

Thus did the dragon every day  
Untimely crop some virgin flowr,  
Till all the maids were worn away,  
And none were left him to devour ;  
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,  
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king,  
That heavy message to declare,

Which did his heart with sorrow sting ;  
 " She is," quoth he, " my kingdom's heir :  
 O let us all be poisoned here,  
 Ere she should die, that is my dear." 60

Then rose the people presently,  
 And to the king in rage they went ;  
 They said his daughter dear should dye,  
 The dragon's fury to prevent :  
 " Our daughters all are dead," quoth they, 65  
 " And have been made the dragon's prey ;

" And by their blood we rescued were,  
 And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby ;  
 And now in sooth it is but faire,  
 For us thy daughter so should die." 70  
 " O save my daughter," said the king,  
 " And let ME feel the dragon's sting."

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,  
 And to her father dear did say,  
 " O father, strive not thus for me, 75  
 But let me be the dragon's prey ;  
 It may be, for my sake alone  
 This plague upon the land was thrown.

" 'Tis better I should dye," she said,  
 " Than all your subjects perish quite ; 80  
 Perhaps the dragon here was laid,  
 For my offence to work his spite,

And after he hath suckt my gore,  
Your land shall feel the grief no more."

"What hast thou done, my daughter dear,  
For to deserve this heavy scourge?  
It is my fault, as may appear,  
Which makes the gods our state to purge;  
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,  
And to preserve thy happy life."

Like mad-men, all the people cried,  
"Thy death to us can do no good;  
Our safety only doth abide  
In making her the dragon's food."  
"Lo! here I am, I come," quoth she,  
"Therefore do what you will with me."

"Nay stay, dear daughter," quoth the queen,  
"And as thou art a virgin bright,  
That hast for vertue famous been,  
So let me cloath thee all in white;  
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,  
An ornament for virgins meet."

And when she was attired so,  
According to her mother's mind,  
Unto the stake then did she go,  
To which her tender limbs they bind;  
And being bound to stake a thrall,  
She bade farewell unto them all.

"Farewell, my father dear," quoth she,  
 "And my sweet mother, meek and mild ; 110  
 Take you no thought nor weep for me,  
 For you may have another child ;  
 Since for my country's good I dye,  
 Death I receive most willinglye."

The king and queen and all their train 115  
 With weeping eyes went then their way,  
 And let their daughter there remain,  
 To be the hungry dragon's prey :  
 But as she did there weeping lye,  
 Behold St. George came riding by. 120

And seeing there a lady bright  
 So rudely tyed unto a stake,  
 As well became a valiant knight,  
 He straight to her his way did take :  
 "Tell me, sweet maiden," then quoth he, 125  
 "What caitif thus abuseth thee ?

"And, lo ! by Christ his cross I vow,  
 Which here is figured on my breast,  
 I will revenge it on his brow,  
 And break my lance upon his chest : " 130  
 And speaking thus whereas he stood,  
 The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady, that did first espy  
 The dreadful dragon coming so,

Unto St. George aloud did cry,  
And willed him away to go ;  
“ Here comes that cursed fiend,” quoth she,  
“ That soon will make an end of me.”

St. George then looking round about,  
The fiery dragon soon espy'd,  
And like a knight of courage stout,  
Against him did most fiercely ride ;  
And with such blows he did him greet,  
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his launce, that was so strong,  
As he came gaping in his face,  
In at his mouth he thrust along ;  
For he could pierce no other place :  
And thus within the lady's view  
This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath  
Could do this holy knight no harm ;  
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,  
And home he led her by the arm ;  
Which when King Ptolemy did see,  
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there  
Had slain the dragon in the field,  
To court he brought the lady fair,  
Which to their hearts much joy did yield,



He in the court of Egypt staid 161  
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,  
He counted her his only joy ;  
But when their love was brought to light, 165  
It turn'd unto their great annoy.  
Th' Morocco king was in the court,  
Who to the orchard did resort ;

Dayly, to take the pleasant air ;  
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk ; 170  
Under a wall he oft did hear  
St. George with Lady Sabra talk ;  
Their love he shew'd unto the king,  
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise 175  
To make the Christian knight away :  
With letters him in courteous wise  
They straightway sent to Persia,  
But wrote to the sophy him to kill,  
And treacherously his blood to spill. 180

Thus they for good did him reward  
With evil, and most subtilly,  
By such vile meanes, they had regard  
To work his death most cruelly ;  
Who, as through Persia land he rode, 185  
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown  
 Into a dungeon dark and deep ;  
 Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,  
 He bitterly did wail and weep :  
 Yet like a knight of courage stout,  
 At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia  
 By night this valiant champion slew,  
 Though he had fasted many a day,  
 And then away from thence he flew  
 On the best steed the sophy had ;  
 Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,  
 But met a gyant by the way,  
 With whom in combat he did fight  
 Most valiantly a summer's day :  
 Who yet, for all his bats of steel,  
 Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas, with many bands  
 Of warlike souldiers soon he past,  
 Vowing upon those heathen lands  
 To work revenge ; which at the last,  
 Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,  
 He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd,  
 For Sabra bright her only sake,

And, ere for her he had regard,  
 He meant a tryal kind to make :  
 Meanwhile the king, o'ercome in field, 215  
 Unto Saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,  
 And took fair Sabra to his wife,  
 But meant to try if she were true,  
 Ere with her he would lead his life ; 220  
 And, tho' he had her in his train,  
 She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame  
 The brave St. George conducted strait,  
 An eunuch also with them came, 225  
 Who did upon the lady wait.  
 These three from Egypt went alone :  
 Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,  
 The lady did desire to rest : 230  
 Meanwhile St. George to kill a deer  
 For their repast did think it best :  
 Leaving her with the eunuch there,  
 Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But lo ! all in his absence came 235  
 Two hungry lyons, fierce and fell,  
 And tore the eunuch on the same  
 In pieces small, the truth to tell ;

Down by the lady then they laid,  
Whereby they shew'd she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,  
And did behold this heavy chance,  
Then for his lovely virgin's sake  
His courage strait he did advance,  
And came into the lions sight,  
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,  
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,  
Did both the hungry Lyons slay  
Within the Lady Sabra's sight :  
Who all this while, sad and demure,  
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know  
This lady was a virgin true,  
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,  
And all his love did soon renew :  
He set her on a palfrey steed,  
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd  
Unto his native dwelling place,  
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,  
And fortune did his nuptials grace :  
They many years of joy did see,  
And led their lives at Coventry.

## SYR GOWGHTER.

From Utterson's *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, vol. i.  
p. 161.

WITH some important differences towards the beginning, this spirited and striking *lai* is identical in its incidents with the legend of *Robert the Devil*. The old French metrical romance of that title, (published by M. Trebutien in 1837,) is of the 13th century. This romance was turned into prose in the following age, and of the prose story two translations were made into English: one, in verse, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde or by Pynson, and was reprinted at London, by Herbert, in 1798; the other, in prose, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and is republished in Thom's *Early Prose Romances*, vol. i. The miracle play on the same subject, mentioned by Warton, has been recently given to the world in a beautiful form, (*Miracle de Nostre Dame de Robert le Dyable*, Rouen, 1836.) At page xxxv of the Introduction, a list is furnished of the known versions of the story in French, English, and Spanish.

There is a certain resemblance, not very close, between the romance of *Robert the Devil* and that of *Kyng Robert of Sicily*. This last is evidently founded on the legend of Jovinian, in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The old Platt-deutsch romance of *Zeno*, to which Utterson alludes as being akin to the present tale, is, we are informed by Price, a much more pleasing fiction, and "free from that disgusting degradation of the hero which marks *Sir Gowther* for the offspring of the

monastery." In this, the "parlous child" is not the offspring of Satan, but the foul fiend himself, who assumes the form of the infant Zeno. (See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, ed. 1840, vol. i. 183, ii. 323.

GOD, that art of myghtis most,  
 Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,  
 That bought man on rode so dere !  
 Shelde vs from the fowle fende,  
 That is a bout mannys sowle to shende  
 All tymes of the yere.  
 Sum tyme the fende hadde postee  
 For to dele with ladies free  
 In likenesse of here fere ;  
 So that he begat Merlyng and mo,  
 And wrought ladies so mikil wo,  
 That ferly it is to here.

A selcowgh thyng that is to here,  
 A fend to nyegh a woman so nere,  
 To make here with childe ;  
 And mannes kynde of here to tan,  
 For of him self hath he non,  
 Be Marie, maide mylde,  
 As clerkis sayn, and weten wel howe ;  
 Y may not all reherce nowe,

7. "The belief in the sexual connection between demons and mortals, was, in the middle ages, very general, and, independent of the instance of Merlin, (which is so generally known, and in the ballad particularly alluded to,) was supposed to have been the origin of even some of the saints of the Romish Calendar." UTTERSON.

But Crist from shame us shyld :  
I shal tel yow how a child was gete,  
And in what sorow his moder he sett,  
With his workis so wild.

Of that baron yborn emblihe, 25  
Crist yeue him ioy that wulle lythe,  
Of aūntres that befelle :  
Yn the layes of Britanye that was I sowght,  
And owt of oon was y brought,  
That louely is to telle. 30  
There was a duk in Ostrych  
Weddyd a lady nobil and riche,  
She was fayre of flessch and felle ;  
To the lyly was likened that lady clere,  
Here body was rede as blossomes on brere, 35  
That courteis damysell.

Whan she was weddid, that ladi shene,  
Duches she was withouten wene,  
A grete fest gan thei make ;  
Knyghtes and squyres on the furst day, 40  
On steedes hem gently to play,  
Here shaftes gan thei shake.  
On the morow, the lordes gente  
Made a riall tournament  
For the ladyis sake ; 45  
The duk wan steedes ten,  
And bare downe many doughti men,  
Here shildes gan he crake.

When the feste gan to seese,  
The worthi duk and ducheese 50  
    They leuid togeder with wenne ;  
Full vii yere togeder thei were,  
He gat no childe, ne none she bere,  
    Here ioy gan wex full thenne.  
As it bifill vpon a day, 55  
To the lady he gan say,  
    “ Now mote we part a twene,  
But ye myght a childe bere,  
That myght my londes weld and were ; ”  
    She wept and myght not blynne. 60

Than morned the lady clere,  
That al falwyd hire faire chere,  
    For she conceyuid nowght.  
She praid to Crist and Marie mylde,  
Shulde hire grace.to haue a childe, 65  
    In what manner she ne rought.  
As she walkyd yn here orcheyerde vppon a day,  
She mett a man in a riche aray,  
    Of loue he here bisowght ;  
He come in liknesse of here lorde free ; 70  
Vnder nethe a chestayn tree  
    His will with here he wrought.

Whan he had his will ydoon,  
A fowle fend he stode vppe soon ;  
    He lokid and hire byhilde, 75



And said, "dame, I haue gete on the  
A childe, that yn his yongthe wild shal be  
His wepen for to welde."

She blissed here, and from him ran,  
Intil here chamber anon she cam,

80

That was so stronge of belde ;  
She said to here lorde so mylde,  
"To nyght y hope to conceyue a childe,  
That shall yowre londes welde.

"An angel, that was so faire and bright,  
Told me so this yonder nyght ;

85

I trust to Cristis sonde,  
That he woll stynt vs of owre strife."

In his armys he toke his wife,

That frely was to fonde.

90

Whan it was euen to bed thei chase,  
The riche duk and the duches,

For no man wold thei wonde ;

He pleid him with that lady hende,

She was bounde with a fende

95

Til Crist wold lose hire bonde.

The childe withyn hire was non other  
But Marlyngs half brother,

On fende gat hem bothe ;

He seruid neuer for other thyng,

100

But temptid men and women yyng,

To dele with hem for sothe.

Thus the lady gretid fast,

Til she was deliverd atte last  
 Of on that wolde do scathe ; 106  
 To the church thei gan him bere,  
 And cristen his name Goughthere,  
 That afterwarde wax breme and brathe.

The lord comforted the lady gent,  
 And after norsis anone he sente, 110  
 Of the best in that contree ;  
 Sume were nobell knyghtes wyfes ;  
 He sak so sore thei lost here lyfes,  
 Full sone he hadde slayn three.  
 The childe throfe and swythe wax, 115  
 The duk sent after other sex,  
 As wetnesse the storie :  
 Or that the xii monthis weren comyn and gon,  
 Nyen norsys he had ysloon,  
 Ladies faire and free. 120

Knyghtis of that contre gadered hem insame,  
 And said, " forsothe this is no game,  
 To sleyn here ladies soo ;"  
 Thay bad him ordeyne for his sone,  
 For he myght not haue his wone, 125  
 Nor non norses moo.  
 Than bifill his moder a ferly happe ;  
 On a day she bad him here pappe,  
 And he arighte here soo,

He tare the oon side of here brest; 130  
The lady cried after a prest,  
Into a chamber she fled him froo.

Than a leche helid vppe the lady sore,  
She durst not yeue him sowke no more,  
That yong childe Gowghtere; 135  
But fedde him vppe with other foode,  
As moch as him behoved,  
That dare y sauely swere;

That in oon yere more he wex  
Than other childern did in sex, 140  
Him semed wel to ride;  
He wax wikkid in all withe,  
His fader him myght not chastithe,  
But made him knyght that tyde.  
He gaf him his best swerde in honde, 145  
There was no knyght in all that londe  
A dent durst him abyde;  
But after whan his fader was dede,  
Carfull was his moder rede,  
Here sorow myght no man hide. 150

Dowrey fro him must she haue none,  
But in castell of lyme and stone  
Fast from him sho fledde;  
She made hire strong and hild her there,  
Here men myght syng of sorow and care, 155

So strait thai were bestedde.  
 For where he mett hem bi the way,  
 Alas, the while, thei myght say,  
     That euer his moder him fedde !  
 For with his fauchon he wold hem sloo,  
 Or strike here hors bake a twoo,  
     Swich parell thei dredde.

160

Thus was the duk of grete renown ;  
 Men of religion he throug hem down  
     Where he myght hem mete ;  
 Masse nor mateyns wold he none here,  
 Ne no prechyng of no frere,  
     Thus dare I yow behete.  
 And tho that wold not werk his will,  
 Erly and late, lowde and still,  
     Ful sore he wold hem bete ;  
 Huntyng he loued altherebest,  
 In parkes, and in wild forest,  
     Where he myght it gete.

165

170

As he rode on huntyng vppon a day,  
 He saw a nonnery bi the high way,  
     And theder gan he ride ;  
 The prioresse, and here couent,  
 With procession agayn him went,  
     Trewly in that tyde.  
 Thei kneled down vppon here knee,  
 And said : " Liege lord, welcome be yee : "  
     Yn hert is nowght to hide,—

175

180

He drofe hem home into here chirche,  
And brend hem vppe: thus gan he werch, 185  
His lose sprong ful wide.

Al tho that wold on God belefe,  
He was abowte hem to greue,  
In all that he myght doo:  
Maidenes mariagies wold he spill, 190  
And take wyfes agayn here will,  
And sle here husbondes too.  
He made prestes and clerkes to lepe on craggis,  
Monkes and freres to hong on knaggis,  
Thus wonderly wold he doo: 195  
He brent vp heremites on a fire,  
And paid widows the same hire,  
He wrought hem mochill woo.

A good old erll of that contree,  
To the duk than rode hee, 200  
And said, "Sir, whi doest thou soo?  
Thow comest neuer of Crists strene,  
Thow art sum fendes sone y wene,  
Bi thi werkis it semeth so.  
Thou doest no good, but euer ill,  
Thou art bi sibbe the deuyl of hell."— 205  
Than was Sir Gowghter thro,  
And said, "if thou lye on me,  
Hanged and todraw shalt thou be,  
Or than thou fro me go." 210

He kept this erll fast in holde,  
 And to his moderis castel he wold,  
     As fast as he may ryde ;  
 He said to his moder free,  
 " Who was 'my fader ? tell thow me, 215  
     Or my swerd shal thorow the glide."  
 He set the poynt to here brest,  
 And said, " dame, thow getest non other prest,  
     The sothe if thow hide."—  
 She said, " sone, the duke that deyde laste, 220  
 That is owt of this world paste,  
     He weddid me with pride.

" The sothe trewly shal I say ;  
 As y went in owre orcheyerd vppon a day,  
     A fend bygatte the thore ; 225  
 He come in liknesse of my lord, so free,  
 Vndernethe a chestan tree ;"—  
     Tho sythed Sir Gowghter ful sore,  
 And said, " shryue the, moder, and do thy best,  
 For y will to Rome er than y reste, 230  
     To leue vpan other lere."  
 Swych a thought fell vppon him dowsely,  
 That ofte he gan to crye mercy  
     To Jesu that Marie bare.

Than Sir Gowghter rode him home agayn, 235  
 And to the olde erll he gan sayn,

“A trew tale told thow me :  
 Now wol I to Rome to that appostell,  
 To be shreven, and after asoyled ;  
 Good Sir, kepe my castel free.”

240

Thus he left the old erll than,  
 To kepe his londes, lesse and mayr ;  
 Sir Goughter forthe gan glide :

Uppon his fote faste he ranne,  
 He toke with him nor horse, nor man,

245

Him was leuer to ryn than ryde.  
 His fauchon he toke with him thoo,  
 He left that neuer, for wel ne woo,

But hynge that bi his side,  
 And to the cowrt gan he sech ;  
 Or he myght come to the popes spech,  
 Ful long he gan abyde.

250

He kneled down vppon his kne,

\* \* \* \* \*

And said to him ful sone ;  
 He asked him with high sown  
 Cryst, and absolucion,

255

The pope him graunted his bone.  
 “Whens art thou, and of what contre ?”  
 “Duk of Ostrich, Sir,” said hee,

“By trewe God on trone !

260

That was goten with a fende,  
 And born of a lady hende ;

Y trowe my good dayes ben done.”

“ Art thow Cristyn ? ” said hee,  
“ Trewly, Sir,” he saide, “ Yee ; 265  
My name is Gowghter.”

“ Than,” said the pope, “ thou art comyn heder,  
Or ells y most haue gon theder,  
And that ful lothe me were :  
For thow hast holy chirch destroyed.” 270

“ Holy fader,” he said, “ be noght anoyed,  
I shall the verely swere,  
That what paines ye me yeue,  
I shall do that, if y may leue,  
And neuer cristen man dere.” 275

“ Lay down thy fauchon than the fro,  
Thou shalt be shreuen er thow go,  
And assoyled er I blynne.”

“ Nay, holy fader,” said Gowghter,  
“ This fauchon most y with me bere, 280  
My frendes happely ben ful thynne.”

“ Thow shalt walk north and sowthe,  
And gete thi mete owt of houndis mouth,  
This pennance shalt thow gynne :  
And speke no word, euen ne odde, 285  
Til thow haue very wetyng of Godde,  
Forgevyn be all thy synne.”

He kneled byfore the worthy appostell,  
That solely gan him assoyle,

With worde as y yow saye : 290  
Of all that day mete gat he none,



Saufe owt of a houndes mouth a bone,  
And forth he went his way.

He trauayled out of that cetee,  
Into another fer contree,

235

For sothe as I yow say :

He set him down vppon an hill,  
A greyhunde brought brede him till,  
At hegh none of the day.

Thre dayes there he lay,

300

And a greyhound every day,  
A barly lofe him browght.

The fowrethe day him come none,

\* \* \* \* \*

And thanked God in thowght.

Bysyde him stode a faire castell,

305

The emporour of Almayn thereyn gan dwell,

And theder him gothe ful softe ;

He set him down withowt the gate,

He durst not goon yn thereate,

Though him were woo yn thowght.

310

Than waytes blew vppon the wall,

Knyghtes gadered hem in to the hall,

They wysshe, and went to mete :

Vp he rose, and yn is goon,

Ussher at the hall dore fond he non,

315

Ne porter at the gate.

He presed blythely thorow the prese,

Even til the hegh bord he chese,

311, That.

There vnder he made his sete :  
There come the steward with a rod in his  
    honde, 330  
To do him thens thus he wold fonde,  
And thret him to bete.

“What is that?” said the emperour ;  
The stewarde said, with grete honowre,  
    “My lord, it is a man, 335  
The fayrest, and the most, that euer y seye ;  
Come se yowreselfe that is no lye ; — ”  
The emperour till him cam.  
But worde of him cowde they non gete ;  
“Lete him sit,” said the emperour, “and gete him 340  
    mete,  
Ful litell good he can ;  
Or that may happe thorow sum chaunce,  
That it is geue him in sum penaunce,”  
Thus said the emperore thanne.

Whan the emperour was all servyd, 345  
A knyght had his mete ykervyd,  
He sent the domme man part :  
He let hit stonde, and wolde non,  
But a spaynel come rynne with a bone,  
And in his mouth he that lart. 350  
The domme man to him he raught,  
And that bone to him he cawght,  
There on fast he tare ;  
For other sustinaunce he had nowght,

But such as he fro houndes cawght, 345  
The more was his care.

The emperour, and the empresse,  
Lords and ladies, on the deyse,  
They satt and him byhilde ;  
They bed yette the houndes mete ynowgh, 350  
The domme manne with hem gnrowth,  
There was his best belde.  
Thus among houndes he was fedde ;  
At euen to his chamber he was ledde,  
And yhelyd vnder a teld : 355  
And euery day he came to hall,  
And Hobbe the foole thei gan hym calle ;  
To Criste he gan him yelde.

Than hadde the same emporour,  
A dowghter as white as lylie flowre, 360  
Was too so domme as he :  
She wolde haue spoke, but she ne myght,  
Therefore ful ofte she sighed,  
The ladi bright of blee.  
To him she was a ful good frend, 365  
And mete to houndes for his loue wold  
send,  
Ful ofte, and grete plente :  
Ether of hem loued other bright,  
But to other no word thei speke ne myght,  
That was the more pete. 370

Than in on morow come a massynger,  
To the emporour with sterne chere,  
And said to him ful right :  
“ Syr, my lorde wel greteth the,  
That is Sowdan of Perce,  
Man most of myght ;

“ And byddeth that thow shuldest him send  
Thyn owne dowzter, that is so hend,  
That he myght hire wedde.”  
The emporour said, “ y have none but oon,  
And she is domme as eny stone,  
The fairest that euer was fedde.  
And y will neur while y am sownde,  
Yeue hire to none hethyn hounde ;  
Than were my bales bredd ;  
Yet may she sum good halowe seche,  
Thorow grace of God, to haue speche.”  
Agayn the massenger spedde.

And when he tolde his lorde soo,  
In that contree was moch woo ;  
The sowdan cam ful nere ;  
The emporour was dowghti man vnder shyld,  
And met the sowdan in the filde,  
For both had batayle there.  
Sir Gowghter went to chamber smert,  
And bysowght God in his hert,  
As he had bowght him dere,

To send him bothe armor and shilde,  
And hors to ride in the fild.  
To help his lord yere.

400

He ne had so sone that ithought,  
A colblack stede was him ybrought,  
Stode redy withowt the dore,  
And armor of the same color ;  
Vp he stert with grete honor,  
He was both styf and store.  
Shyld on shulder gan he hong,  
And cawght a swerd that was larg and long,  
He spared nether lesse, ne more ;  
Owt at the castel yates he went ;  
Al this saw the domme lady gent,  
As she stode in hire towre.

405

410

The sowdan that was so sterne and stowte,  
Ful fast in the filde he prikyd abowte,  
To sembill his men he cast :  
By that tyme Sir Gowzter was come there,  
And many stowte shildes down he bare,  
And laid on wonder fast.  
Grete stedes he made to staker,  
And knyghts armour all to flatour,  
Whan blode thorow breynyys brast :  
Many helmys there he hitt,  
Vpright myght thei not sitt,  
But to the ground he hem cast.

415

420

He put the sowdan to flyght, 425  
 Sir Gowghter so moch of myght,  
 He slow Saresines bydene:  
 He rode hime byfore the emporour; —  
 Al this saw the lady in her towre,  
 That was bothe bright and shene. 430

He went to his chamber, and vnarmyd him some,  
 His horse and harneys away was done,  
 He wyth [not] where it bycam;  
 When the emporour wessh and went to mete,  
 Vnder the hegh bord he made his sete; 435  
 Two small raches to him come.

The lady toke twey greyhoundes fyn,  
 And wyssh here mouthes clene with wyne,  
 And put a lofe in that one:  
 He rawght it fro him with eger mode, 440  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Ful wel was him bygone.

When he had made him wel at ese,  
 He went to chamber, and toke his ese,  
 Withyn that worthyly wone:  
 On the morow agayn come the massynger, 445  
 Fro the sowdan with sterne chere,  
 To the emporour is he gone.

And said: "Sir, here is my letter;  
 My lord is come to assay the better;  
 VOL. I. 12

Yesterday ye slow his men ; 480  
 He hath asembled in the felde,  
 Of dowghti Sarezyns vnder shilde,  
 Syxti thowsand and ten :  
 On the he will auenied be."  
 "Hors and armour" than said he ; 485  
 Hastly had he thenne ;  
 God sent Sir Gowghter thorow his myght  
 A blode rede stede, and armour bryght ;  
 He folowed thorow frith and fenne.  
  
 Bothe parties haue wel araied ; 490  
 Sir Gowghter, as the story said,  
 Come ridyng hem betwene ;  
 Grete steedis he made to stomble,  
 Knyghtes ouer hors backys to tomble,  
 That hardy were and kene. 495  
  
 He hew asonder bothe helme and shyld,  
 Feld down here baners in the felde,  
 That were bothe bright and shene ;  
 He bet adown the Saresyns blak,  
 And made here backes for to crake ; 470  
 They rede that he was fene.

"Now dere God," said the emporour,  
 "Whence com the knyght that is so styfe and  
 stowre,  
 And al araide in rede,

Both hors, armour, and his steede ?  
 A thousand Sarezyns he hath made blede,  
 And beteen hem to dethe,  
 That heder is come to help me ;  
 And yesterday in blak was he,  
 That stered hem in that stede,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And so he will er he goo hens,  
 His dentis be heuy as lede."

He behild his fawchon fel,  
 And saw he beset his stroke well,  
 And that he wastid none ;  
 The emporour priked into his pres,  
 A nobell knyght withowten les,  
 He made the sowdan to gon.

Sir Gowghter went to his chamber sone,  
 His hors and his armour away was done,  
 He wyst neuer whare :  
 The emperour wyssh, and wente to mete,  
 And with him other lordes grete,  
 That at the bataile were.  
 Vndur the high bord Sir Gowghter him sett,  
 The lady hagt here greyhoundes yfette,  
 Prevely as no thyng were ;  
 She fed hem, the ful sothe to say,  
 Right as she dyd the first day,  
 For no man wold she spare.



Lordes reulid in the hall,  
There daunsid many a lady small,  
    With here mynstralsi ;  
Sir Gowghter went to his bed and lay,  
Him lystyd nothyng for to play, 505  
    For he was full weri  
For gret strokes that he had cawght,  
When he atte bataill fawght,  
    Among the carful crye.  
His thought was moch vppon his synne, 510  
How he myght his sowle wynne,  
    To blysse aboue the skye.

Than grette lordes to bedde were bown,  
Knyghtes and squyers of grete renown,  
    In story as it is tolde. 515  
Amorow agayn came the massynger,  
Fro the sowdan with sterne chere,  
    And said : " Sir emporour, thi ioy is colde :  
My lord hath sembled a new powere,  
And byddeth the send thi dowghter dere, 520  
    Or ere hir loue shall be solde,  
Or he wull hurt the, body and bon,  
And alyue leue not on  
    Of thy burgeys bold."

" I come to him," said the emporour ; 525  
" Y shall do semble a well strong power,  
    And mete him, yf y may ;

Dowghti knyghts, larg and long,  
Wel y-armyd euer among,

By high prime of the day."

530

On hors redy, with shelde and spere,  
The nobill knyght Sir Gowghter,

To Jesu Crist gan he pray,

Shild [to] send him [and] armour tite ;

So had he, and a steede mylk white,

535

And rode after in good aray.

Hys twey comynge the domme lady had seen,

And his thyrdde wendying withowten wene ;

She prayed for him full radde ;

Rode he not with brag, nor bost,

540

\* \* \* \* \*

He folowes euer the tradde.

The emporour had the forward,

And Gowghter rode byfore his bard,

Of knyghtes he was odde ;

Grete lordes of hethenesse to deth he throng,

And hire bandes to the erth he slong,

545

His strokes fil full sadde.

The sowdan bare in sabill blak

Thre lyons withouten lak,

All of sylver shene ;

550

On was crowned with gowles reede,

Another with gold in that stede,

The thred with dyuers of grene.

His helme was ful richely fret,

Al with riche charbocles bysett,

555

And dyamounde bytwene ;  
 His batell was ful well araid,  
 And his baner ful brode displayed ;  
 Sone after turned to him tene.

For the nobill knyght Gowghtere, 500  
 He bare him so goodely in his gere,  
 Men nedeth no better to seche ;  
 Al that he with his fawchon hit,  
 They fil to the ground, and rose not yet,  
 To seke after no leche. 505  
 Yet durst he neuer in anger, ne tene,  
 Speke no worde withouten wene,  
 Fer drede of Goddes wreche ;  
 And thow him houngerd, he durst not ete,  
 But such as from houndes he myght gete ; 510  
 He did as the pope gan teche.

Thus did Sir Gowghter the gentil knyght ;  
 But the emporour, that was so sterne in fight,  
 Ful smartly he was tanne ;  
 And away with the sowdan he was ledde, 515  
 Sir Gowghter rode after, and made him leue  
 his wedd,  
 And smote of his hede thanne.

Thus rescued he his lorde, and browght him  
 agayne,  
 And thankid God with hert fayne,  
 That formed both blode and bon ; 520

Right with that come a Sarezyn with a  
spere,

Thorow shilde and shulder smote Gowghter,  
Tho made the domme lady mone.

For sorow [whan] she saw that stowre,

She sowne, and fill owt of hir towre,

And brak full negh her necke :

Two squyres in him bare,

And iii. daies she moued not yare,

As thowh she had be dede.

The emporour wyssh, and went to mete,

And with him other lordes grete,

That at the bataill hadde ben :

Sir Gowghter was wounded sare,

Into the hall he gan fare,

He myssyd the lady shene.

Among the houndes his mete he wan ;

The emporour was a carful man,

For his dowghter gent :

Massyngers were sent to Rome

After the pope, and he come sone

To here terement.

Whan cardynales herd this tidynges,

Thei come to hir beryengs ;

Such grace God hath here sent,

That she stered hir selfe, and ras,

And spake wordes that witti was

To Sir Gowghter, with good entent.

And said ; “ my Lorde of hevyn greteth the  
well ;

Foryeue ben thi synnes, euery dell,

And graunteth the his blysse ; 610

He byddeth the speke boldely,

To ete and drynk, and make the mery ;

Thowe shalt ben on of his.”

“ Fader ! ” she said to the emporour,

“ This is the knyght that hath fowghten in stowre,

For yow in thre batellis ywys : ” 615

The pope that shroffe Gowghter at Rome,

Byknew him whan he theder come,

And lowly gan him kys.

“ Now art thou bycome Goddes childe, 620

The dare not drede of thi werkys wyld,

For sothe I tell it the.”

Thorow grace of God, and the popis atent,

He was made wedde the lady gent,

That curtays was and fre. 625

She was lady good and faire,

Of all hir faders londes eyre,

A better may none be :

The pope wold no lenger lend,

But yafe hem all his blessing hend ; 630

To Rome than went he.

Whan the fest was browght to ende,

Sir Gowghter gan to Ostryche wend,

And gaffe the old erl all,

630, him.

And made him wedde his moder fayre ; 636  
Of all his faderis londes he made him eyre,

That was bothe gentill and small.

Sygthe he bildyd an abbay,  
And yaf therto rent for ay,

And said, " be beried here y shall ; " 640

And thereyn put monkes blake,  
To rede and syng, for Goddes sake,  
And closid it withyn a wall.

For thowh the pope had him yshreue,  
And his synnes were foreyeue, 645

Yet was his hert full sore,

That he shuld so wyckedly werch,  
To brenne the nonnes in here cherch :

Another abbay made he thore.

There he did make another abbay, 650

And put theryn monkes gray,

That mykill cowde of lore :

To syng and rede, to the worldeys ende,  
For the nonnes that he brend,

All that cristen were. 655

Thus went Sir Gowghter home agayn.

By that tyme he come to Almayn,

His wyfis fader was dede ;

Tho was he lord and emporour ;

Of all christendome he bare the flowre, 660

About the Sarezyns hede.

What man bad him for Godde sake do,  
Trewly he was redy therto,  
And stode poure men in stede ;  
And maynteyned pouer men in here right, 663  
And halp holy chirche with his myght ;  
Thus cowght he better rede ;

And livid in good lyfe many a zere,  
Emporour of grete powere,  
And wisely gan he wake. 670  
Whan he dayed, for soth to say,  
He was beryed in that abbay,  
That he first gan make.  
There he lyeth in a shryne of gold,  
And doth maracles, as it is tolde, 675  
And hatt Seynt Gotlake :  
He maketh blynd men for to se,  
Wode men to haue here wit, parde,  
Crokyd here cruches forsake.

This tale is wreten in parchemen, 680  
In a stori good and fyn,  
In the first lay of Britayne.  
Now God, that is of mythes most,  
Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,  
Of owre sowles be fayne ! 685  
All that hath herde this talkyng,  
Lytill, moche, old, and yyng,

Yblyssyd mote they be :  
God yeue hem grace whan they shal ende,  
To heuyn blys here sowles wend,  
With angelys bryght of ble !

Amen, pur charite.



## THE KNIGHT OF CURTESY, AND THE FAIR LADY OF FAGUELL.

*Li Roumans dou Chastelain de Couci*, (published by M. Crapelet, in 1829, from a manuscript of the 14th century,) is the apparent source of the incidents of this tragic tale. The author of the English story, however, seeks to give an entirely different character to the relations of the principal personages ; and in this he is followed by the Duc de la Vallière, in his pathetic little poem on the same subject. Regnault, châtelain, or governor of one of the castles, of the Sire de Coucy, (here called, by a strange perversion, the Knight of Curtesy,) was a famous poet, musician, and chevalier. According to the romance, he assumed the cross with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in 1190, and was mortally wounded in a combat with the Saracens two years after. The name of the Lady of Fayel is unknown. She has, without reason, been called Gabrielle de Vergy, her story being, it would seem, confounded with that of the Chastellaine de Vergy, (see Legrand, *Fabliaux*, iv, 98,) to which it bears no real resemblance.

The horrible catastrophe has been imitated, or is repeated, in various narratives of unhappy love. In Italian it is found in two of the novels of Boccaccio (*Decameron*, iv. 1, 9); in Provençal, it is related of a troubadour, Guilhem de Cabestanh; in Spanish, of a Marquis d'Astorga, under Charles II.; and in the *Lai d'Ignaurès*, of the hero, a Breton chevalier.\* Boccaccio's *Tancred and Ghismonda* has been made the subject of not a few English dramas and poems. A prose version is given in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; and one in verse, from the Latin of Aretino, by William Walter, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1532, reprinted in 1597, and again at Edinburgh in 1812, (*Certain Worthly Manuscript Poems*, &c.)

The Songs of the Châtelain de Coucy have been carefully edited, with the music, by M. Francisque Michel, prefaced by an Essay on the life of the author, in which many mistakes of previous writers are rectified, (*Chansons du Châtelain de Coucy*, Paris, Crapelet, 1830.) The *Chronique du Chastelain de Couci* by Fauchet, the most important authority after the romance, and the poem of the Duc de la Vallière, are in the same volume.

The following piece was republished by Ritson, (*Metrical Romances*, iii. 193,) from an old quarto pamphlet, in black-letter, and without date, printed at London by Copland, "before 1568."

IN Faguell, a fayre countre,  
A great lorde somtyme dyd dwell,  
Which had a lady so fayre and fre  
That all men good of her dyd tel.

\* Ed. by Monmerqué and Michel, Paris, 1832.

Fayre and pleasaunt she was in sight, 5  
Gentyl and amyable in eche degre,  
Chaste to her lorde, bothe day and nyght,  
As is the turtyll upon the tre.

All men her loved, bothe yonge and olde,  
For her vertue and gentylnesse ; 10  
Also in that lande was a knight bolde,  
Ryght wyse, and ful of doughtinesse.

All men spake of his hardynesse,  
Ryche and poore of eche degre,  
So that they called him, doutlesse, 15  
The noble Knyght of Curtesy.

This knight so curteys was and bolde,  
That the lorde herde therof anone ;  
He sayd that speke with him he wolde ;  
For hym the messengere is gone, 20

Wyth a letter unto this knight,  
And sayd, "Syr, I pray God you se ;  
My lord of Faguell you sendeth ryght  
An hundred folde gretynge by me.

"He praieth you in all hastyng 25  
To come in his court for to dwell,  
And ye shal lake no maner of thyng,  
As townes, towres, and many a castell."

The curteyse knight was sone content,  
And in all dilygence that might be 30  
Wyth the messyngere anone he went,  
This lorde to serve with humylitè.

Fast they rode bothe day and nyght,  
Tyll he unto the lorde was come ;  
And whan the lorde of hym had a sight, 35  
Right frendly he did him welcome.

He gave hym towenes, castelles and towres ;  
Whereof all other had envye ;  
They thought to reve him his honoures,  
By some treason or trechery. 40

This lady, of whome I spake before,  
Seyng this knight so good and kynde,  
Afore all men that ever were bore  
She set on hym her herte and minde.

His paramour she thought to be, 45  
Hym for to love wyth herte and minde ;  
Nat in vyce, but in chastytè,  
As chyldren that together are kynde.

This knight also, curteyse and wyse,  
With herte and mynde both ferme and fast, 50  
Lovyd this lady wythouten vyse,  
Whyche tyll they dyed dyd ever laste.

Both night and day these lovers true  
Suffred great paine, wo, and grevaunce,  
How eche to other theyr minde might shewe ;  
Tyll at the last, by a sodaine chaunce, 55

This knight was in a garden grene,  
And thus began him to complayne :  
“ Alas ! ” he sayd, with murnynge eyen,  
“ Now is my herte in wo and payne. 60

“ From mournynge can I nat refrayne,  
This ladyes love dothe me so wounde ;  
I feare she hath of me disdayne : ”  
With that he fell downe to the grounde.

The lady in a wyndowe laye, 65  
With herte colde as any stone ;  
She wyst nat what to do nor saye,  
Whan she herde the knightes mone.

Sore sighed that lady of renowne,  
In her face was no colour founde ; 70  
Than into the gardein came she downe,  
And sawe this knight lye on the grounde.

Whan she sawe hym lye so for her sake,  
Her hert for wo was almoost gone ;  
To her comferte coude she none take, 75  
But in swoune fell downe hym upon ;

So sadly that the knyght awoke,  
And whan that he sawe her so nere,  
To hym comforte anone he toke,  
And began the lady for to chere. 80

He sayd, "Lady and love, alas !  
Into this cure who hath you brought ?"  
She sayd, "My love, and my solas,  
Your beautè standeth so in my thought,

"That, yf I had no worldly make, 85  
Never none should have my herte but ye."  
The knyght sayd, "Lady, for your sake,  
I shal you love in chastytè.

"Our love," he sayde, "shal be none other  
But chaste and true, as is betwene 90  
A goodly syster and a brother,  
Fro luste our bodyes to kepe clene.

"And where so ever mi body be,  
Bothe day and night, at every tyde,  
My simpele herte in chastitè 95  
Shall ever more, lady, with you abide."

This lady, white as any floure,  
Replete with feminine shamefastnesse,  
Begayn to chaunge her fare coloure,  
And to hym sayd, "My love, doubtelesse, 100

“ Under suche forme I shall you love,  
 With faythful herte in chastitè,  
 Next unto God that is above,  
 Bothe in welthe and adversytè.”

Eche of them kyssed other truely : 105  
 But, ever alas ! ther was a fo  
 Behynde the wall, them to espye,  
 Which after torned them to muche wo.

Out of the gardyn whan they were gone,  
 Eche from other dyd departe, 110  
 Awaye was all theyr wofull mone,  
 The one had lyghted the others herte.

Than this spye of whome I tolde,  
 Whyche stode behinde the garden wall,  
 Wente unto his lorde ful bolde, 115  
 And sayd, “ Syr, shewe you I shall,

“ By your gardyn as I was walkynge,  
 I herde the Knight of Curtesye,  
 Which with your lady was talkinge,  
 Of love unlawfull pryvely : 120

“ Therefore yf ye suffre him for to procede,  
 Wyth your lady to have his joye,  
 He shal bee lede fro you in dede,  
 Or elles they bothe shall you distroye.”

Whan than the lorde had understande 125  
 The wordes that the spye him tolde,  
 He sware he would rydde him fro that [lande,]  
 Were he never so stronge and bolde.

He sware an othe, by God almyght,  
 That he should never be glade certayne, 130  
 While that knight was in his sight,  
 Tyl that he by some meane were slaine.

Than let he do crye a feest  
 For every man that thider wolde come,  
 For every man, bothe moost and leest : 135  
 Thyder came lordes bothe olde and yonge.

The lorde was at the table set,  
 And his lady by him that tide ;  
 The Knight of Curtesy anone was fet,  
 And set downe on the other syde. 140

Theyr hartes should have be wo-begone,  
 If they had knowen the lordes thought ;  
 But whan that they were styll echone,  
 The lorde these wordes anone forth brought :

“ Me thinke it is fyttinge for a knight 145  
 For adventures to enqyre,  
 And nat thus, bothe day and night,  
 At home to sojourne by the fyre.



“ Therefore, Syr Knight of Curtesye,  
This thinge wyl I you counseyll ; 150  
To ryde and go through the countrè,  
To seke adventures for your avayle.

“ As unto Rodes, for to fight,  
The Christen fayth for to mayntayne ;  
To shewe by armes your force and myght, 155  
In Lumbardy, Portyngale, and in Spayne.”

Than spake the knyght to the lord anone :  
“ For your sake wyl I aventure my lyfe,  
Whether ever I come agayne or none,  
And for my ladyes sake, your wyfe. 160

“ If I dyd nat, I were to blame.”  
Than sighed the lady with that worde ;  
In dolour depe her herte was tane,  
And sore wounded as wyth a sworde.

Than after dyner the knight did go 165  
His horse and harneyse to make redy ;  
The woful lady came him unto,  
And to him sayd right pyteously :

“ Alas ! yf ye go, I must complayne  
Alone as a woful creature ; 170  
If that ye be in batayle slayne,  
On lyve may I not endure.

"Alas, unhappy creature!  
Where shal I go, where shal I byde?  
Of dethe sothely nowe am I sure,  
And all worldly joye I shal set assyde."

175

A payre of sheres than dyd she take,  
And cut of her here bothe yelow and bright;  
"Were this," than sayd she, "for my sake,  
Upon your helme, moche curteyse knight."

180

"I shall, dere lady, for your sake,"  
This knyght sayd, with styl morninge:  
No comferte to him coude he take,  
Nor absteine him fro perfounde syghinge.

For grete pytè I can not wryte  
The sorowe that was betwene them two;  
Also I have to small respyte  
For to declare theyr payne and wo.

185

The wofull departinge and complaynt  
That was betwene these lovers twayne  
Was never man that coude depaynt,  
So wofully did they complayne.

190

The teres ran from theyr eyen twayne,  
For doloure whan they did departe;  
The lady in her castell did remayne,  
Wyth langour replenysshed was her herte.

195

Now leve we here this lady bryght,  
Within her castel makeinge her mone,  
And tourne we to the Curteys Knyght,  
Whyche on his journey forth is gone. 200

Unto hymself this knight sayd he,  
“Agaynst the Chrysten I wyl not fyght,  
But to the Rodes wyl i go,  
Them to susteyne with all my myght.”

Than did he her heere unfolde, 205  
And one his helme it set on hye,  
Wyth rede thredes of ryche golde,  
Whiche he had of his lady.

Full richely his shelde was wrought,  
Wyth asure stones and beten golde, 210  
But on his lady was his thought,  
The yellowe heare whan he dyd beholde.

Than forth he rode by dale and downe,  
After adventures to enquiryre,  
By many a castel, cytè and towne ; 215  
All to batayl was his desyre.

In every justyng where he came,  
None so good as he was founde,  
In every place the pryce he wan,  
And smote his adversaryes to the grounde.

So whan he came to Lumberdye, 221  
Ther was a dragon therabout,  
Whyche did great hurt and vylanye;  
Bothe man and beste of hym had doubte.

As this knight rode there alone, 225  
Save onely his page by his syde,  
For his lady he began to mone,  
Sore syghynge as he did ride.

“Alas!” he sayd, “my lady swete,  
God wote in what case ye be; 230  
God wote whan we two shall mete;  
I feare that I shal never you se.”

Than as he loked hym aboute,  
Towarde a hyll that was so hye,  
Of this dragon he harde a shoute; 235  
“Yonder is a feast,” he sayd, “truly.”

The knight him blessyd, and forthe dyd go,  
And sayd, “I shall do my travayle;  
Betyde me well, betyde me wo,  
The fyers fynde I shall assayle. 240

Than wyth the dragon dyd he meate;  
Whan she him sawe she gaped wyde;  
He toke good hede, as ye may wete,  
And quykely sterted a lytle asyde.

He drewe his swerde like a knyght, 245  
This dragon fyersly to assayle ;  
He gave her strokes ful of myght ;  
Stronge and mortall was the batayle.

The dragon gave this knyght a wounde,  
Wyth his tayle, upon the heed, 250  
That he fell downe unto the grounde,  
In a sowne as he had ben deed.

So at the last he rose agayne,  
And made his mone to God almyght,  
And to our Lady he dyd compleyne, 255  
Theyr helpe desyrynge in that fyght.

Than sterte he wyth a fayrse courage,  
Unto the dragon without fayle;  
He loked so for his advauntage,  
That [quyckely] he smote of her tayle. 260

Than began the dragon for to yell,  
And tourned her upon her syde ;  
The knyght was ware of her right well,  
And in her bodi made his sworde to slyde,

So that she coud nat remeve scarcely. 265  
The knyght, that seinge, approched nere,  
And smote her heed of lyghtly ;  
Than was he escaped that daungere.

Than thanked he God of his grace,  
Whiche, by his goodnes and mercye,  
Hym had preserved in that place,  
Through vertue of hys deytè.

Than went he to a nonrye there besyde,  
And there a surgean by his arte  
Heled his woundes that were so wyde,  
And than fro thens he dyd departe,

Towarde the Rodes, for to fyght,  
In bataill, as he had undertake,  
The fayth to susteyne with all his might ;  
For his promysse he wil not breke.

Than of Sarazyns there was a route,  
Al redy armen and in araye,  
That syeged the Rodes round aboute,  
Fyersly agaynst the Good F'redaye.

The knight was welcomed of echone  
That within the cytè were ;  
They provided forth batayle anone ;  
So for this time I leve them there,

And tourne to his lady bryght,  
Which is at home wyth wofull mone.  
Sore morned [she] both day and night,  
Sayenge, " Alas ! my love is gone.

"Alas!" she sayd, "my gentyl knight,  
For your sake is my herte ful sore;  
Myght I ones of you have a syght 205  
Afore my dethe, I desyre no more.

"Alas! what treson or envye  
Hath made my love fro me to go?  
I thynke my lorde for ire, truely,  
By treason him to deth hathe do. 300

"Alas! my lorde, ye were to blame  
Thus my love for to betraye;  
It is to you a right great shame,  
Sythe that our love was chaste alwaye.

"Our love was clene in chastytè, 305  
Without synne styl to endure;  
We never entended vylanye.  
Alas, moost curteyse creature,

"Where do ye dwell? where do ye byde?  
Wold God I knewe where you to fynde! 310  
Where ever ye go, where ever ye ride,  
Love, ye shall never out of my mynde.

"A, deth, where art thou so longe fro me?  
Come and departe me fro this paine;  
For dead and buried til I be, 315  
Fro morning can I nat refraine.

“ Fare wel, dere love, where ever ye be ;  
Bi you pleasure is fro me gone ;  
Unto the time I may you se,  
Without comforte still must I mone.”

Thus this lady, of coloure clere,  
Alone mourninge did complaine ;  
Nothinge coulde her comforte ne chere,  
So was she oppressed with wo and paine.

So leve we her here in this traine,  
For her love mourning alwaye,  
And to the knight tourne we againe :  
Which at Rodes abideth the day

Of bataile : so whan the daie was come,  
The knightes armed them eche one,  
And out of the citie wente all and some,  
Strongly to fight, with Goddes sone.

Faire and semely was the sight,  
To se them redy unto the warre ;  
There was many a man of might,  
That to that bataile was come full farre.

The Knight of Curtesy came into the felde,  
Well armed, right fast did ride ;  
Both knightes and barans him behelde,  
How comely he was on eche side.



Above the helme, upon his hede  
Was set, with many a precious stone,  
The comely heare, as golde so rede;  
Better armed than he was none.

Than the trumpettes began to sounde, 345  
The speres ranne and brake the raye;  
The noise of gonnes did rebounde,  
In this metinge there was no plaie.

Great was the bataile on everi side;  
The Knight of Curtesy was nat behinde; 350  
He smote al downe that wolde abide,  
His mache coulede he no where finde.

There was a Sarazin stronge and wight,  
That at this knight had great envye;  
He ran to him with all his might, 355  
And said, "Traitor, I thee defie."

They ranne together, with speres longe,  
Anone the Sarazin lay on the grounde;  
The knight drewe out his sworde so stronge,  
And smote his head of in that stounde. 360

Than came twelve Sarazins in a rought,  
And the knight did sore assaile;  
So they beset him round aboute,  
There began a stronge bataile.

The knight kest foure unto the grounde, 315  
With foure strokes by and by;  
The other gave him many a wounde,  
For ever they did multiplie.

- They laide on him on every side,  
With cruell strokes and mortall; 370  
They gave him woundes so depe and wide,  
That to the grounde downe did he fall.

The Sarazins went, and let him lye,  
With mortall woundes piteous to se;  
He called his page hastely, 375  
And said, " My time is come to die.

" In my herte is so depe a wounde,  
That I must dye without naye;  
But, or thou me burye in the grounde,  
Of one thinge I thee praie : 380

" Out of mi body to cut my herte,  
And wrappe it in this yelowe here,  
And, whan thou doest from hence departe,  
Unto my lady thou do it bere.

" This promisse thou me without delay, 385  
To bere my lady this present,  
And burie mi body in the crosse waie : "  
The page was sory and dolent.

The knight yelded up the goost anone,  
The page him buried as he had him bad, 390  
And towarde Faguell is he gone ;  
The herte and here with him he had.

Somtime he went, sometime he ran,  
With wofull mone and sory jest,  
Till unto Faguell he came, 395  
Nere to a castell in a forest.

The lorde of Faguell, without let,  
Was in the forest with his meynè ;  
With this page anone he met ;  
“ Page,” he said, “ what tidinges with thee ?

“ With thi maister how is the case ? 400  
Shew me lightly or thou go,  
Or thou shalt never out of this place.”  
The page was afearde whan he said so.

The page for feare that he had, 405  
The herte unto the lorde he toke tho ;  
In his courage he was full sad ;  
He toke the heere to him also.

He tolde him trothe of everi thinge ;  
How that the knight in bataile was slaine, 410  
And how he sent his lady that thinge,  
For a speciall token of love certaine.

The lorde therof toke good hede,  
And behelde the herte, that high presente ;  
“ Their love,” he said, “ was hote in dede ; 415  
They were bothe in great torment.”

Than home is he to the kechin gone :  
“ Coke,” he said, “ herken unto me.  
Dresse me this herte, and that anone,  
In the deintiest wise that may be ; 420

“ Make it swete and delycate to eate,  
For it is for my lady bryght ;  
If that she wyst what were the meate,  
Sothely her hert wolde not be lyght.”

Therof sayd the lord full trewe ; 425  
That meat was doleful and mortall ;  
So thought the lady whan she it knewe :  
Than went the lorde into the hall.

Anone the lorde to meate was set,  
And this lady not farre him fro ; 430  
The hert anone he made be fet ;  
Wherof proceded muche wo.

“ Madame, eate hereof,” he sayd,  
“ For it is deynteous and plesaunte.”  
The lady eate, and was not dismayde, 435  
For of good spyce there dyd none wante.

Whan the lady had eaten wele,  
Anone to her the lorde sayd there ;  
“ His herte have ye eaten, every dele,  
To whom you gave your yelowre here. 440

“ Your knight is dead, as you may se ;  
I tel you, lady, certaynly,  
His owne herte eaten have ye.  
Madame, at the last we all must dye.”

Whan the lady herde him so say, 445  
She sayd, “ My herte for wo shall brast.  
Alas, that ever I sawe this day !  
Now may my lyfe no longer last.”

Up she rose, wyth hert full wo,  
And streight up into her chambre wente ; 450  
She confessed her devoutly tho,  
And shortely receyved the sacrament.

In her bed mournyng she her layde,  
God wote, ryght wofull was her mone :  
“ Alas ! myne owne dere love,” she sayd, 455  
Syth ye be dead, my joye is gone.

“ Have I eaten thy herte in my body ?  
That meate to me shal be full dere ;  
For sorowe, alas ! now must I dye.  
A, noble knight, withouten fere ! 460

"That herte shal certayne with me dye;  
I have received theron the sacrament;  
All erthly fode here I denye,  
For wo and paine my life is spente.

"My husbande, full of crueltè,  
Why have you done this cursed dede?  
Ye have him slaine, so have ye me,  
The hie God graunte to you your mede!"

Than sayd the lord, "My lady fayre,  
Forgive me if I have misdona;  
I repent; I was not ware  
That ye wolde your herte oppresse so sone."

The lady sayd, "I you forgive;  
Adew, my lorde, for evermore;  
My time is come, I may not live."  
The lorde sayd, "I am wo therfore."

Great was the sorowe of more and lesse,  
Bothe lordes and ladyes that were there;  
Some for great wo swouned doubtesse;  
All of her dethe full wofull were.

Her complaynt pyteous was to here:  
"Adieu, my lorde, nowe muste we discever;  
I dye to you, husbande, a true wedded fere,  
As any in Faguell was found ever.

“ I am clene of the **Knight of Curtesy**, 485  
And wrongfully are we brought to confusion ;  
I am clene for hym, and he for me,  
And for all other save you alone.

“ My lorde, ye were to blame truely,  
His herte to make me for to eate ; 490  
But sythe it is buryed in mi body,  
On it shall I never eate other meate.

“ Theron have i recyved eternall fode,  
Erthly meate wyll I never none ;  
Now Jesu that was don on the rode, 495  
Have mercy on me, my lyfe is gone !”

Wyth that the lady, in all theyr syght,  
Yelded up her spyrit, making her mone :  
The hyghe God, moost of myght,  
On her have mercy, and us echone ! 500

BOOK II.





## THOMAS OF ERSYLDOUNE AND THE QUEENE OF ELF-LAND.

THIS beautiful tale is transferred to these pages from Mr. Laing's *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*. The two "fyfts" of prophecies which accompany it in the manuscripts, are omitted here, as being probably the work of another, and an inferior, hand. From the exordium by which the story is introduced, it might be concluded that the author was an Englishman. Indeed, all the poems and prophecies attributed to Thomas the Rhimer which remain to us, are preserved in English manuscripts and an English dress; but, in the judgment of Mr. Jamieson, the internal evidence still almost amounts to proof that the romance itself was of Scottish origin, although no indubitably Scottish copy is now known to be in existence.\*

\* "It is remarkable," continues Jamieson, "that in all the three copies, the poet begins the story in the *first person*, and seems disposed to tell the incidents, as if they had really happened to himself. And although he afterwards, awkwardly and unnaturally enough, speaks of Thomas as a third person, yet even then he seems to insinuate, that the story which he is garbling was told by another before him. Would it not be pardonable to suppose it at least probable, that Thomas Rymour was really the original author of this romance?"

The hero of this legend is believed to have lived through nearly the whole of the 13th century. He derived his territorial appellation from the village of Erseldoune, in the county of Berwick, lying on the river Leader, about two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The Huntly ~~bank~~ on which the meeting of Thomas with the Queen of Fairy took place, is situated, according to Mr. Laing, on one of the Eldoun hills, but the same distinction is claimed for another place of like name, which, together with an adjoining ravine, called from time immemorial the *Rymer's Glen*, was included in the domain of Abbotsford. (See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iv. 110, et seq., v. 1, et seq.)

"This poem," says Mr. Laing, "is preserved in three ancient manuscripts, each of them in a state more or less mutilated, and varying in no inconsiderable degree from the others. A portion of it was first printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, [iv. 122,] from the fragment in the British Museum, among the Cotton MSS.; and the one which Mr. Jamieson adopted in his collection of *Popular Ballads and Songs* [ii. 11,] was carefully deciphered from a volume of no ordinary curiosity, in the University Library, Cambridge, written in a very illegible hand, about the middle of the 15th century. It is now printed from the other copy, as it occurs in a volume, compiled at a still earlier period, which is preserved in the Cathedral Library of Lincoln. On comparison, it will be readily perceived, that the text is in every respect preferable to that of either of the other manuscripts. . . . An endeavor has been made to fill up the defective parts from the Cambridge copy, though in some instances, as will be seen, without

success." — Mr. Halliwell has republished the Cambridge text in his *Fairy Mythology*, (p. 58,) and he cites a fourth manuscript, which, however, appears to be of slight importance.

## THOMAS OFF ERSSELDOUNE.

Lystnys, lordyngs, bothe grete and smale,  
And takis gude tente what I will say :  
I sall yow telle als trewe a tale,  
Als euer was herde by nyghte or daye :

And the maste meruelle fforowttyn naye, 5  
That euer was herde byfore or syen,  
And therfore pristly I yow praye,  
That ye will of youre talkyng blyn.

It es an harde thyng for to saye,  
Of doghety dedis that hase bene done ; 10  
Of felle feghtyngs and batells sere ;  
And how that knyghtis hase wonne thair schone.

Bot Jhesu Christ, that syttis in trone,  
Safe Ynglysche men bothe ferre and nere ;  
And I sall telle yow tyte and sone, 15  
Of battells done sythen many a yere ;

And of batells that done sall bee ;  
In whate place, and howe and whare ;  
And wha sall hafe the heghere gree ;  
And whethir partye sall hafe the werre ; 20

Wha sall take the flyghte and flee ;  
 And wha sall dye and byleue thare :  
 Bot Jhesu Christ, that dyed on tre,  
 Saue Inglysche men whare so thay fare.

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Als I me wente this endres-daye,  
 Full faste in mynd makane my mone,  
 In a mery mornynge of May,  
 By Huntle bankkes my selfe allone,

I herde the jaye, and the 'throstelle,'  
 The mawys menyde of hir songe,  
 The wodewale beryde als a belle,  
 That all the wode abowte me ronge.

Allone in longynge, thus als I laye,  
 Vndre nethe a semely tre,  
 'Saw I' whare a lady gaye,  
 'Came ridand' ouer a longe lee.

If I suld sytt to Domesdaye,  
 With my tonge, to wrebbe and wrye,  
 Certanely that lady gaye,  
 Neuer bese scho askryede for mee.

Hir palfraye was a dappill graye ;  
 Swilke one I saghe ne neuer none :  
 Als dose the sonne, on someres daye,  
 That faire lady hir selfe scho schone.

Hir selle it was of reele bone,  
Full semely was that syghte to see !  
Steffly sett with precyous stones,  
And compaste all with crapotee,

Stones of Oryence, grete plente.  
Hir hare abowte hir hede it hange ;  
Scho rode ouer that lange lee ;  
A whylle scho blewe, a nother scho sange.

Hir garthes of nobyll sylke they were ;  
The bukylls were of berelle stone ;  
Hir steraps were of crystalle clere,  
And all with perelle ouer bygone.

Hir payetrelle was of iralle fyne ;  
Hir cropoure was of orfaré ;  
And als clere golde hir brydill it schone ;  
One aythir syde hange bellys three.

‘ Scho led seuen grew houndis in a leeshe ;  
And seuen raches by hir they rone ;  
Scho bare a horne abowte hir halse ;  
And vnder hir belte full many a flone.

Thomas laye and sawe that syghte,  
Vnder nethe ane semly tree ;  
He sayd, “ yone es Marye most of myghte,  
That bare that childe that dyede for mee.

“ But if I speke with yone lady bryghte, 45  
I hope myn herte will bryste in three ;  
Now sall I go with all my myghte,  
Hir for to mete at Eldoun tree.”

Thomas rathely vpe he rase,  
And he rane ouer that mountayne hye ; 50  
Gyff it be als the storye sayes,  
He hir mette at Eldone tree.

He knelyde down appon his knee,  
Vndir nethe that grenwode spraye : —  
And sayd, “ lufly ladye ! rewe one mee ; 55  
Qwene of heuen, als thu wele maye ! ”

Then spake that lady milde of thoghte : —  
“ Thomas, late swylke wordes bee ;  
Qwene of heuenne, am I noghte,  
For I tuke neuer so heghe degre. 60

“ Bot I ame of ane other contree,  
If I be payrelde moste of prysse ;  
I ryde aftyre this wylde fee ;  
My raches rynnys at my devyse.”

“ If thu be parelde moste of prysse, 65  
And here rydis thus in thy folye,  
Of lufe, lady, als thu art wysse,  
Thou gyffe me leue to lye the bye.”

Scho sayde, "thū man, that ware folye ;  
I praye the, Thomas, thū lat me bee ; 70  
Ffor I saye the full sekirlye,  
That synne will fordoo all my beaute."

"Now lufly ladye rewe on mee,  
And I will euer more with the duelle ;  
Here my trouthe I 'plyghte to thee,' 75  
Wethir thū will in heuen or helle."

"Mane of molde, thū will me marre,  
But yitt thū sall hafe all thy will ;  
And trowe it wele, thū chewys the werre,  
Ffor alle my beaute will thū spylle." 80

Down than lyghte that lady bryghte,  
Vndir nethe that grene wode spraye ;  
And, als the storye tellis full ryghte,  
Seuen sythis by hir he laye.

Scho sayd, "man, the lykes thi playe : 85  
What byrde in boure maye delle with the ?  
Thou merrys me all this longe daye ;  
I pray the, Thomas, late me bee."

Thomas stode wpe in that stede,  
And he byhelde that lady gaye ; 90  
Hir hare it hange all ouer hir hede,  
Hir eghne semede owte, that are were graye.



And all the riche clothyng was awaye,  
That he byfore sawe in that stede ;  
Hir a schanke blake, hir other graye, 95  
And all hir body lyke the lede ;

Thomas laye, and sawe that syghte,  
Vndir nethe that grenewod tree.

Than sayd Thomas, " allas ! allas !  
In faythe this es a dullfull syghte ; 100  
How arte thu fadyde thus in the face,  
That schane byfore als the sonne so bryght ! "

Scho sayd, " Thomas, take leve at sone and  
mone,

And als at lefe that grewes on tree ;  
This twelmoneth sall thu with me gone, 105  
And medill-erthe thu sall non see."

He knelyd downe appon his knee,  
Vndir nethe that grenewod spraye ;  
And sayd, " Lufly lady ! rewe on mee,  
Mylde qwene of heuen, als thu beste maye." 110

" Allas ! " he sayd, " and wa es mee,  
I trewe my dedis will wirke me care ;  
My saulle, Jhesu, byteche I the,  
Whedir come that euer my banes sall fare."

Scho ledde hym in at Eldone hill,  
Vndir nethe a derne lee ;  
Whare it was dirk as mydnyght myrke,  
And euer the water till his knee.

113

The montenans of dayes three,  
He herd bot swoghyne of the flode ;  
At the laste, he sayde, "full wa es mee !  
Almaste I dye, for fawte of fude."

110

Scho lede hym in till a faire herbere,  
Whare frwte was 'growyng in gret plentee ;'  
Pers and appill, bothe rype thay were,  
The date, and als the damasee ;

113

The fygge, and als so the wyne-berye ;  
The nyghtyngales lyggande on thair neste ;  
The papeioyes faste abowte gan flye ;  
And throstylls sange, wolde hafe no reste.

130

He pressede to pulle frowte with his hande,  
Als man for fude that was nere faynt ;  
Scho sayd, "Thomas, thu late tham stande,  
Or ells the fende the will atteynt.

"If thu it plock, sothely to say,  
Thi saule gose to the fyre of helle ;  
It comes neuer owte or Domesdaye,  
Bot ther in payne ay for to duelle.

135

“Thomas, sothely, I the hyghte,  
Come lygge thyn hede down on my knee, 140  
And ‘thou’ sall se the fayreste syghte,  
That euer sawe man of thi contree.”

He did in hye als scho hym badde ;  
Appone hir knee his hede he layde,  
Ffor hir to paye he was full glade, 145  
And than that lady to him sayde—

“Seese thu nowe yone faire waye,  
That lyggis ouer yone heghe montayne?—  
Yone es the waye to heuen for aye,  
When synfull sawles are passed ther payne. 150

“Seese thu nowe yone other waye,  
That lygges lawe by nethe yone rysse?  
Yone es the waye, the sothe to saye,  
Vnto the joye of paradyse.

“Seese thu yitt yone third waye, 155  
That ligges vnder yone grene playne?  
Yone es the waye, with tene and traye,  
Whare synfull saulis suffiris thare payne.

“Bot seese thu nowe yone forthe waye,  
That lygges ouer yone depe delle? 160  
Yone es the way, so waylawaye,  
Vnto the byrnande fyre of hell.

“ Seese thu yitt yone faire castelle;  
That standes vpone yone heghe hill?  
Of towne and towre, it beris the belle;  
In erthe es none lyk it vntill. 165

“ Ffor sothe, Thomas, gone es myn awenn,  
And the kynges of this countree;  
Bot me ware leuer hanged and drawen,  
Or that he wyste thou laye me by. 170

“ When thu commes to yone castelle gay,  
I pray the curtase man to bee;  
And whate so any man to the saye,  
Luke thu answeere none bott mee.

“ My lorde es seruede at ylk a mese, 175  
With thritty knyghttis faire and free;  
I sall saye, syttande at the dasse,  
I tuke thi speche byyonde the see.”

Thomas still als stane he stude.  
And he byhelde that lady gaye; 180  
Scho come agayne als faire and gude,  
And al so ryche one hir palfraye.

Hir grewe hundis fillide with dere blode;  
Hir rachis couplede, by my faye;  
Scho blewe hir horne with mayne and mode, 185  
Vn to the castelle scho tuk the waye.

In to the haulle sothely scho went ;  
 Thomas foloued at hir hande ;  
 Than ladyes come, bothe faire and gent,  
 With curtassye to hir knelande.

190

Harpe and fethill bothe thay fandē,  
 Getterne, and als so the sawtrye ;  
 Lutte and rybybe, bothe gangande,  
 And all manere of mynstralsye.

The most meruelle that Thomas thoghte,  
 When that he stode appon the flore ;  
 Ffor feftty hertes in were broghte,  
 That were bothe 'largely' grete and store.

196

Raches laye lapande in the blode,  
 Cokes come with dryssynge knyfe ;  
 They brittened tham als thay were wode ;  
 Reuelle amanges thame was full ryfe.

200

Knyghtis dawnsede by three and three,  
 Thare was revelle, gamen, and playe,  
 Luffy ladyes, faire and free,  
 That satte and sange one riche araye.

206

Thomas duellide in that solace  
 More than I yowe saye, perde ;  
 Till one a daye, so hafe I grace,  
 My luffy lady sayde to mee :

210

“Do busk the, Thomas,—the busk agayne,  
Ffor thu may here no lengare be;  
Hye the faste, with myghte and mayne;  
I sall the brynge till Eldone tree.”

Thomas sayde than with heuy chere;  
“Lufly lady, nowe late me bee;  
Ffor certis, lady, I hafe bene here  
Noghte bot the space of dayes three.

“Ffor sothe, Thomas, als I the telle,  
Thou hase bene here thre yere and more;  
Bot langere here thu may noghte dwelle;  
The skylle I sall the telle wherefore.

“To morne, of helle the foulle fende  
Amange this folke will feche his fee;  
And thu arte mekill man and hende,  
I trowe full wele he wolde chese the.

“Ffor all the gold that euer may bee,  
Ffro hethyn un to the worldis ende,  
Thou bese neuer betrayede for mee;  
Therefore with me I rede thou wende.”

Scho broghte hym agayne to Eldone tree,  
Vndir nethe that grenewode spraye;  
In Huntlee bannkes es mery to bee,  
Whare fowles synges bothe nyght and daye.

211, buse agayne.

“ Fferre owtt in yone mountane graye, 235  
Thomas, my fawkon byggis a neste ; —  
A fawcoun is an eglis praye ;  
Fforthi in na place may he reste.

“ Ffare well, Thomas ; I wend my waye ;  
Ffor me byhouys ouer thir benttis brown.” 240  
—Loo here a fytt : more es to saye,  
All of Thomas of Erselldown.—

## THOMAS THE RHYMER.

### TRADITIONAL VERSION.

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, (iv. 117.) "Given from a copy obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS."

TRUE THOMAS lay on Huntlie bank ;  
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee ;  
And there he saw a ladye bright,  
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne ;  
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,  
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,  
And louted low down to his knee :  
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !  
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—





“Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,  
And lean your head upon my knee ;  
Abide and rest a little space,  
And I will shew you ferlies three. 40

“O see ye not yon narrow road,  
So thick beset with thorns and briers ?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Though after it but few enquires.

“And see ye not that braid braid road, 45  
That lies across that lily leven ?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Though some call it the road to heaven.

“And see not ye that bonny road,  
That winds about the fernie brae ? 50  
That is the road to fair Elfland,  
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

“But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see ;  
For, if you speak word in Elfyn land, 55  
Ye’ll ne’er get back to your ain countrie.”

O they rade on, and farther on, [knee,  
And they waded through rivers aboon the  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of the sea. 60

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae  
stern light,  
And they waded through red blude to the  
knee;  
For a' the blude that's shed on earth  
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green, 65  
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree—  
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;  
It will give thee the tongue that can never  
lie."—

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas said;  
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!" 70  
I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—  
"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said, 75  
"For as I say, so must it be."—

70. The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

SCOTT.

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green ;  
And till seven years were gane and past,  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

## THE YOUNG TAMLANE.

THE *Tayl of the Yong Tamlene* is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, (1548,) and the dance of *Thom of Lyn* is noticed in the same work. A considerable fragment of this ballad was printed by Herd, (vol. i. 215,) under the title of *Kertonha'*, a corruption of Carterhaugh; another is furnished in Maidment's *New Book of Old Ballads*, (p. 54,) and a nearly complete version in Johnson's *Museum*, (p. 423,) which, with some alterations, was inserted in the *Tales of Wonder*, (No. 58.) The present edition, prepared by Sir Walter Scott from a collation of various copies, is longer than any other, but was originally disfigured by several supposititious stanzas here omitted. Another version, with Maidment's fragment, will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

"Carterhaugh is a plain, at the conflux of the Ettrick and Yarrow in Selkirkshire, about a mile above Selkirk, and two miles below Newark Castle; a romantic ruin which overhangs the Yarrow, and which is said to have been the habitation of our heroine's father, though others place his residence in the tower of Oakwood. The peasants point out, upon the plain, those electrical rings, which vulgar credulity supposes to be traces of the Fairy revels. Here, they say, were placed

the stands of milk, and of water, in which *Tamlane* was dipped, in order to effect the disenchantment; and upon these spots, according to their mode of expressing themselves, the grass will never grow. Miles Cross, (perhaps a corruption of Mary's Cross,) where fair Janet awaited the arrival of the Fairy train, is said to have stood near the Duke of Buccleuch's seat of Bow-hill, about half a mile from Carterhaugh."— (SCOTT'S *Minstrelsy*, ii. 334, at the end of a most interesting essay, introductory to this tale, on the Fairies of Popular Superstition.)

“O I forbid ye, maidens a’,  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tamlane is there.

“There’s nane that gaes by Carterhaugh,     3  
But maun leave him a wad,  
Either gowd rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenheid.

“Now gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,  
Green mantles ye may spin;     10  
But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,  
Ye’ll ne’er get that agen.” —

But up then spak her, fair Janet,  
The fairest o’ a’ her kin;  
“I’ll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,     13  
And ask nae leave o’ him.” —

Janet has kilted her green kirtle,  
A little abune her knee ;  
And she has braided her yellow hair,  
A little abune her bree.

20

And when she came to Carterhaugh,  
She gaed beside the well ;  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,  
A rose but barely three ;  
Till up and starts a wee wee man,  
At lady Janet's knee.

25

Says — “ Why pu' ye the rose, Janet ?  
What gars ye break the tree ?  
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,  
Withouten leave o' me ? ” —

30

Says — “ Carterhaugh it is mine ain ;  
My daddie gave it me ;  
I'll come and gang to Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave o' thee.”

35

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
Among the leaves sae green ;  
And what they did, I cannot tell —  
The green leaves were between.

40

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
Among the roses red ;  
And what they did, I cannot say —  
She ne'er return'd a maid.

When she cam to her father's ha', 45  
She looked pale and wan ;  
They thought she'd dreed some sair sickness,  
Or been with some leman.

She didna comb her yellow hair,  
Nor make meikle o'er her head ; 50  
And ilka thing that lady took,  
Was like to be her deid.

It's four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba' ;  
Janet, the wightest of them anes, 55  
Was faintest o' them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the chess ;  
And out there came the fair Janet,  
As green as any grass. 60

Out and spak an auld grey-headed knight,  
Lay o'er the castle wa',—  
“ And ever, alas ! for thee, Janet,  
But we'll be blamed a' ! ” —



“ Now haud your tongue, ye auld grey knight !  
And an ill deid may ye die ;  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I'll father nane on thee.” —

Out then spak her father dear, 65  
And he spak meik and mild —  
“ And ever, alas ! my sweet Janet,  
I fear ye gae with child.” —

“ And if I be with child, father,  
Mysell maun bear the blame ; 70  
There's ne'er a knight about your ha'  
Shall hae the bairnie's name.

“ And if I be with child, father,  
’Twill prove a wondrous birth ;  
For weel I swear I'm not wi' bairn 75  
To any man on earth.

“ If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he's an elfin grey,  
I wadna gie my ain true love  
For nae lord that ye hae.” — 80

She prink'd hersell and prinn'd hersell,  
By the ae light of the moon,  
And she's away to Carterhaugh,  
To speak wi' young Tamlane.

And when she came to Carterhaugh, 85  
She gaed beside the well ;  
And there she saw the steed standing,  
But away was himsell.

She hadna pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twae, 90  
When up and started young Tamlane,  
Says—" Lady, thou pu's nae mae !

" Why pu' ye the rose, Janet,  
Within this garden grene,  
And a' to kill the bonny babe, 95  
That we got us between ? "

" The truth ye'll tell to me, Tamlane ;  
A word ye mauna lie ;  
Gin e'er ye was in haly chapel,  
Or sained in Christentie ? "— 100

" The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,  
A word I winna lie ;  
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
As well as they did thee.

" Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire, 105  
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine ;  
We loved when we were children small,  
Which yet you well may mind.

“ When I was a boy just turn’d of nine,  
My uncle sent for me, 110  
To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,  
And keep him companie.

“ There came a wind out of the north,  
A sharp wind and a snell;  
And a deep sleep came over me, 115  
And frae my horse I fell.

“ The Queen of Fairies keppit me,  
In yon green hill to dwell;  
And I’m a fairy, lyth and limb;  
Fair ladye, view me well. 120

“ Then would I never tire, Janet,  
In Elfish land to dwell;  
But aye, at every seven years,  
They pay the teind to hell;  
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh, 125  
I fear ’twill be mysell.

“ This night is Hallowe’en, Janet,  
The morn is Hallowday;  
And, gin ye dare your true love win,  
Ye hae nae time to stay. 130

“ The night it is good Hallowe’en,  
When fairy folk will ride;

126. See *Thomas of Ersseldoune*, (p. 225,) v. 225, 226.

And they that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide."

"But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane? 135

Or how shall I thee knaw,  
Amang so many unearthly knights,  
The like I never saw?"

"The first company that passes by,  
Say na, and let them gae; 140

The next company that passes by,  
Sae na, and do right sae;  
The third company that passes by,  
Then I'll be ane o' thae.

"First let pass the black, Janet, 145

And syne let pass the brown;  
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,  
And pu' the rider down.

"For I ride on the milk-white steed,  
And aye nearest the town; 150

Because I was a christen'd knight,  
They gave me that renown.

"My right hand will be gloved, Janet,  
My left hand will be bare;  
And these the tokens I gie thee, 155

Nae doubt I will be there.

“They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and a snake ;  
But had me fast, let me not pass,  
Gin ye wad buy me maik.

160

“They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and an ask ;  
They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A bale that burns fast.

“They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A red-hot gad o’ airn ;  
But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
For I’ll do you no harm.

165

“First dip me in a stand o’ milk,  
And then in a stand o’ water ;  
But had me fast, let me not pass—  
I’ll be your bairn’s father.

170

“And, next, they’ll shape me in your arms,  
A tod, but and an eel ;  
But had me fast, nor let me gang,  
As you do love me weel.

175

“They’ll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
A dove, but and a swan ;  
And, last, they’ll shape me in your arms  
A mother-naked man :

180

Cast your green mantle over me —  
I'll be myself again."—

Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,  
And eiry was the way,  
As fair Janet, in her green mantle, 185  
To Miles Cross she did gae.

Betwixt the hours of twelve and one,  
A north wind tore the bent ;  
And straight she heard strange elritch sounds  
Upon that wind which went. 190

About the dead hour o' the night,  
She heard the bridles ring ;  
And Janet was as glad o' that  
As any earthly thing.

Will o' Wisp before them went, 195  
Sent forth a twinkling light ;  
And soon she saw the Fairy bands  
All riding in her sight.

And first gaed by the black black steed,  
And then gaed by the brown ; 200  
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,  
And pu'd the rider down.

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed,  
And loot the bridle fa' ;

And up there raise an erlish cry — 205  
“ He’s won amang us a’ ! ” —

They shaped him in fair Janet’s arms,  
An esk, but and an adder ;  
She held him fast in every shape —  
To be her bairn’s father. 210

They shaped him in her arms at last,  
A mother-naked man :  
She wrapt him in her green mantle,  
And sae her true love wan !

Up then spake the Queen o’ Fairies, 215  
Out o’ a bush o’ broom —  
“ She that has borrow’d young Tamlane,  
Has gotten a stately groom. ” —

Up then spake the Queen o’ Fairies,  
Out o’ a bush o’ rye — 220  
“ She’s ta’en awa the bonniest knight  
In a’ my cumpanie.

“ But had I kenn’d, Tamlane,” she says,  
“ A lady wad borrow’d thee —  
I wad ta’en out thy twa grey een, 225  
Put in twa een o’ tree.

“ Had I but kenn’d, Tamlane,” she says,  
“ Before ye came frae hame —

I wad ta'en out your heart o' flesh,  
Put in a heart o' stane.

290

“ Had I but had the wit yestreen  
That I hae coft the day —  
I'd paid my kane seven times to hell  
Ere you'd been won away ! ”



## THE WEE WEE MAN.

THIS ballad will be found, in forms slightly varying, in Herd, (i. 156;) Caw's *Poetical Museum*, (p. 348;) Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, (p. 343;) and Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, (i. 263.) It bears some resemblance to a singular old poem, *Als Y Yod on ay Mounday*, (see Appendix,) which Ritson supposed to be of the time of Edward I. or Edward II. The present version is from the *Poetical Museum*.

As I was walking by my lane,  
Atween a water and a wa,  
There sune I spied a wee wee man,  
He was the least that eir I saw.

His legs were scant a shathmont's length,    8  
And sma and limber was his thie;  
Atween his shoulders was ae span,  
About his middle war but three.

He has tane up a meikle stane,  
And flang't as far as I cold see;    10  
Ein thouch I had been Wallace wicht,  
I dought na lift it to my knie.

7. Much better in Motherwell.

Between his een there was a span,  
Betwixt his shoulders there were ells three.

“ O wee wee man, but ye be strang !  
Tell me whar may thy dwelling be ? ”  
“ I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir, 15  
O will ye gae wi me and see ? ”

On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we cam to a bonny green ;  
We lichted syne to bait our steid,  
And out there cam a lady sheen ; 20

Wi four and twentie at her back,  
A comely cled in glistering green ;  
Thouch there the King of Scots had stude,  
The warst nicht weil hae been his queen.

On syne we past wi wondering cheir, 25  
Till we cam to a bonny ha ;  
The roof was o the beaten gowd,  
The flure was o the crystal a.

When we cam there, wi wee wee knights  
War ladies dancing, jimp and sma ; 30  
But in the twinkling of an eie,  
Baith green and ha war clein awa.

29-32. There were pipers playing in every neuk,  
And ladies dancing, jimp and sma' ;  
And aye the owreturn o' their tune  
Was, “ Our wee wee man has been lang awa ! ”—

MOTHERWELL.

## THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

REPRINTED from *A Collection of Curious Old Ballads and Miscellaneous Poetry*. Edinburgh. David Webster, 1824.

Other versions are given in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, (see the Appendix to this volume;) Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, (p. 145;) Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, (ii. 296.)

With this may be compared the various versions of *Von eitel unmöglichen Dingen*, Erk's *Deutscher Liederhort*, p. 334-337, and a similar ballad in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, ii. 410. See also *Captain Wedderburn's Courtship*, in another part of this collection.

The Elfin knight sits on yon hill,

*Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba.*

He blows his horn baith loud and shrill.

*The wind hath blawn my plaid awa.*

He blows it east, he blows it west,

He blows it where he liketh best.

"I wish that horn were in my kist,  
Yea, and the knight in my arms niest."

She had no sooner these words said,  
Than the knight came to her bed.

"Thou art o'er young a maid," quoth he,  
"Married with me, that thou would'st be." 18

"I have a sister, younger than I,  
And she was married yesterday."

"Married with me if thou would'st be,  
A curtisie thou must do to me.

"It's ye maun mak a sark to me, 15  
Without any cut or seam," quoth he ;

"And ye maun shape it, knife-, sheerless,  
And also sew it needle-, threedless."

"If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,  
Another thou must do to me. 20

"I have an aiker of good ley land,  
Which lyeth low by yon sea strand ;

"It's ye maun till't wi' your touting horn,  
And ye maun saw't wi' the pepper corn ;

"And ye maun harrow't wi' a thorn, 25  
And hae your wark done ere the morn ;

"And ye maun shear it wi' your knife,  
And no lose a stack o't for your life ;

“And ye maun stack it in a mouse hole,  
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe sole ; 30

“And ye maun dight it in your loof,  
And also sack it in your glove ;

“And ye maun bring it over the sea,  
Fair, and clean, and dry to me ;

“And when that ye have done your wark, 35  
Come back to me, and ye’ll get your sark.”

“I’ll not quite my plaid for my life ;  
It haps my seven bairnes and my wife.”

“My maidenhead I’ll then keep still,  
Let the Elfin knight do what he will. 40

“My plaid awa, my plaid away,  
And owre the hills and far awa,  
And far awa to Norowa’,  
My plaid shall not be blawn awa.”

83, thou must.

## THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

A fragment of this ballad was printed in Herd's Collection, (*"I'll wager, I'll wager,"* i. 226.) The present version is from the *Border Minstrelsy*, (iii. 28,) and we have added another from Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*. A somewhat longer copy is given in Buchan's *Ballads*, (ii. 291,) and a modernized English one, of no value, (*The West Country Wager*,) in *Ancient Poems, &c.*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 116.

*Brume, brume on hil*, is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, and formed part of Captain Cox's well-known collection.

THERE was a knight and a lady bright,  
Had a true tryst at the broom ;  
The ane ga'ed early in the morning,  
The other in the afternoon.

And aye she sat in her mother's bower door,    s  
And aye she made her mane,  
" O whether should I gang to the Broomfield hill,  
Or should I stay at hame ?

“For if I gang to the Broomfield hill,  
My maidenhead is gone ; 10  
And if I chance to stay at hame,  
My love will ca’ me mansworn.”—

Up then spake a witch woman,  
Aye from the room aboon ;  
“O, ye may gang to Broomfield hill, 15  
And yet come maiden hame.

“For when ye come to the Broomfield hill,  
Ye’ll find your love asleep,  
With a silver belt about his head,  
And a broom-cow at his feet. 20

“Take ye the blossom of the broom,  
The blossom it smells sweet,  
And strew it at your true love’s head,  
And likewise at his feet.

“Take ye the rings off your fingers, 25  
Put them on his right hand,  
To let him know, when he doth awake,  
His love was at his command.”—

She pu’d the broom flower on Hive-hill,  
And strew’d on’s white hals bane, 30  
And that was to be wittering true,  
That maiden she had gane.

“ O where were ye, my milk-white steed,  
That I hae coft sae dear,  
That wadna watch and waken me, 35  
When there was maiden here? ” —

“ I stamped wi’ my foot, master,  
And gar’d my bridle ring ;  
But nae kin’ thing wald waken ye,  
Till she was past and gane.” — 40

“ And wae betide ye, my gay goss hawk,  
That I did love sae dear,  
That wadna watch and waken me,  
When there was maiden here.” —

“ I clapped wi’ my wings, master, 45  
And aye my bells I rang,  
And aye cry’d, Waken, waken, master,  
Before the ladye gang.” —

“ But haste and haste, my gude white steed,  
To come the maiden till, 50  
Or a’ the birds of gude green wood  
Of your flesh shall have their fill.” —

“ Ye needna burst your gude white steed,  
Wi’ racing o’er the howm ;  
Nae bird flies faster through the wood, 55  
Than she fled through the broom.”



## LORD JOHN.

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, (p. 195.)

I'LL wager, I'll wager," says Lord John,  
"A hundred merks and ten,  
That ye winna gae to the bonnie broom-fields,  
And a maid return again."—

"But I'll lay a wager wi' you, Lord John,        5  
A' your merks oure again,  
That I'll gae alane to the bonnie broom-fields,  
And a maid return again."

Then Lord John mounted his grey steed,  
And his hound wi' his bells sae bricht,        10  
And swiftly he rade to the bonny broom-fields,  
Wi' his hawks, like a lord or knight.

"Now rest, now rest, my bonnie grey steed,  
My lady will soon be here ;  
And I'll lay my head aneath this rose sae red,        15  
And the bonnie burn sae near."

But sound, sound, was the sleep he took,  
For he slept till it was noon ;

And his lady cam at day, left a taiken and away,  
Gaed as licht as a glint o' the moon. 30

She strawed the roses on the ground,  
Threw her mantle on the brier,  
And the belt around her middle sae jimp,  
As a taiken that she'd been there.

The rustling leaves flew round his head, 35  
And rous'd him frae his dream;  
He saw by the roses, and mantle sae green,  
That his love had been there and was gane.

"O whare was ye, my gude grey steed,  
That I coft ye sae dear; 40  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye ken'd that his love was here." —

"I pautit wi' my foot, master,  
Garr'd a' my bridles ring;  
And still I cried, Waken, gude master, 45  
For now is the hour and time." —

"Then whare was ye, my bonnie grey hound,  
That I coft ye sae dear,  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye kend that his love was here." — 50

[pautit wi' my foot, master,  
Garr'd a' my bells to ring;

And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
For now is the hour and time." —

"But whare was ye, my hawks, my hawks, 45  
That I coft ye sae dear,  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye ken'd that his love was here." —

"O wyte na me, now, my master dear,  
I garr'd a' my young hawks sing, 50  
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
For now is the hour and time." —

"Then be it sae, my wager gane!  
'T will skaith frae meikle ill;  
For gif I had found her in bonnie broom-fields, 55  
O' her heart's blude ye'd drunken your fill."

## KEMPION.

This ballad was first printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, (vol. iii. p. 230,) "chiefly from Mrs. Brown's MS. with corrections from a recited fragment." Motherwell furnishes a different version, from recitation, (*Minstrelsy*, p. 374,) which is subjoined to the present, and the well-known ditty of the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston-Heugh*, upon the same theme, will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

"Such transformations as the song narrates," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "are common in the annals of chivalry. In the 25th and 26th cantos of the second book of the *Orlando Inamorato*, the Paladin, Brandimarte, after surmounting many obstacles, penetrates into the recesses of an enchanted palace. Here he finds a fair damsel, seated upon a tomb, who announces to him, that, in order to achieve her deliverance, he must raise the lid of the sepulchre, and kiss whatever being should issue forth. The knight, having pledged his faith, proceeds to open the tomb, out of which a monstrous snake issues forth, with a tremendous hiss. Brandimarte, with much reluctance, fulfils the *bizarre* conditions of the adventure; and the monster is instantly changed into a beautiful Fairy, who loads her deliverer with benefits."

No subject is more favorite in tradition and song than the destruction of some dangerous monster by a popular champion. Not to mention the exploits of Hercules, Theseus, St. George, Sir Bevis, and Sir Guy, or the Linden-worms of Scandinavian story, we may refer the reader to numerous legends of the kind, minutely localized in different parts of England, and claiming to be authenticated by historical monuments. (See Wright's remarks on the romance of *Guy of Warwick*, p. 130.) Such is the tale of the Lambton Worm of Durham, which agrees in many particulars with that of the Worm of Linton in Roxburghshire. (See Scott's Introduction to *Kempion*, and Sir Cuthbert Sharpe's *Bishopric Garland*, p. 21.) It is highly probable that the mere coincidence of sound with Linden-Worm caused this last place to be selected as the scene of one of these achievements.

Pollard, of Pollard Hall, who slew "a venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast," is styled a *Champion Knight*, and this perhaps is all the meaning of Kempion.

"CUM heir, cum heir, ye freely feed,  
And lay your head low on my knee;  
The heaviest weird I will you read,  
That ever was read to gay ladye.

"O meikle dolour sall ye dree,  
And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim;  
And far mair dolour sall ye dree  
On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

8. If by Estmere Crags we are to understand the rocky

“ I weird ye to a fiery beast,  
And relieved sall ye never be, 16  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss thee.”—

O meikle dolour did she dree,  
And aye the salt seas o’er she swam ;  
And far mair dolour did she dree 15  
On Estmere crags, when she them clamb.

And aye she cried for Kempion,  
Gin he would but come to her hand :  
Now word has gane to Kempion,  
That sicken a beast was in his land. 20

“ Now, by my sooth,” said Kempion,  
“ This fiery beast I’ll gang and see.”—  
“ And by my sooth,” said Segramour,  
“ My ae brother, I’ll gang wi’ thee.”

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat, 25  
And they hae set her to the sea ;  
But a mile before they reach’d the shore,  
Around them she gar’d the red fire flee.

cliffs of Northumberland, in opposition to Westmoreland, we may bring our scene of action near Bamborough, and thereby almost identify the tale of *Kempion* with that of the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston*, to which it bears so strong a resemblance.—SCOTT.

“ O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,  
And let her na the land o'er near ; 30  
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,  
And set fire to a' the land and mair.”—

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,  
And aim'd an arrow at her head ;  
And swore if she didna quit the land, 35  
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

“ O out of my stythe I winna rise,  
(And it is not for the awe o' thee,)  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me.”— 40

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,  
And gien the monster kisses ane ;  
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,  
The fieriest beast that ever was seen.

“ O out o' my stythe I winna rise, 45  
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee,)  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me.”—

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crags,  
And he has gi'en her kisses twa : 50  
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,  
The fieriest beast that ever you saw.

“ O out of my den I winna rise,  
Nor flee it for the fear o’ thee,  
Till Kempion, that courteous knight, 55  
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me.”—

He’s louted him o’er the lofty crag,  
And he has gi’en her kisses three :  
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,  
The loveliest ladye e’er could be ! 60

“ And by my sooth,” says Kempion,  
“ My ain true love, (for this is she,)  
They surely had a heart o’ stane,  
Could put thee to such misery.

“ O was it warwolf in the wood ? 65  
Or was it mermaid in the sea ?  
Or was it man or vile woman,  
My ain true love, that mis-shaped thee ?”—

“ It wasna warwolf in the wood,  
Nor was it mermaid in the sea : 70  
But it was my wicked step-mother,  
And wae and weary may she be !”—

“ O, a heavier weird shall light her on,  
Than ever fell on vile woman ;  
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth  
grow lang, 75  
And on her four feet shall she gang.



“None shall take pity her upon ;  
In Wormeswood she aye shall won ;  
And relieved shall she never be,  
Till St. Mungo come over the sea.”—  
And sighing said that weary wight,  
“I doubt that day I’ll never see !”

## KEMP OWYNE.

Kemp Owyne, says Motherwell, "was, no doubt, the same Ewein or Owain, ap Urien the king of Reged, who is celebrated by the bards, Taliessin and Llywarch-Hen, as well as in the Welsh historical Triads. In a poem of Gruffyd Llwyd, A. D. 1400, addressed to Owain Glyndwr, is the following allusion to this warrior. 'Thou hast travelled by land and by sea in the conduct of thine affairs, like Owain ap Urien in days of yore, when with activity he encountered the black knight of the water.'\* His mistress had a ring esteemed one of the thirteen rarities of Britain, which, (like the wondrous ring of Gyges) would render the wearer invisible." *Minstrelsy*, p. lxxxiii.

The copy of Kemp Owyne printed in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads*, (ii. 78,) is the same as the following.

HER mother died when she was young,  
Which gave her cause to make great moan ;

\* " On sea, on land, thou still didst brave  
The dangerous cliff and rapid wave ;  
Like *Urien*, who subdued the knight,  
And the fell dragon put to flight,  
Yon moss-grown fount beside ;  
The grim, black warrior of the flood,  
The dragon, gorged with human blood,  
The waters' scaly pride."

Jones's *Welsh Bards*, i. 41.

Her father married the warst woman  
That ever lived in Christendom.

She served her with foot and hand, 5  
In every thing that she could dee ;  
Till once, in an unlucky time,  
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.

Says, "Lie you there, dove Isabel,  
And all my sorrows lie with thee ; 10  
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,  
And borrow you with kisses three,  
Let all the warld do what they will,  
Oh borrowed shall you never be."

Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang, 15  
And twisted thrice about the tree,  
And all the people, far and near,  
Thought that a savage beast was she ;  
This news did come to Kemp Owyne,  
Where he lived far beyond the sea. 20

He hasted him to Craigy's sea,  
And on the savage beast look'd he ;  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted was about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about : 25  
"Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

"Here is a royal belt," she cried,  
"That I have found in the green sea ;

And while your body it is on,  
    Drawn shall your blood never be ;      30  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
    I vow my belt your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
    The royal belt he brought him wi' ;  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,      35  
    And twisted twice about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about :  
    " Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.

" Here is a royal ring," she said,  
    " That I have found in the green sea ;      40  
And while your finger it is on,  
    Drawn shall your blood never be ;  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
    I swear my ring your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,      45  
    The royal ring he brought him wi' ;  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
    And twisted ance around the tree,  
And with a swing she came about :  
    " Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with me.      50

" Here is a royal brand," she said,  
    " That I have found in the green sea ;  
And while your body it is on,  
    Drawn shall your blood never be ;

But if you touch me, tail or fin, 55  
I swear my brand your death shall be."

He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal brand he brought him wi' ;  
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,  
And twisted nane about the tree ; 60  
And smilingly she came about,  
As fair a woman as fair could be.

## KING HENRY.

A modernized copy of King Henry was published in the *Tales of Wonder*, (No 57,) under the title of *Courteous King Jamie*. It first appeared in an ancient dress in the *Border Minstrelsy*, (iii. 274,) but a version preferable in some respects was given by Jamieson in his *Popular Ballads*, (ii. 194,) which is here printed, without the editor's interpolations. For a notice of similar legends, see the *Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, at page 80 of this volume.

Lat never a man a wooing wend,  
That lacketh thingis three;  
A routh o' gould, an open heart,  
Ay fu' o' charity.

As this I speak of King Henry,  
For he lay burd-alane;  
And he's doen him to a jelly hunt's ha',  
Was far frae ony town.

He chas'd the deer now him before,  
And the roe down by the den,  
Till the fattest buck in a' the flock  
King Henry he has slain.

O he has doen him to his ha',  
To mak him bierly cheer;  
And in it cam a grisly ghost, 15  
Staed stappin' i' the fleer.

Her head hat the roof-tree o' the house,  
Her middle ye mat weel span; —  
He's thrown to her his gay mantle;  
Says, — "Ladie, hap your lingcan." 20

Her teeth was a' like teather stakes,  
Her nose like club or mell;  
And I ken nae thing she 'pear'd to be,  
But the fiend that wons in hell.

"Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry; 25  
Some meat ye gie to me."

"And what meat's in this house, Ladie?  
And what ha'e I to gi'e?"

"Its ye do kill your berry-brown steed,  
And ye bring him here to me." 30

O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,  
Wow but his heart was sair!  
She ate him a' up, flesh and bane,  
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry, 35  
Mair meat ye bring to me."

"And what meat's in this house, Ladie?"

And what hae I to gi'e?"  
"O ye do kill your good grey hounds,  
And ye bring them in to me." 40

O whan he killed his good grey hounds,  
Wow but his heart was sair!  
She ate them a' up, flesh and bane,  
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry, 45  
Mair meat ye bring to me."

"And what meat's in this house, Ladie?  
And what hae I to gi'e?"

"O ye do kill your gay goss hawks,  
And ye bring them here to me." 50

O whan he kill'd his gay goss hawks,  
Wow but his heart was sair!  
She ate them a' up, skin and bane,  
Left naething but feathers bare.

"Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry; 55  
Some drink ye bring to me."

"O what drink's in this house, Ladie,  
That ye're nae welcome tee?"

"O ye sew up your horse's hide,  
And bring in a drink to me." 60

And he's sew'd up the bloody hide,  
A puncheon o' wine put in;



She drank it a' up at a waught,  
Left na ae drap ahin'.

"A bed, a bed, now, King Henry, 66  
A bed ye mak to me;  
For ye maun pu' the heather green,  
And mak a bed to me."

And pu'd has he the heather green,  
And made to her a bed; 70  
And up he's ta'en his gay mantle,  
And o'er it has he spread.

"Tak aff your claiths, now, King Henry,  
And lye down by my side;"  
"O God forbid," says King Henry, 75  
"That ever the like betide;  
That ever the fiend that wons in hell,  
Should streek down by my side."

\* \* \* \* \*

Whan nicht was gane, and day was come,  
And the sun shone thro' the ha', 80  
The fairest lady that ever was seen  
Lay atween him and the wa'.

"O weel is me!" says King Henry;  
"How lang'll this last wi' me?"  
Then out it spake that fair lady, — 85  
"E'en till the day you die."

“For I’ve met wi’ mony a gentle knight,  
That gae me sic a fill;  
But never before wi’ a curteis knight,  
That gae me a’ my will.”

80

## COSPATRICK.

(*Border Minstrelsy*, iii. 263.)

This ballad, which is still very popular, is known under various other names, as *Bothwell*, *Child Brenton*, *Lord Dingwall*, *We were Sisters, we were Seven*, &c. Scott's version was derived principally from recitation, but some of the concluding stanzas were taken from Herd's. Herd's copy, which must be regarded as a fragment, is given in connection with the present, and Buchan's in the Appendix to this volume. Another edition, of a suspicious character, may be seen in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, (p. 205.) Jamieson has translated a Danish legend, (*Ingefred and Gudrune*,) closely resembling *Cospatrick*, in the *Illustrations to Northern Antiquities*, (p. 340.)

COSPATRICK has sent o'er the faem ;  
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame ;  
And fourscore ships have come her wi',  
The ladye by the grene-wood tree.

There were twal' and twal' wi' baken bread,  
And twal' and twal' wi' gowd sae reid,  
And twal' and twal' wi' bouted flour,  
And twal' and twal' wi' the paramour.

1. Cospatrick, *Comes Patricius*, was the designation of the Earl of Dunbar, in the days of Wallace and Bruce.

SCOTT.

Sweet Willy was a widow's son,  
And at her stirrup he did run ; 10  
And she was clad in the finest pall,  
But aye she let the tears down fall.

"O is your saddle set awrye?  
Or rides your steed for you ower high?  
Or are you mourning, in your tide, 15  
That you suld be Cospatrick's bride?"

"I am not mourning, at this tide,  
That I suld be Cospatrick's bride ;  
But I am sorrowing in my mood,  
That I suld leave my mother good. 20

"But, gentle boy, come tell to me,  
What is the custom of thy countrie?"—  
"The custom thereof, my dame," he says,  
"Will ill a gentle laydye please.

"Seven king's daughters has our lord wedded, 25  
And seven king's daughters has our lord  
bedded ;  
But he's cutted their breasts frae their breast-  
bane,  
And sent them mourning hame again.

Yet, gin you're sure that you're a maid,  
Ye may gae safely to his bed ; 30

But gif o' that ye be na sure,  
Then hire some damsell o' your bour."—

The ladye's call'd her bour maiden,  
That waiting was into her train ;  
" Five thousand merks I'll gie to thee, 35  
To sleep this night with my lord for me."—

When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,  
And a' men unto bed were gane,  
Cospatrick and the bonny maid,  
Into a chamber they were laid. 40

" Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me,  
bed,  
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web ;  
And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that  
winna lie,  
Is this a true maiden that lies by me ?"—

" It is not a maid that you hae wedded, 45  
But it is a maid that you hae bedded ;  
It is a leal maiden that lies by thee,  
But not the maiden that it should be."—

O wrathfully he left the bed,  
And wrathfully his claes on did ; 50  
And he has ta'en him through the ha',  
And on his mother he did ca.'

“ I am the most unhappy man,  
 That ever was in Christen land !  
 I courted a maiden, meik and mild, 55  
 And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi’  
 child.”—

“ O stay, my son, into this ha’,  
 And sport ye wi’ your merrymen a’ ;  
 And I will to the secret bour,  
 To see how it fares wi’ your paramour.”— 60

The carline she was stark and sture,  
 She aff the hinges dang the dure ;  
 “ O is your bairn to laird or loun,  
 Or is it to your father’s groom ? ”—

“ O hear me, mother, on my knee, 65  
 Till my sad story I tell to thee :  
 O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
 We were the fairest under heaven.

“ It fell on a summer’s afternoon,  
 When a’ our toilsome task was done, 70  
 We cast the kevil us amang,  
 To see which suld to the grene-wood gang.

“ Ohon ! alas, for I was youngest,  
 And aye my wierd it was the hardest !  
 The kevil it on me did fa’, 75  
 Whilk was the cause of a’ my woe.

“ For to the grene-wood I maun gae,  
To pu’ the red rose and the slae ;  
To pu’ the red rose and the thyme,  
To deck my mother’s bour and mine. 80

“ I hadna pu’d a flower but ane, .  
When by there came a gallant hende,  
Wi’ high-coll’d hose and laigh-coll’d shoon,  
And he seem’d to be sum kingis son.

“ And be I a maid, or be I nae, 85  
He kept me there till the close o’ day ;  
And be I a maid, or be I nane,  
He kept me there till the day was done.

“ He gae me a lock o’ his yellow hair,  
And bade me keep it ever mair ; 90  
He gae me a carknet o’ bonny beads,  
And bade me keep it against my needs.

“ He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
And bade me keep it abune a’ thing.”—

“ What did ye wi’ the tokens rare, 95  
That ye gat frae that gallant there ? ”—

“ O bring that coffer unto me,  
And a’ the tokens ye sall see.”—

“ Now stay, daughter, your bour within,  
While I gae parley wi’ my son.”— 100

O she has ta'en her thro' the ha',  
And on her son began to ca';  
"What did ye wi' the bonny beads  
I bade you keep against your needs?"

"What did you wi' the gay gold ring 106  
I bade you keep abune a' thing?"—  
"I gae them to a ladye gay,  
I met on grene-wood on a day.

"But I wad gie a' my halls and tours,  
I had that ladye within my bours; 110  
But I wad gie my very life,  
I had that ladye to my wife."—

"Now keep, my son, your ha's and tours,  
Ye have the bright burd in your bours;  
And keep, my son, your very life, 115  
Ye have that ladye to your wife."—

Now, or a month was come and gane,  
The ladye bare a bonny son;  
And 'twas weel written on his breast-bane,  
"Cospatrick is my father's name." 120  
"O row my lady in satin and silk,  
And wash my son in the morning milk."



## BOTHWELL.

From Herd's *Scottish Songs*, (i. 148.)

As Bothwell was walking in the lowlands alane,  
    *Hey down, and a down,*  
He met six ladies sae gallant and fine,  
    *Hey down, and a down.*

He cast his lot amang them a',  
And on the youngest his lot did fa'.5

He's brought her frae her mother's bower,  
Unto his strongest castle and tower.

But ay she cry'd and made great moan,  
And ay the tear came trickling down.10

"Come up, come up," said the foremost man,  
"I think our bride comes slowly on."

"O lady, sits your saddle awry,  
Or is your steed for you owre high?"

"My saddle is not set awry,  
Nor carries me my steed owre high;15

"But I am weary of my life,  
Since I maun be Lord Bothwell's wife."

He's blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,  
Up start the deer on every hill ;

He's blawn his horn sae lang and loud,  
Up start the deer in gude green wood.

His lady mother lookit owre the castle wa',  
And she saw them riding ane and a'.

She's called upon her maids by seven,  
To mak his bed baith saft and even :

She's called upon her cooks by nine,  
To make their dinner fair and fine.

When day was gane and night was come,  
"What ails my love on me to frown ?"

"Or does the wind blow in your glove,  
Or runs your mind on another love ?"

"Nor blows the wind within my glove,  
Nor runs my mind on another love ;"

"But I not maid nor maiden am,  
For I'm wi' bairn to another man."

"I thought I'd a maiden sae meek and sae mild,  
But I've nought but a woman wi' child."

His mother's taen her up to a tower,  
And lockit her in her secret bower: 40

"Now doughter mine, come tell to me,  
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi'."

"O mother dear, I canna learn  
Wha is the father of my bairn.

"But as I walk'd in the lowlands my lane, 45  
I met a gentleman gallant and fine;

"He keepit me there sae late and sae lang,  
Frae the ev'ning late till the morning dawn;

"And a' that he gied me to my propine, 49  
Was a pair of green gloves, and a gay gold ring,

"Three laughters of his yellow hair,  
In case that we shou'd meet nae mair."

His lady mother went down the stair:

"Now son, now son, come tell to me,  
Where's the green gloves I gave to thee?" 55

"I gied to a lady sae fair and so fine,  
The green gloves and a gay gold ring:

"But I wad gie my castles and towers,  
I had that lady within my bowers :

"But I wad gie my very life, 60  
I had that lady to be my wife."

"Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,  
You have that lady within your bowers :

"Now keep, now keep your very life,  
You have that lady to be your wife." 65

"O row my lady in sattin and silk,  
And wash my son in the morning milk."

## WILLIE'S LADYE.

PRINTED from Mrs. Brown's MS., in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 170. Another copy is given in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, (ii. 367,) and versions, enlarged and altered from the ancient, in the same work, (ii. 179,) and in *Tales of Wonder*, No. 56. This ballad bears a striking resemblance to *Sir Stig and Lady Torelild*, translated from the Danish by Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 344; *Udvalgte Danske Viser*, i. 271. See also *Liten Kerstins Förtrollning*, in Arwidsson's *Fornsånger*, ii. 252.

“Those who wish to know how an incantation, or charm, of the distressing nature here described, was performed in classic days, may consult the story of Galanthis's Metamorphosis, in Ovid, or the following passage in Apuleius: ‘Eadem (saga, scilicet, quædam) amatoris uxorem, quod in eam dicacule probrum dixerat, jam in sarcinam prægnationis, obsepto utero, et repigrato fœtu, perpetua prægnatione damnavit. Et ut cuncti numerant, octo annorum onere, misella illa, velut elephantum paritura, distenditur.’ APUL. *Metam.* lib. i.

“There is a curious tale about a Count of Westervavia, whom a deserted concubine bewitched upon his marriage, so as to preclude all hopes of his becoming a father. The spell continued to operate for three years, till one day, the Count happening to meet with

his former mistress, she maliciously asked him about the increase of his family. The Count, conceiving some suspicion from her manner, craftily answered, that God had blessed him with three fine children; on which she exclaimed, like Willie's mother in the ballad, "May heaven confound the old hag, by whose counsel I threw an enchanted pitcher into the draw-well of your palace!" The spell being found, and destroyed, the Count became the father of a numerous family. *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, p. 474." SCOTT.

- WILLIE's ta'en him o'er the faem,  
He's wooed a wife, and brought her hame;  
He's wooed her for her yellow hair,  
But his mother wrought her meikle care;

And meikle dolour gar'd her dree, 5  
For lighter she can never be;  
But in her bower she sits wi' pain,  
And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

And to his mother he has gane,  
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind! 10  
He says — "My ladie has a cup,  
Wi' gowd and silver set about;  
This gudely gift sall be your ain,  
And let her be lighter o' her young bairn."—

- “Of her young bairn she's never be lighter, 15  
Nor in her bour to shine the brighter:  
But she sall die, and turn to clay,  
And you sall wed another may.”—

“ Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame : ”— 20  
But, sighing, said that weary wight—  
“ I wish my life were at an end !

“ Yet gae ye to your mother again,  
That vile rank witch, o' vilest kind !  
And say, your ladye has a steed, 25  
The like o' him's no in the land o' Leed.

“ For he is silver shod before,  
And he is gowden shod behind ;  
At every tuft of that horse mane,  
There's a golden chess, and a bell to ring. 30  
This gudely gift sall be her ain,  
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn.”—

“ Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,  
Nor in her bour to shine the brighter ;  
But she sall die, and turn to clay, 35  
And ye sall wed another may.”—

“ Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame : ”—  
But, sighing, said that weary wight—  
“ I wish my life were at an end !— 40

“ Yet gae ye to your mother again,  
That vile rank witch, o' rankest kind !  
And say your ladye has a girdle,  
It's a' red gowd to the middle ;

“ And aye, at ilka siller hem 45  
Hang fifty siller bells and ten ;  
This gudely gift sall be her ain,  
And let me be lighter o' my young bairn.”—

“ Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,  
Nor in your bour to shine the brighter ; 50  
For she sall die, and turn to clay,  
And thou sall wed another may.”—

“ Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame : ”—  
But, sighing, said that weary wight— 55  
“ I wish my days were at an end ! ”—

Then out and spak the Billy Blind,  
(He spak aye in good time :)  
“ Yet gae ye to the market-place,  
And there do buy a loaf of wace ; 60  
Do shape it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in it twa glassen een you'll put ;

“ And bid her your boy's christening to,  
Then notice weel what she shall do ;  
And do you stand a little away, 65  
To notice weel what she may say.”

57. *Billy Blind*—A familiar genius, or propitious spirit, somewhat similar to the *Brownie*.



He did him to the market-place,  
And there he bought a leaf o' wax ;  
He shaped it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in twa glazen een he pat ;

70

He did him till his mither then,  
And bade her to his boy's christnin ;  
And he did stand a little forbye,  
And noticed well what she did say.

" O wha has loosed the nine witch knots,  
That were amang that ladye's locks ?  
And wha's ta'en out the kaims o' care,  
That were amang that ladye's hair ?

75

" And wha has ta'en down that bush o' woodbine,  
That hung between her bour and mine ?  
And wha has kill'd the master kid,  
That ran beneath that ladye's bed ?  
And wha has loosed her left foot shee,  
And let that ladye lighter be ? "

80

Syne, Willy's loosed the nine witch knots,  
That were amang that ladye's locks ;  
And Willie's ta'en out the kaims o' care,  
That were into that ladye's hair ;

85

67-74. Inserted from Jamieson's copy.

81. The witch's chief familiar, placed in the chamber of the sick woman in the form of a kid.

And he's ta'en down the bush o' woodbine,  
Hung atween her bour and the witch carline ; 90  
And he has kill'd the master kid,  
That ran beneath that ladye's bed ;

And he has loosed her left foot shee,  
And latten that ladye lighter be ;  
And now he has gotten a bonny son, 95  
And meikle grace be him upon.

## ALISON GROSS.

Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii. 187.

FROM THE RECITATION OF MRS. BROWN.

O ALISON GROSS, that lives in yon tower,  
The ugliest witch in the north countrie,  
Has trysted me ae day up till her bower,  
And mony fair speech she made to me.

She straiked my head, and she kembed my hair,  
And she set me down saftly on her knee, 6  
Says,—“Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,  
Sae mony braw things as I would you gi'e.”

She shaw'd me a mantle o' red scarlet,  
Wi' gouden flowers and fringes fine, 10  
Says “Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,  
This goodly gift it sall be thine.”

“Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Haud far awa, and lat me be ;  
I never will be your lemman sae true, 15  
And I wish I were out of your company.”

She neist brocht a sark o' the saftest silk,  
Weel wrought wi' pearls about the band;  
Says,—“Gin ye will be my ain true love,  
This goodly gift ye sall command.” 20

She shaw'd me a cup o' the good red goud,  
Weel set wi' jewels sae fair to see;  
Says,—“Gin ye will be my lemman sae true,  
This goodly gift I will you gie.”

“Awa, awa, ye ugly witch!  
Haud far awa, and lat me be;  
For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth  
For a' the gifts that ye cou'd gie.” 25

She's turned her richt and round about,  
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn; 30  
And she sware by the moon and the stars aboon,  
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand,  
And she's turned her three times round and  
round;  
She's mutter'd sic words, that my strength it  
fail'd, 35  
And I fell down senseless on the ground.

She's turn'd me into an ugly worm,  
And gar'd me toddle about the tree;

And ay, on ilka Saturday's night,  
My sister Maisry came to me,

40

Wi' silver bason, and silver kemb,  
To kemb my headie upon her knee;  
But or I had kiss'd her ugly mouth,  
I'd rather hae toddled about the tree.

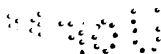
But as it fell out on last Hallowe'en,  
When the Seely Court was ridin' by,  
The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,  
Nae far frae the tree whare I wont to lye.

45

She took me up in her milk-white hand,  
And she straiked me three times o'er her  
knee;  
She changed me again to my ain proper shape,  
And I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

50

46. *Seely Court*, i. e. "pleasant or happy court," or "court of the pleasant and happy people." This agrees with the ancient and more legitimate idea of Fairies. JAMIESON. See p. 238, v. 181, *et seq.*



## THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER.

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, (i. 49.)

It was intill a pleasant time,  
Upon a simmer's day;  
The noble Earl of Mar's daughter  
Went forth to sport and play.

As thus she did amuse hersell,  
Below a green aik tree,  
There she saw a sprightly doo  
Set on a tower sae hie.

"O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,  
If ye'll come down to me,  
Ye'se hae a cage o' guid red gowd  
Instead o' simple tree :

"I'll put gowd hingers roun' your cage,  
And siller roun' your wa';  
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird  
As any o' them a'."

But she had nae these words well spoke,  
Nor yet these words well said,  
Till Cow-me-doo flew frae the tower,  
And lighted on her head. 20

Then she has brought this pretty bird  
Hame to her bowers and ha' ;  
And made him shine as fair a bird  
As ony o' them a'.

When day was gane, and night was come, 25  
About the evening tide,  
This lady spied a sprightly youth  
Stand straight up by her side.

" From whence came ye, young man ? " she  
said,

" That does surprise me sair ; 30  
My door was bolted right secure ;  
What way ha'e ye come here ? "

" O had your tongue, ye lady fair,  
Lat a' your folly be ;  
Mind ye not on your turtle doo 35  
Last day ye brought wi' thee ? "

" O tell me mair, young man," she said,  
" This does surprise me now ;  
What country ha'e ye come frae ?  
What pedigree are you ? " 40

“ My mither lives on foreign isles,  
She has nae mair but me ;  
She is a queen o’ wealth and state,  
And birth and high degree ;

“ Likewise well skill’d in magic spells, 45  
As ye may plainly see ;  
And she transform’d me to yon shape,  
To charm such maids as thee.

“ I am a doo the live lang day,  
A sprightly youth at night ; 50  
This aye gars me appear mair fair  
In a fair maiden’s sight.

“ And it was but this verra day  
That I came ower the sea ;  
Your lovely face did me enchant,— 55  
I’ll live and dee wi’ thee.”

“ O Cow-me-doo, my luve sae true,  
Nae mair frae me ye’se gae.”

“ That’s never my intent, my luve,  
As ye said, it shall be sae.” 60

“ O Cow-me-doo, my luve sae true,  
It’s time to gae to bed.”

“ Wi’ a’ my heart, my dear marrow,  
It’s be as ye ha’e said.”



Then he has staid in bower wi' her 66  
 For sax lang years and ane,  
 Till sax young sons to him she bare,  
 And the seventh she's brought hame.

But aye as ever a child was born,  
 He carried them away, 71  
 And brought them to his mither's care,  
 As fast as he cou'd fly.

Thus he has staid in bower wi' her  
 For twenty years and three ;  
 There came a lord o' high renown 73  
 To court this fair ladie.

But still his proffer she refused,  
 And a' his presents too ;  
 Says, " I'm content to live alane  
 Wi' my bird, Cow-me-doo." 80

Her father sware a solemn oath  
 Amang the nobles all,  
 " The morn, or ere I eat or drink,  
 This bird I will gar kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage, 85  
 And heard what they did say ;  
 And when he found they were dismiss,  
 Says, " Waes me for this day !

“ Before that I do langer stay,  
And thus to be forlorn,  
I'll gang unto my mither's bower,  
Where I was bred and born.”

Then Cow-me-doo took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea ;  
And lighted near his mither's castle  
On a tower o' gowd sae hie.

As his mither was wauking out,  
To see what she could see,  
And there she saw her little son  
Set on the tower sae hie.

“ Get dancers here to dance,” she said,  
“ And minstrells for to play ;  
For here's my young son, Florentine,  
Come here wi' me to stay.”

“ Get nae dancers to dance, mither,  
Nor minstrells for to play ;  
For the mither o' my seven sons,  
The morn's her wedding-day.”

“ O tell me, tell me, Florentine,  
Tell me, and tell me true,  
Tell me this day without a flaw,  
What I will do for you.”

" Instead of dancers to dance, mither,  
 Or minstrells for to play,  
 Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men, 115  
 Like storks, in feathers gray ;

" My seven sons in seven swans,  
 Aboon their heads to flee ;  
 And I, mysell, a gay gos-hawk,  
 A bird o' high degree." 120

Then sichin' said the queen hersell,  
 " That thing's too high for me ;"  
 But she applied to an auld woman,  
 Who had mair skill than she.

Instead o' dancers to dance a dance, 125  
 Or minstrells for to play,  
 Four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
 Turn'd birds o' feathers gray ;

Her seven sons in seven swans,  
 Aboon their heads to flee ; 130  
 And he, himsell, a gay gos-hawk,  
 A bird o' high degree.

'This flock o' birds took flight and flew  
 Beyond the raging sea ;  
 And landed near the Earl Mar's castle, 135  
 Took shelter in every tree.

They were a flock o' pretty birds,  
 Right comely to be seen ;  
 The people view'd them wi' surprise,  
 As they danc'd on the green. 140

These birds ascended frae the tree,  
 And lighted on the ha' ;  
 And at the last wi' force did flee  
 Among the nobles a'.

The storks there seized some o' the men, 145  
 They cou'd neither fight nor flee ;  
 The swans they bound the bride's best man,  
 Below a green aik tree.

They lighted next on maidens fair,  
 Then on the bride's own head ; 150  
 And wi' the twinkling o' an e'e,  
 The bride and them were fled.

There's ancient men at weddings been,  
 For sixty years or more ;  
 But sic a curious wedding-day 155  
 They never saw before.

For naething cou'd the companie do,  
 Nor naething cou'd they say ;  
 But they saw a flock o' pretty birds  
 That took their bride away. 160

When that Earl Mar he came to know  
Where his dochter did stay,  
He sign'd a bond o' unity,  
And visits now they pay.

## YOUNG AKIN.

Mr. Kinloch printed a fragment of this ballad under the title of *Hynde Etin*.\* (See Appendix.) The story was afterwards given complete by Buchan, (*Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 6,) as here follows. Buchan had previously communicated to Motherwell a modernized version of the same tale, in which the Etin is changed to a Groom. Although the story is thus stripped of its superstitious features, we have subjoined it to its undoubted original.

In many respects similar is the Swedish ballad of the *Hill King*, (*Bergkonungen*, Geijer and Afzelius, ii. 22,) translated in Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, 103, under the title of *Proud Margaret*.

LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
She heard a note in Elmond's-wood,  
And wish'd she there had been.

She loot the seam fa' frae her side,  
And the needle to her tae;  
And she is on to Elmond-wood  
As fast as she coud gae.

\* *Etin* is giant or ogre.

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but ane, 10  
Till by it came a young hind chiel,  
Says, "Lady, lat alane.

"O why pu' ye the nut, the nut,  
Or why brake ye the tree?  
For I am forester o' this wood: 15  
Ye shou'd spier leave at me."

"I'll ask leave at no living man,  
Nor yet will I at thee;  
My father is king o'er a' this realm,  
This wood belongs to me." 20

She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but three,  
Till by it came him Young Akin,  
And gar'd her lat them be.

The highest tree in Elmond's-wood, 25  
He's pu'd it by the reet;  
And he has built for her a bower  
Near by a hallow seat.

He's built a bower, made it secure  
Wi' carbuncle and stane; 30  
Tho' travellers were never sae nigh,  
Appearance it had nane.

He's kept her there in Elmond's-wood,  
For six lang years and one ;  
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,  
And the seventh she's brought home.

35

It fell ance upon a day,  
This guid lord went from home ;  
And he is to the hunting gane,  
Took wi' him his eldest son.

40

And when they were on a guid way,  
Wi' slowly pace did walk,  
The boy's heart being something wae,  
He thus began to talk : —

“ A question I wou'd ask, father,  
Gin ye wou'dna angry be ? ”

45

“ Say on, say on, my bonny boy,  
Ye'se nae be quarrell'd by me.”

“ I see my mither's cheeks aye weet,  
I never can see them dry ;  
And I wonder what aileth my mither,  
To mourn continually.”

50

“ Your mither was a king's daughter,  
Sprung frae a high degree ;  
And she might hae wed some worthy prince, 55  
Had she nae been stown by me.



" I was her father's cup-bearer,  
Just at that fatal time ;  
I catch'd her on a misty night,  
Whan summer was in prime.

60

" My luv to her was most sincere,  
Her luv was great for me ;  
But when she hardships doth endure,  
Her folly she does see."

" I'll shoot the buntin' o' the bush,  
The linnet o' the tree,  
And bring them to my dear mither,  
See if she'll merrier be."

65

It fell upo' another day,  
This guid lord he thought lang,  
And he is to the hunting gane,  
Took wi' him his dog and gun.

70

Wi' bow and arrow by his side,  
He's aff, single, alane ;  
And left his seven children to stay  
Wi' their mither at hame.

75

" O, I will tell to you, mither,  
Gin ye wadna angry be :"  
" Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,  
Ye'se nae be quarrell'd by me."

80

"As we came frae the hynd hunting,  
 We heard fine music ring :"  
 "My blessings on you, my bonny boy,  
 I wish I'd been there my lane."

He's ta'en his mither by the hand, 85  
 His six brithers also,  
 And they are on thro' Elmond's-wood,  
 As fast as they could go.

They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
 Wi' the stratlins o' their feet; 90  
 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
 Till at her father's yate.

"I hae nae money in my pocket,  
 But royal rings hae three ;  
 I'll gie them you, my little young son, 95  
 And ye'll walk there for me.

"Ye'll gi'e the first to the proud porter,  
 And he will lat you in ;  
 Ye'll gi'e the next to the butler boy,  
 And he will show you ben ; 100

\*  
 97. The regular propitiation for the "proud porter" of ballad poetry. See, e. g., *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, in the Appendix, v. 49: also the note to *King Estmere*, vol. iii. p. 172.

“Ye’ll gi’e the third to the minstrel  
That plays before the king ;  
He’ll play success to the bonny boy  
Came thro’ the wood him lane.”

He ga’e the first to the proud porter, 105  
And he open’d an’ let him in ;  
He ga’e the next to the butler boy,  
And he has shown him ben ;

He ga’e the third to the minstrel  
That play’d before the king ; 110  
And he play’d success to the bonny boy  
Came thro’ the wood him lane.

Now when he came before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee :  
The king he turned round about, 115  
And the saut tear blinded his ee.

“Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
Gang frae my companie ;  
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,  
My heart will birst in three.” 120

“If I look like your dear daughter,  
A wonder it is none ;  
If I look like your dear daughter,  
I am her eldest son.”

"Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,  
Where may my Margaret be?" 125

"She's just now standing at your yates,  
And my six brithers her wi'."

"O where are all my porter boys  
That I pay meat and fee, 130  
To open my yates baith wide and braid?  
Let her come in to me."

When she came in before the king,  
Fell low down on her knee:  
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear, 135  
This day ye'll dine wi me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, father,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Till I see my mither and sister dear,  
For lang for them I think." 140

When she came before the queen,  
Fell low down on her knee:  
"Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

"Ae bit I canno' eat, mither, 145  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear sister,  
For lang for her I think."

When that these two sisters met, .  
She hail'd her courteouslie : 150  
" Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,  
This day ye'se dine wi' me."

" Ae bit I canno' eat, sister,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear husband, 155  
For lang for him I think."

" O where are all my rangers bold  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To search the forest far an' wide,  
And bring Akin to me ? " 160

Out it speaks the wee little boy,—  
" Na, na, this maunna be ;  
Without ye grant a free pardon,  
I hope ye'll nae him see."

" O here I grant a free pardon, 165  
Well seal'd by my own han' ;  
Ye may make search for young Akin,  
As soon as ever you can."

They search'd the country wide and braid,  
The forests far and near, 170  
And found him into Elmond's-wood,  
Tearing his yellow hair.

“ Win up, win up, now young Akin,  
Win up, and boun wi’ me ;  
We’re messengers come from the court ; 175  
The king wants you to see.”

“ O lat him take frae me my head,  
Or hang me on a tree ;  
For since I’ve lost my dear lady,  
Life’s no pleasure to me.” 180

“ Your head will nae be touch’d, Akin,  
Nor hang’d upon a tree :  
Your lady’s in her father’s court,  
And all he wants is thee.”

When he came in before the king, 185  
Fell low down on his knee :  
“ Win up, win up now, young Akin,  
This day ye’se dine wi’ me.”

But as they were at dinner set,  
The boy asked a boun ; 190  
“ I wish we were in the good church,  
For to get Christendoun.

“ We ha’e lived in guid green wood  
This seven years and ane ;  
But a’ this time since e’er I mind, 195  
Was never a church within.”

"Your asking 's nae sae great, my boy,  
But granted it shall be ;  
This day to guid church ye shall gang,  
And your mither shall gang you wi'." 200

When unto the guid church she came,  
She at the door did stan' ;  
She was sae sair sunk down wi' shame,  
She coudna come farer ben.

Then out it speaks the parish priest, 205  
And a sweet smile gae he ; —  
"Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,  
Present your babes to me."

Then they staid in the royal court,  
And liv'd wi' mirth and glee ; 210  
And when her father was deceas'd,  
Heir of the crown was she.

208. One uncommonly tasteless stanza, the interpolation of some nursery-maid, is here omitted. Too many of Buchan's ballads have suffered in this way, and have become both prolix and vulgar.

## YOUNG HASTINGS THE GROOM.

(Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 287.)

“O WELL love I to ride in a mist,  
And shoot in a northern wind ;  
And far better a lady to steal,  
That 's come of a noble kind.”

Four-and-twenty fair ladies  
Put on that lady's sheen ;  
And as many young gentlemen  
Did lead her o'er the green.

Yet she preferred before them all  
Him, young Hastings the Groom ;  
He 's coosten a mist before them all,  
And away this lady has ta'en.

He 's taken the lady on him behind,  
Spared neither the grass nor corn,  
Till they came to the wood of Amonshaw,  
Where again their loves were sworn.



And they have lived in that wood  
Full many a year and day,  
And were supported from time to time,  
By what he made of prey. 20

And seven bairns, fair and fine,  
There she has born to him,  
And never was in good church door,  
Nor never gat good kirking.

Once she took harp into her hand, 25  
And harped them asleep ;  
Then she sat down at their couch side,  
And bitterly did weep.

Said, "Seven bairns have I born now  
To my lord in the ha' ; 30  
I wish they were seven greedy rats,  
To run upon the wa',  
And I mysel' a great grey cat,  
To eat them ane an' a'.

"For ten long years now I have lived 35  
Within this cave of stane,  
And never was at good church door,  
Nor got no good churching."

O then outspak her eldest child,  
And a fine boy was he,— 40

“O hold your tongue, my mother dear ;  
I'll tell you what to dee.

“Take you the youngest in your lap,  
The next youngest by the hand ;  
Put all the rest of us you before, 45  
As you learnt us to gang.

“And go with us into some good kirk,—  
You say they are built of stane,—  
And let us all be christened,  
And you get good kirking.” 50

She took the youngest in her lap,  
The next youngest by the hand ;  
Set all the rest of them her before,  
As she learnt them to gang.

And she has left the wood with them, 55  
And to a kirk has gane ;  
Where the good priest them christened,  
And gave her good kirking.

## CLERK COLVILL, OR THE MERMAID.

This ballad exemplifies a superstition deeply rooted in the belief of all the northern nations,—the desire of the Elves and Water-spirits for the love of Christians, and the danger of being exposed to their fascination. The object of their fatal passion is generally a bridegroom, or a bride, on the eve of marriage. See, in the Appendix, *Sir Oluf and the Elf-King's Daughter*, for further illustrations ; also the two succeeding pieces.

*Clerk Colvill* was first printed in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, (i. 217,) and was inserted, in an altered shape, in Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*, (No. 56.)

CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame  
Were walking in the garden green ;  
The belt around her stately waist  
Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

“ O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,  
Or it will cost ye muckle strife,  
Ride never by the wells of Slane,  
If ye wad live and brook your life.”

“ Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,  
     Now speak nae mair of that to me :      10  
 Did I ne’er see a fair woman,  
     But I wad sin with her fair body ? ”

He’s ta’en leave o’ his gay lady,  
     Nought minding what his lady said,  
 And he’s rode by the wells of Slane,      15  
     Where washing was a bonny maid.

“ Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,  
     That wash sae clean your sark of silk ; ”  
 “ And weel fa’ you, fair gentleman,  
     Your body’s whiter than the milk.”      20

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Then loud, loud cry’d the Clerk Colvill,  
     “ O my head it pains me sair ; ”  
 “ Then take, then take,” the maiden said,  
     “ And frae my sark you’ll cut a gare.”      25

Then she’s gi’ed him a little bane-knife,  
     And frae her sark he cut a share ;  
 She’s ty’d it round his whey-white face,  
     But ay his head it aked mair.

Then louder cry’d the Clerk Colvill,      30  
     “ O sairer, sairer akes my head ; ”  
 “ And sairer, sairer ever will,”  
     The maiden crys, “ till you be dead.”

Out then he drew his shining blade,  
 Thinking to stick her where she stood ; 33  
 But she was vanish'd to a fish,  
 And swam far off, a fair mermaid.

" O mother, mother, braid my hair ;  
 My lusty lady, make my bed ;  
 O brother, take my sword and spear, 30  
 For I have seen the false mermaid."

\* \* \* \* \*

## LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 22, where it is entitled *The Gowans sae gay*, from the burden.

THE hero of the first of the two following ballads would seem to be an Elf, that of the second a Nix, or Merman, though the punishment awarded to each of them in the catastrophe, as the ballads now exist, is not consistent with their supernatural character. These pieces will easily be recognized as the originals of *May Colvin*, (vol. ii. p. 272,) and the coincidence of this name with the *Clerk Colvill* of the last ballad is perhaps not altogether insignificant. We have had the Elf-Knight introduced under the same circumstances at page 246; indeed, the first three or four stanzas are common to both pieces.

FAIR lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,  
Aye as the gowans grow gay;  
There she heard an elf-knight blawing his horn,  
The first morning in May.

"If I had yon horn that I hear blawing," 5

*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;*

"And yon elf-knight to sleep in my bosom,"

*The first morning in May.*

This maiden had scarcely these words spoken,

*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;* 10

Till in at her window the elf-knight has luppen,

*The first morning in May.*

"Its a very strange matter, fair maiden," said he,

*Aye as the gowans grow gay,*

"I canna' blaw my horn, but ye call on me," 15

*The first morning in May.*

"But will ye go to yon greenwood side,"

*Aye as the gowans grow gay ?*

"If ye canna' gang, I will cause you to ride,"

*The first morning in May.* 20

He leapt on a horse, and she on another,

*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;*

And they rode on to the greenwood together,

*The first morning in May.*

"Light down, light down, lady Isabel," said he, 25

*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;*

"We are come to the place where ye are to die,"

*The first morning in May.*

“Ha’e mercy, ha’e mercy, kind sir, on me,”  
*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;* 30  
 “Till ance my dear father and mother I see,”  
*The first morning in May.*

“Seven king’s-daughters here hae I slain,”  
*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;*  
 “And ye shall be the eight o’ them,” 35  
*The first morning in May.*

“O sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,”  
*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;*  
 “That we may hae some rest before that I die,”  
*The first morning in May.* 40

She stroak’d him sae fast, the nearer he did creep,  
*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;*  
 Wi’ a sma’ charm she lull’d him fast asleep,  
*The first morning in May.*

Wi’ his ain sword belt sae fast as she ban’ him, 45  
*Aye as the gowans grow gay ;*  
 With his ain dag-durk sae sair as she dang him,  
*The first morning in May.*

“If seven kings’ daughters here ye ha’e slain,”  
*Aye as the gowans grow gay,* 50  
 “Lye ye here, a husband to them a’,”  
*The first morning in May.*



## THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL.

FROM Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*,  
ii. 201. Repeated in *Scottish Traditional Versions of  
Ancient Ballads*, Percy Society, xvii. 63.

A Danish ballad parallel to this, is *The Perfidious  
Merman*, *Danske Viser*, i. 310, translated by Jamieson, i. 210, and by Monk Lewis, *Tales of Wonder*,  
No. 11.

THERE came a bird out o' a bush,  
On water for to dine ;  
And sighing sair, says the king's daughter,  
" O waes this heart o' mine ! "

He's taen a harp into his hand,  
He's harped them all asleep ;  
Except it was the king's daughter,  
Who ae wink cou'dna get.

He's luppen on his berry-brown steed,  
 Taen her on behind himsell ; 10  
 Then baith rade down to that water,  
 That they ca' Wearie's well.

" Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
 Nae harm shall thee befall ;  
 Aft times hae I water'd my steed, 15  
 Wi' the water o' Wearie's well."

The first step that she stepped in,  
 She stepped to the knee ;  
 And sighing sair, says this lady fair,  
 " This water's nae for me." 20

" Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
 Nae harm shall thee befall ;  
 Aft times hae I water'd my steed,  
 Wi' the water o' Wearie's well."

The next step that she stepped in, 25  
 She stepped to the middle ;  
 And sighing, says, this lady fair,  
 " I've wat my gowden girdle."

" Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
 Nae harm shall thee befall ; 30  
 Aft times hae I water'd my steed,  
 Wi' the water o' Wearie's well."

The niest step that she stepped in,  
 She stepped to the chin ;  
 And sighing, says, this lady fair, 35  
 "They shou'd gar twa loves twine."

"Seven king's-daughters I've drown'd there,  
 In the water o' Wearie's well ;  
 And I'll make you the eight o' them,  
 And ring the common bell." 40

"Sin' I am standing here," she says,  
 "This dowie death to die ;  
 Ae kiss o' your comely mouth  
 I'm sure wou'd comfort me."

He louted him ower his saddle bow, 45  
 To kiss her cheek and chin ;  
 She's taen him in her arms twa,  
 And thrown him headlang in.

"Sin' seven king's daughters ye've drown'd  
 there,  
 In the water o' Wearie's well, 50  
 I'll make you bridegroom to them a',  
 An' ring the bell mysell."

And aye she warsled, and aye she swam,  
 Till she swam to dry land ;  
 Then thanked God most cheerfully, 55  
 The dangers she'd ower came.

## THE DÆMON LOVER.

This ballad was communicated to Sir Walter Scott, (*Minstrelsy*, iii. 195,) by Mr. William Laidlaw, who took it down from recitation. A fragment of the same legend, recovered by Motherwell, is given in the Appendix to this volume, and another version, in which the hero is not a dæmon, but the ghost of an injured lover, is placed directly after the present.

“ O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,  
This long seven years and more ? ”—

“ O I’m come to seek my former vows  
Ye granted me before.”—

“ O hold your tongue of your former vows,        5  
For they will breed sad strife ;  
O hold your tongue of your former vows,  
For I am become a wife.”

He turn’d him right and round about,  
And the tear blinded his ee ;  
“ I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,  
If it had not been for thee.

“I might hae had a king’s daughter,  
Far, far beyond the sea ;  
I might have had a king’s daughter, 15  
Had it not been for love o’ thee.”—

“If ye might have had a king’s daughter,  
Yer sell ye had to blame ;  
Ye might have taken the king’s daughter,  
For ye kend that I was nane.”— 20

“O faulse are the vows of womankind,  
But fair is their faulse bodie ;  
I never wad hae trodden on Irish ground,  
Had it not been for love o’ thee.”—

“If I was to leave my husband dear, 25  
And my two babes also,  
O what have you to take me to,  
If with you I should go ?”—

“I hae seven ships upon the sea,  
The eighth brought me to land ; 30  
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,  
And music on every hand.”

She has taken up her two little babes,  
Kiss’d them baith cheek and chin ;  
“O fair ye weel, my ain two babes, 35  
For I’ll never see you again.”

She set her foot upon the ship,  
No mariners could she behold ;  
But the sails were o' the taffetie,  
And the masts o' the beaten gold. 40

She had not sail'd a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When dismal grew his countenance,  
And drumlie grew his ee.

The masts that were like the beaten gold, 45  
Bent not on the heaving seas ;  
But the sails, that were o' the taffetie,  
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.—

They had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three, 50  
Until she espied his cloven foot,  
And she wept right bitterlie.

“O hold your tongue of your weeping,” says he,  
“Of your weeping now let me be ;  
I will show you how the lilies grow 55  
On the banks of Italy.”—

“O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
That the sun shines sweetly on ?”—  
“O yon are the hills of heaven,” he said,  
“Where you will never win.”— 60

“O whaten a mountain is yon,” she said,  
“All so dreary wi’ frost and snow?”—  
“O yon is the mountain of hell,” he cried,  
“Where you and I will go.”

And aye when she turn’d her round about, 65  
Aye taller he seem’d for to be ;  
Until that the tops o’ that gallant ship  
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,  
And the levin fill’d her ee ; 70  
And waesome wail’d the snaw-white sprites  
Upon the gurlie sea.

He strack the tap-mast wi’ his hand,  
The fore-mast wi’ his knee ;  
And he brake that gallant ship in twain, 75  
And sank her in the sea.

## JAMES HERRIES.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, (i. 214.)

“O ARE ye my father, or are ye my mother ?  
Or are ye my brother John ?  
Or are ye James Herries, my first true love,  
Come back to Scotland again ?”

“I am not your father, I am not your mother, 5  
Nor am I your brother John ;  
But I'm James Herries, your first true love,  
Come back to Scotland again.”

“Awa', awa', ye former lovers,  
Had far awa' frae me ; 10  
For now I am another man's wife,  
Ye'll ne'er see joy o' me.”

“Had I kent that ere I came here,  
I ne'er had come to thee ;  
For I might hae married the king's daughter, 15  
Sae fain she wou'd had me.



“I despised the crown o’ gold,  
The yellow silk also ;  
And I am come to my true love,  
But with me she’ll not go.” 20

“My husband he is a carpenter,  
Makes his bread on dry land,  
And I hae born him a young son,—  
Wi’ you I will not gang.”

“You must forsake your dear husband, 25  
Your little young son also,  
Wi’ me to sail the raging seas,  
Where the stormy winds do blow.”

“O what hae you to keep me wi’,  
If I should with you go ? 30  
If I’d forsake my dear husband,  
My little young son also ?”

“See ye not yon seven pretty ships,  
The eighth brought me to land ;  
With merchandize and mariners, 35  
And wealth in every hand ?”

She turn’d her round upon the shore,  
Her love’s ships to behold ;  
Their topmasts and their mainyards  
Were cover’d o’er wi’ gold. 40

Then she's gane to her little young son,  
And kiss'd him cheek and chin ;  
Sae has she to her sleeping husband,  
And dune the same to him.

" O sleep ye, wake ye, my husband,  
I wish ye wake in time ;  
I woudna for ten thousand pounds,  
This night ye knew my mind."

45

She's drawn the slippers on her feet,  
Were cover'd o'er wi' gold ;  
Well lined within wi' velvet fine,  
To had her frae the cold.

50

She hadna sailed upon the sea  
A league but barely three,  
Till she minded on her dear husband,  
Her little young son tee.

55

" O gin I were at land again,  
At land where I wou'd be,  
The woman ne'er shou'd bear the son,  
Shou'd gar me sail the sea."

60

" O hold your tongue, my sprightly flower,  
Let a' your mourning be ;  
I'll show you how the lilies grow  
On the banks o' Italy."

She hadna sailed on the sea 65  
A day but barely ane,  
Till the thoughts o' grief came in her mind,  
And she lang'd for to be hame.

"O gentle death, come cut my breath,  
I may be dead ere morn ; 70  
I may be buried in Scottish ground,  
Where I was bred and born."

"O hold your tongue, my lily leesome thing,  
Let a' your mourning be ;  
But for a while we'll stay at Rose Isle, 75  
Then see a far countrie.

"Ye'se ne'er be buried in Scottish ground,  
Nor land ye's nae mair see ;  
I brought you away to punish you,  
For the breaking your vows to me. 80

"I said ye shou'd see the lilies grow  
On the banks o' Italy ;  
But I'll let you see the fishes swim,  
In the bottom o' the sea."

He reached his hand to the topmast, 85  
Made a' the sails gae down ;  
And in the twinkling o' an e'e,  
Baith ship and crew did drown.

The fatal flight o' this wretched maid  
Did reach her ain countrie ;  
Her husband then distracted ran,  
And this lament made he : —

90

“ O wae be to the ship, the ship,  
And wae be to the sea,  
And wae be to the mariners,  
Took Jeanie Douglas frae me !

95

“ O bonny, bonny was my love,  
A pleasure to behold ;  
The very hair o' my love's head  
Was like the threads o' gold.

100

“ O bonny was her cheek, her cheek,  
And bonny was her chin ;  
And bonny was the bride she was,  
The day she was made mine !”

## THE KNIGHT'S GHOST.

From *Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland*, (i. 227.)

“THERE is a fashion in this land,  
And even come to this country,  
That every lady should meet her lord,  
When he is newly come frae sea:

“Some wi’ hawks, and some wi’ hounds,  
And other some wi’ gay monie;  
But I will gae myself alone,  
And set his young son on his knee.”

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
And nimbly walk'd by yon sea strand ;      10  
And there she spy'd her father's ship,  
As she was sailing to dry land.

“Where hae ye put my ain gude lord,  
This day he stays sae far frae me?”  
“If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,  
A sight o’ him ye’ll never see.”

"Was he brunt, or was he shot?  
Or was he drowned in the sea?  
Or what's become o' my ain gude lord,  
That he will ne'er appear to me?" 20

"He wasna brunt, nor was he shot,  
Nor was he drowned in the sea;  
He was slain in Dumfermling,  
A fatal day to you and me."

"Come in, come in, my merry young men, 25  
Come in and drink the wine wi' me;  
And a' the better ye shall fare,  
For this gude news ye tell to me."

She's brought them down to yon cellar,  
She brought them fifty steps and three; 30  
She birled wi' them the beer and wine,  
Till they were as drunk as drunk could be.

Then she has lock'd her cellar door,  
For there were fifty steps and three;  
"Lie there wi' my sad malison, 35  
For this bad news ye've tauld to me."

She's ta'en the keys intill her hand,  
And threw them deep, deep in the sea;  
"Lie there wi' my sad malison,  
Till my gude lord return to me." 40

Then she sat down in her own room,  
And sorrow lull'd her fast asleep ;  
And up it starts her own gude lord,  
And even at that lady's feet.

"Take here the keys, Janet," he says, 45  
"That ye threw deep, deep in the sea ;  
And ye'll relieve my merry young men,  
For they've nane o' the swick o' me.

"They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,  
And wad in red bluid to the knee ; 50  
Nae sailors mair for their lord coud do,  
Nor my young men they did for me."

"I hae a question at you to ask,  
Before that ye depart frae me ;  
You'll tell to me what day I'll die, 55  
And what day will my burial be?"

"I hae nae mair o' God's power  
Than he has granted unto me ;  
But come to heaven when ye will,  
There porter to you I will be. 60

"But ye'll be wed to a finer knight  
Than ever was in my degree ;  
Unto him ye'll hae children nine,  
And six o' them will be ladies free.

“The other three will be bold young men,  
To fight for king and countrie;  
The ane a duke, the second a knight,  
And third a laird o’ lands sae free.” 65



## THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL.

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 258.

According to Chambers, this is a fragment of *The Clerk's Twa Sons o' Owsenford*. See the second volume of this collection, page 63.

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she,  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely ane,  
When word came to the carline wife,  
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
When word came to the carline wife,  
That her sons she'd never see.

5

10

"I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fishes in the flood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me, 15  
In earthly flesh and blood." —

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When nights are lang and mirk,  
The carline wife's three sons came hame,  
And their hats were o' the birk. 20

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
Nor yet in ony sheugh ;  
But at the gates o' Paradise,  
That birk grew fair eneugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Blow up the fire, my maidens ! 25  
Bring water from the well !  
For a' my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well." —

And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide ; 30  
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,  
Sat down at the bed-side.

14. Should we not read, for *fishes* here, *fashes* — i. e. troubles? — LOCKHART.

\* \* \* \* \*

Up then crew the red red cock, 35  
And up and crew the gray ;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
“ ’Tis time we were away.” —

The cock he hadna craw’d but once,  
And clapp’d his wings at a’, 40  
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,  
“ Brother, we must awa. —

“ The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw,  
The channerin’ worm doth chide ;  
Gin we be mist out o’ our place, 45  
A sair pain we maun bide.

“ Fare ye weel, my mother dear !  
Fareweel to barn and byre !  
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass,  
That kindles my mother’s fire.” 50

## THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE:

*Or, a relation of a young man, who, a month after his death, appeared to his sweetheart, and carried her on horseback behind him for forty miles in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave.*

FROM *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 266. In Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry* (p. 463) is a copy from a broadside in the Roxburghe collection.

Notwithstanding the meanness of its form, the present ballad is highly interesting, as the English representative of a fiction not less remarkable for its extensive geographical dissemination, than for its bold imaginative character.

The story of the Ride of the Spectral Lover now enjoys a universal celebrity through Bürger's wonderful poem of *Lenore*. According to one account, Bürger took the idea and plan of his ballad from some verses which he chanced to overhear. This is the assertion of the editors of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, where the supposed original may be found, at page 119 of the second volume. Schlegel, on the other hand, tells us that Bürger stated the hint of *Lenore* to have been furnished by a Platt-deutsch ballad, described to him by a lady who remembered only a few fragments.

*Le Frère de Lait*, in Villemarqué's *Chants Populaires de la Bretagne*, (vol. i. No. 22,) is the same story under peculiar modifications. This is translated by

Miss Costello in *Summer among the Bocages and Vines*,  
—quoted in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. 68, p. 75.

Of similar character are the beautiful Servian ballad of *Jelitzka and her Brothers*, Talvj, *Volklieder der Serben*, i. 160, and the Romaic legend of *Constantine and Arete*, published by Fauriel in the second volume of his *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, (p. 406.) By the kindness of an esteemed friend, we are enabled to give in our Appendix a copy of this last, enlarged by collating Fauriel's with two other versions obtained from widely diverse sources.

For other pieces involving ghostly visitations; see *Sweet William's Ghost*, in the second volume, p. 145.

A WONDER stranger ne'er was known  
Than what I now shall treat upon.  
In Suffolk there did lately dwell  
A farmer rich and known full well.

He had a daughter fair and bright, 5  
On whom he placed his chief delight ;  
Her beauty was beyond compare,  
She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man living by,  
Who was so charmed with her eye, 10  
That he could never be at rest ;  
He was by love so much possess.

He made address to her, and she  
Did grant him love immediately ;  
But when her father came to hear, 15  
He parted her and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,  
Unto his brother's, with intent  
That she should there so long remain,  
Till she had changed her mind again.

20

Hereat this young man sadly grieved,  
But knew not how to be relieved ;  
He sighed and sobbed continually  
That his true love he could not see.

She by no means could to him send,  
Who was her heart's espoused friend ;  
He sighed, he grieved, but all in vain,  
For she confined must still remain.

25

He mourned so much, that doctor's art  
Could give no ease unto his heart,  
Who was so strangely terrified,  
That in short time for love he died.

30

She that from him was sent away  
Knew nothing of his dying day,  
But constant still she did remain,  
And loved the dead, although in vain.

35

After he had in grave been laid  
A month or more, unto this maid  
He came in middle of the night,  
Who joyed to see her heart's delight.

40

Her father's horse, which well she knew,  
Her mother's hood and safe-guard too,  
He brought with him to testify  
Her parents order he came by.

Which when her uncle understood, 45  
He hoped it would be for her good,  
And gave consent to her straightway,  
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,  
They passed as swift as any wind, 50  
That in two hours, or little more,  
He brought her to her father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,  
He did complain his head did ake ;  
Her handkerchief she then took out, 55  
And tied the same his head about.

And unto him she thus did say :  
"Thou art as cold as any clay ;  
When we come home a fire we'll have ;"  
But little dreamed he went to grave. 60

Soon were they at her father's door,  
And after she ne'er saw him more ;  
"I'll set the horse up," then he said,  
And there he left this harmless maid.

She knocked, and straight a man he cried, 65  
"Who's there?" "Tis I," she then replied;  
Who wondred much her voice to hear,  
And was possessed with dread and fear.

Her father he did tell, and then  
He stared like an affrighted man: 70  
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,  
Cried out, "My child, how cam'st thou here?"

"Pray, sir, did you not send for me,"  
By such a messenger? said she:  
Which made his hair stare on his head, 75  
As knowing well that he was dead.

"Where is he?" then to her he said;  
"He's in the stable," quoth the maid.  
"Go in," said he, "and go to bed;  
"I'll see the horse well littered." 80

He stared about, and there could he  
No shape of any mankind see,  
But found his horse all on a sweat;  
Which made him in a deadly fret.

His daughter he said nothing to, 85  
Nor none else, (though full well they knew  
That he was dead a month before,)  
For fear of grieving her full sore.



Her father to the father went  
Of the deceased, with full intent 90  
To tell him what his daughter said ;  
So both came back unto this maid.

They ask'd her, and she still did say  
'Twas he that then brought her away ;  
Which when they heard they were amazed, 95  
And on each other strangely gazed.

A handkerchief she said she tied  
About his head, and that they tried ;  
The sexton they did speak unto,  
That he the grave would then undo. 100

Affrighted then they did behold  
His body turning into mould,  
And though he had a month been dead,  
This handkerchief was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told, 105  
And the whole truth they did unfold ;  
She was thereat so terrified  
And grieved, that she quickly died.

Part not true love, you rich men, then ;  
But, if they be right honest men 110  
Your daughters love, give them their way,  
For force oft breeds their lives decay.

## SIR ROLAND.

From Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 124.

THIS fragment, Motherwell tells us, was communicated to him by an ingenious friend, who remembered having heard it sung in his youth. He does not vouch for its antiquity, and we have little or no hesitation in pronouncing it a modern composition.

WHAN he cam to his ain luve's bouir,  
He tirl'd at the pin,  
And sae ready was his fair fause luve  
To rise and let him in.

"O welcome, welcome, Sir Roland," she says,  
"Thrice welcome thou art to me ;  
For this night thou wilt feast in my secret  
bouir,  
And to-morrow we'll wedded be."



She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,  
Never a mile but ane, 80  
Whan she was aware of a tall young man,  
Slow riding o'er the plain.

She turned her to the right about,  
Then to the left turn'd she ;  
But aye, 'tween her and the wan moonlight, 35  
That tall knight did she see.

And he was riding burd alane,  
On a horse as black as jet ;  
But tho' she followed him fast and fell,  
No nearer could she get. 40

"O stop ! O stop ! young man," she said,  
"For I in dule am dight ;  
O stop, and win a fair lady's luve,  
If you be a leal true knight."

But nothing did the tall knight say, 45  
And nothing did he blin ;  
Still slowly rode he on before,  
And fast she rade behind.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,  
Till his breast was all a foam ; 50  
But nearer unto that tall young knight,  
By Our Ladye, she could not come.

“ O if you be a gay young knight,  
As well I trow you be,  
Pull tight your bridle reins, and stay 53  
Till I come up to thee.”

But nothing did that tall knight say,  
And no whit did he blin,  
Until he reached a broad river's side,  
And there he drew his rein. 60

“ O is this water deep,” he said,  
“ As it is wondrous dun ?  
Or it is sic as a saikless maid  
And a leal true knight may swim ? ”

“ The water it is deep,” she said, 65  
“ As it is wondrous dun ;  
But it is sic as a saikless maid  
And a leal true knight may swim.”

The knight spurred on his tall black steed,  
The lady spurred on her brown ; 70  
And fast they rade unto the flood,  
And fast they baith swam down.

“ The water weets my tae,” she said,  
“ The water weets my knee ;  
And hold up my bridle reins, sir knight, 75  
For the sake of Our Ladye.”

“If I would help thee now,” he said,  
“It were a deadly sin ;  
For I’ve sworn neir to trust a fair may’s word,  
Till the water weets her chin.” 80

“O the water weets my waist,” she said,  
“Sae does it weet my skin ;  
And my aching heart rins round about,  
The burn maks sic a din.

“The water is waxing deeper still, 85  
Sae does it wax mair wide ;  
And aye the farther that we ride on,  
Farther off is the other side.

“O help me now, thou false, false knight,  
Have pity on my youth ; 90  
For now the water jawes owre my head,  
And it gurgles in my mouth.”

The knight turned right and round about,  
All in the middle stream,  
And he stretched out his head to that lady, 95  
But loudly she did scream,

“O this is hallow-morn,” he said,  
“And it is your bridal day ;  
But sad would be that gay wedding,  
If bridegroom and bride were away. 100

“And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret !  
Till the water comes o’er your bree ;  
For the bride maun ride deep, and deeper yet,  
Wha rides this ford wi’ me.

“Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret !  
Turn ye round, and look on me ; 106  
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,  
And his ghost now links on with thee.”

## APPENDIX.





## FRAGMENT OF THE BALLAD OF KING ARTHUR AND THE KING OF CORNWALL.

PRINTED from the celebrated Percy MS. in Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 275. The editor has added the following note.

"It has no title, and the first line has been cut away by the ignorant binder to whom the volume was intrusted, but both are supplied from the notice given of the ballad in the Dissertation prefixed to vol. iii. of the *Reliques*, p. xxxvii. Dr. Percy has added in the margin of the MS. these words: "To the best of my remembrance, this was the first line, before the binder cut it." The poem is very imperfect, owing to the leaves having been half torn away to light fires (!) as the Bishop tells us, but I am bound to add, previous to its coming into his possession. The story is so singular, that it is to be hoped an earlier and complete copy of it may yet be recovered. On no account perhaps is it more remarkable, than the fact of its close imitation of the famous *gabs* made by Charlemagne and his companions at the court of King Hugon, which are first met with in a romance of the twelfth century, published by M. Michel from a MS. in the British Museum, 12mo., London, 1836, and transferred at a later period to the prose romance of *Galien Rethoré*, printed by Verard, fol., 1500, and often afterwards. In the

absence of other evidence, it is to be presumed that the author of the ballad borrowed from the printed work, substituting Arthur for Charlemagne, Gawayne for Oliver, Tristram for Roland, etc., and embellishing his story by converting King Hugon's spy into a "lodly feend," by whose agency the *gabs* are accomplished. It is further worthy of notice, that the writer seems to regard Arthur as the sovereign of Little Britain, and alludes to an intrigue between the King of Cornwall and Queen Guenever, which is nowhere, as far as I recollect, hinted at in the romances of the Round Table."

"COME here my cozen, Gawain, so gay ;  
My sisters sonne be yee ;  
For you shall see one of the fairest Round Tables,  
That ever you see with your eye."

Then bespake [the] Lady Queen Guenever,      8  
And these were the words said shee :

"I know where a Round Table is, thou noble king,  
Is worth thy Round Table and other such three.

"The trestle that stands under this Round Table,"  
she said,

"Lowe downe to the mould,      10  
It is worth thy Round Table, thou worthy king,  
Thy halls, and all thy gold.

"The place where this Round Table stands in,  
It is worth thy castle, thy gold, thy fee ;  
And all good Litle Britaine,"—      18  
"Where may that table be, lady ?" quoth hee,

"Or where may all that goodly building be?"  
 "You shall it seeke," shee sayd, "till you it find,  
 For you shall never gett more of me."

Then bespake him noble King Arthur, 20  
 These were the words said hee;  
 "Ile make mine avow to God,  
 And alsoe to the Trinity,

"Ile never sleepe one night, there as I doe another  
 Till that Round Table I see; 25  
 Sir Marramiles, and Sir Tristeram  
 Fellowes that ye shall bee.

"Weele be clad in palmers weede,  
 Five palmers we will bee;  
 'There is noe outlandish man will us abide, 30  
 Nor will us come nye."  
 Then they rived east and they rived west,  
 In many a strange country.

Then they travelled a litle further,  
 They saw a battle new sett; 35  
 "Now, by my faith," saies noble King Arthur,

*[Half a page is here torn away.]*

But when he came that castle to,  
 And to the palace gate,  
 Soe ready was ther a proud porter,  
 And met him soone therat. 40

Shooes of gold' the porter had on,  
 And all his other rayment was unto the same ;  
 " Now, by my faith," saies noble King Arthur,  
 " Yonder is a minion swaine."

Then bespake noble King Arthur, 45  
 These were the words says hee :  
 " Come hither, thou proud porter,  
 I pray thee come hither to me.

" I have two poor rings of my finger,  
 The better of them Ile give to thee ; 50  
 [To] tell who may be lord of this castle," he saies,  
 " Or who is lord in this cuntry ?"

" Cornwall King," the porter sayes,  
 " There is none soe rich as hee ;  
 Neither in Christendome, nor yet in heathennest, 55  
 None hath soe much gold as he."

And then bespake him noble King Arthur,  
 These were the words sayes hee :  
 " I have two poore rings of my finger,  
 The better of them Ile give thee, 60  
 If thou wilt greete him well, Cornwall King,  
 And greete him well from me.

" Pray him for one nights lodging, and two meales  
 meate,  
 For his love that dyed uppon a tree ;  
 A bue ghesting, and two meales meate, 65  
 For his love that dyed uppon a tree.

"A bue ghesting, and two meales meate,  
For his love that was of virgin borne,  
And in the morning that we may scape away,  
Either without scath or scorne."

70

Then forth is gone this proud porter,  
As fast as he cold hye;  
And when he came befor Cornewall King,  
He kneeled downe on his knee.

Sayes, "I have beene porter, man, at thy gate,"

75

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

..... our Lady was borne,  
Then thought Cornewall King these palmers had.  
    beene in Britt.

Then bespake him Cornewall King,  
These were the words he said there:  
"Did you ever know a comely King,  
His name was King Arthur?"

80

And then bespake him noble King Arthur,  
These were the words said hee:  
"I doe not know that comly King,  
But once my selfe I did him see."  
Then bespake Cornwall King againe,  
These were the words said he.

85

MS. 67, bue, *sic*; of two.

71, his gone.

Sayes, "Seven yeere I was clad and fed,  
 In Litle Brittain, in a bower ;  
 I had a daughter by King Arthurs wife,                    90  
 It now is called my flower ;  
 For King Arthur, that kindly cockward,  
 Hath none such in his bower.

"For I durst sweare, and save my othe,  
 That same lady soe bright,                                    95  
 That a man that were laid on his death-bed  
 Wold open his eyes on her to have sight."  
 "Now, by my faith," sayes noble King Arthur,  
 "And thats a full faire wight !"

And then bespake Cornwall [King] againe,                100  
 And these were the words he said :  
 "Come hither, five or three of my knights,  
 And feitch me downe my steed ;  
 King Arthur, that foule cockeward,  
 Hath none such, if he had need.                                105

"For I can ryde him as far on a day,  
 As King Arthur can doe any of his on three.  
 And is it not a pleasure for a King,  
 When he shall ryde forth on his journey ?

"For the eyes that beene in his head,                    110  
 They glister as doth the gleeed ;"—  
 "Now, by my faith," sayes noble King Arthur,

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

No body . . . . .

But one thats learned to speake.

Then King Arthur to his bed was brought, 115

A greeived man was hee ;

And soe were all his fellowes with him,

From him they thought never to flee.

Then take they did that lodly boome,

And under thrubchandler closed was hee ; 120

And he was set by King Arthurs bed-side,

To heere theire talke, and theire com'nye ;

That he might come forth, and make proclamation,

Long before it was day ;

It was more for King Cornwalls pleasure, 125

Then it was for King Arthurs pay.

And when King Arthur on his bed was laid,

These were the words said hee :

" Ile make mine avow to God,

And alsoe to the Trinity, 130

That Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge

Little Brittain or ever I see ! "

" It is an unadvised vow," saies Gawaine the gay,

" As ever king hard make I ;

But wee that beene five christian men, 135

Of the christen faith are wee ;

And we shall fight against anynted King,

And all his armorie."



And then he spake him noble Arthur,  
 And these were the words said he : 140  
 " Why, if thou be afraid, Sir Gawaine the gay,  
 Goe home, and drinke wine in thine owne country."

## THE THIRD PARTE.

AND then bespake Sir Gawaine the gay,  
 And these were the words said hee :  
 " Nay, seeing you have made such a hearty vow, 145  
 Heere another vow make will I.

" Ile make mine avow to God,  
 And alsoe to the Trinity,  
 That I will have yonder faire lady  
 To Litle Brittaine with mee. 150

" Ile hose her hourly to my hurt,  
 And with her Ile worke my will ;

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

These were the words sayd hee :  
 " Befor I wold wrestle with yonder feend,  
 It is better be drowned in the sea." 155

And then bespake Sir Bredbeddle,  
 And these were the words said he :  
 " Why, I will wrestle with yon lodly feend,  
 God ! my governor thou shalt bee."

Then bespake him noble Arthur, 160  
 And these were the words said he :  
 " What weapons wilt thou have, thou gentle knight ?  
 I pray thee tell to me."

He sayes, " Collen brand Ile have in my hand,  
 And a Millaine knife fast be my knee ; 165  
 And a Danish axe fast in my hands,  
 That a sure weapon I thinke wilbe."

Then with his Collen brand, that he had in his hand,  
 The bunge of the trubchandler he burst in three.  
 What that start out a lodly feend, 170  
 With seven heads, and one body.

The fyer towards the element flew,  
 Out of his mouth, where was great plentie ;  
 The knight stooode in the middle, and fought,  
 That it was great joy to see. 175

Till his Collaine brand brake in his hand,  
 And his Millaine knife burst on his knee ;  
 And then the Danish axe burst in his hand first,  
 That a sur weapon he thought shold be.

But now is the knight left without any weapone, 180  
 And alacke ! it was the more pitty ;  
 But a surer weapon then had he one,  
 Had never Lord in Christentye :  
 And all was but one litle booke,  
 He found it by the side of the sea. 185

He found it at the sea-side,  
 Wrucked upp in a floode ;  
 Our Lord had written it with his hands,  
 And sealed it with his bloode.

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

“ That thou doe . . . . . 190  
 But ly still in that wall of stone ;  
 Till I have beene with noble King Arthur,  
 And told him what I have done.”

And when he came to the King's chamber,  
 He cold of his curtesie 195  
 Saye, “ Sleep you, wake you, noble King Arthur ?  
 And ever Jesus watch yee ! ”

“ Nay, I am not sleeping, I am waking,”  
 These were the words said hee :  
 “ For thee I have card ; how hast thou fared ? 200  
 O gentle knight, let me see.”

The knight wrought the King his booke,  
 Bad him behold, reede, and see ;  
 And ever he found it on the backside of the  
           leafe,  
 As noble Arthur wold wish it to be. 205

And then bespake him King Arthur,  
 “ Alas ! thou gentle knight, how may this be,  
 That I might see him in the same licknesse,  
 That he stood unto thee ? ”

And then bespake him the Greene Knight, 210  
 These were the words said hee :  
 " If youle stand stifly in the battell stronge,  
 For I have won all the victory."

Then bespake him the King againe,  
 And these were the words said hee : 215  
 " If we stand not stifly in this battell strong,  
 Wee are worthy to be hanged all on a tree."

Then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
 These were the words said hee :  
 Saies, " I doe coniure thee, thou fowle feend, 220  
 In the same licknesse thou stood unto me."

With that start out a lodly feend,  
 With seven heads, and one body ;  
 The fier towarde the element flaugh,  
 Out of his mouth, where was great plenty. 225

The knight stood in the middle . . . . .

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

. . . . . the space of an houre,  
 I know not what they did.

And then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
 And these were the words said he : 230  
 Saith, " I coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
 That thou feitch downe the steed that we see."

And then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
 As fast as he cold hie ;

210. The Greene Knight is Sir Bredbeddle.

360 FRAGMENT OF THE BALLAD OF KING

And feitch he did that faire steed, 235  
And came againe by and by.

Then bespake him Sir Marramile,  
And these were the words said hee :  
"Riding of this steed, brother Bredbeddle,  
The mastery belongs to me." 240

Marramiles tooke the steed to his hand,  
To ryd him he was full bold ;  
He cold noe more make him goe,  
Then a child of three yeere old.

He said uppon him with heele and hand, 245  
With yard that was soe fell ;  
"Helpe ! brother Bredbeddle," says Marramile,  
"For I thinke he be the devill of hell."

"Helpe ! brother Bredbeddle," says Marramile,  
"Helpe ! for Christs pittye ;" 250  
For without thy help, brother Bredbeddle,  
He will never be rydden for me."

Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddle,  
These were the words said he :  
"I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beane, 255  
Thou tell me how this steed was riddin in his  
country."

He saith, "There is a gold wand,  
Stands in King Cornwall's study windowe."

MS. 245, sayed, *i. e.* essayed ?

MS. 252, p' me, *i. e.* pro or per.

MS. 255, Burlow-leane.

"Let him take that wand in that window,  
And strike three strokes on that steed ; 267  
And then he will spring forth of his hand,  
As sparke doth out of gleede."

Then bespake him the Greene Knight,

[*Half a page is wanting.*]

A lowd blast . . . . .

And then bespake Sir Bredbeddle, 268  
To the feend these words said hee :  
Says, "I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
The powder-box thou feitch me."

Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold hie ; 270  
And feich he did the powder-box,  
And came againe by and by.

Then Sir Tristeram tooke powder forth of that box,  
And blent it with warme sweet milke ;  
And there put it unto the horne, 275  
And swilled it about in that ilke.

Then he tooke the horne in his hand,  
And a lowd blast he blew ;  
He rent the horne up to the midst,  
All his fellows this they knew. 280

362 ARTHUR AND THE KING OF CORNWALL.

Then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
These were the words said he:  
Saies, "I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
That thou feitch me the sword that I see."

Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie, 255  
As fast as he cold hie;  
And feitch he did that faire sword,  
And came againe by and by.

Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddle,  
To the king these words said he: 260  
"Take this sword in thy hand, thou noble King,  
For the vowes sake that thou made Ile give it thee;  
And goe strike off King Cornewalls head,  
In bed where he doth lye."

Then forth is gone noble King Arthur, 265  
As fast as he cold hye;  
And strucken he hath King Cornwalls head,  
And came againe by and by.

He put the head upon a swords point,

[*The poem terminates here abruptly.*]

TAM-A-LINE, THE ELFIN KNIGHT. (See page 232.)

From *Scottish Traditionary Versions of Ancient Ballads*, Percy  
Society, xvii. p. 11.

TAKE warnin', a' ye ladyes fair,  
That wear gowd on your hair;  
Come never unto Charter-woods,  
For Tam-a-line he's there.

Even about that knight's middle  
O' siller bells are nine;  
Nae ane comes to Charter-woods,  
And a may returns agen.

Ladye Margaret sits in her bouir door,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
And she lang'd to gang to Charter woods,  
To pou the roses green.

She hadna pou'd a rose, a rose,  
Nor braken a branch but ane,  
Till by it came him true Tam-a-line,  
Says, "Layde, lat alane.

"O why pou ye the rose, the rose?  
Or why brake ye the tree?  
Or why come ye to Charter-woods,  
Without leave ask'd of me?"



"I will pou the rose, the rose,  
And I will brake the tree;  
Charter-woods are a' my ain,  
I'll ask nae leave o' thee."

He's taen her by the milk-white hand, 25  
And by the grass-green sleeve;  
And laid her low on gude green wood,  
At her he spier'd nae leave.

When he had got his will o' her,  
His will as he had ta'en, 30  
He's ta'en her by the middle sma',  
Set her to feet again.

She turn'd her richt and round about,  
To spier her true love's name,  
But naething heard she, nor naething saw, 35  
As a' the woods grew dim.

Seven days she tarried there,  
Saw neither sun nor muin;  
At length, by a sma' glimmerin' licht,  
Came thro' the wood her lane. 40

When she came to her father's court,  
Was fine as ony queen;  
But when eight months were past and gane,  
Got on the gown o' green.

Then out it speaks an eldren knicht, 45  
As he stood at the yett;  
Our king's dochter, she gaes wi' bairn,  
And we'll get a' the wyte."

“ O haud your tongue, ye eldren man,  
And bring me not to shame ; 51  
Although that I do gang wi’ bairn,  
Yese naeways get the blame.

“ Were my love but an earthly man,  
As he’s an elfin knicht,  
I wadna gie my ain true luvie, 55  
For a’ that’s in my sicht.”

Then out it speaks her brither dear,  
He meant to do her harm,  
“ There is an herb in Charter-woods  
Will twine you an’ the bairn.” 60

She’s taen her mantle her about,  
Her coiffer by the band ;  
And she is on to Charter-woods,  
As fast as she coud gang.

She hadna poud a rose, a rose, 65  
Nor braken a branch but ane,  
Till by it came him, Tam-a-Line,  
Says, “ Ladye, lat alane.”

“ O ! why pou ye the pile, Margaret,  
The pile o’ the gravil green, 70  
For to destroy the bonny bairn  
That we got us between ?

“ O ! why pou ye the pile, Margaret,  
The pile o’ the gravil gray,  
For to destroy the bonny bairn 75  
That we got in our play ?

“ For if it be a knave bairn,  
He’s heir o’ a’ my land ;  
But if it be a lass bairn,  
In red gowd she shall gang.”

80

“ If my luve were an earthly man,  
As he’s an elfin grey,  
I coud gang bound, luve, for your sake,  
A twalmonth and a day.”

“ Indeed your luve’s an earthly man,  
The same as well as thee ;  
And lang I’ve hauhted Charter-woods,  
A’ for your fair bodie.”

85

“ O ! tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line,  
O ! tell, an’ tell me true ;  
Tell me this nicht, an’ mak’ nae lee,  
What pedigree are you ? ”

90

“ O ! I hae been at gude church-door,  
An’ I’ve got christendom ;  
I’m the Earl o’ Forbes’ eldest son,  
An’ heir ower a’ his land.

95

“ When I was young, o’ three years old,  
Muckle was made o’ me ;  
My stepmither put on my claithes,  
An’ ill, ill, sained she me.

100

“ Ae fatal morning I gaed out,  
Dreading nae injurie ;  
And thinking lang, fell soun asleep,  
Beneath an apple tree.

“ Then by it came the Elfin Queen, 105  
And laid her hand on me ;  
And from that time since e’er I mind,  
I’ve been in her companie.

• “ O Elfin it’s a bonny place,  
In it fain wad I dwell; 110  
But aye at ilka seven years’ end,  
They pay a tiend to hell,  
And I’m sae fou o’ flesh an blude,  
I’m sair fear’d for mysell.”

“ O tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line, 115  
O tell, an’ tell me true ;  
Tell me this nicht, an’ mak’ nae lee,  
What way I’ll borrow you ? ”

“ The morn is Hallowe’en nicht,  
The Elfin court will ride, 120  
Through England, and thro’ a’ Scotland,  
And through the warld wide.

“ O they begin at sky sett in,  
Ride a’ the evenin’ tide ;  
And she that will her true love borrow, 125  
At Miles-cross will him bide.

• “ Ye’ll do ye down to Miles-cross,  
Between twall hours and ane ;  
And full your hands o’ holie water,  
And cast your compass roun’. 130

“ Then the first ane court that comes you till,  
Is published king and queen ;

The neist ane court that comes you till,  
It is maidens mony ane.

“ The neist ane court that comes you till, 133  
Is footmen, grooms, and squires ;  
The neist ane court that comes you till, •  
Is knichts ; and I'll be there.

“ I Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,  
A gowd star on my crown ; 140  
Because I was an earthly knight,  
Got that for a renown.

“ And out at my steed's right nostril,  
He'll breathe a fiery flame ;  
Ye'll loot you low, and sain yoursel, 145  
And ye'll be busy then.

“ Ye'll tak' my horse then by the head,  
And lat the bridal fa' ;  
The Queen o' Elfin she'll cry out,  
' True Tam-a-Line's awa'. 150

“ Then I'll appear into your arms  
Like the wolf that ne'er wad tame ;  
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,  
Case we ne'er meet again.

“ Then I'll appear into your arms 155  
Like fire that burns sae bauld ;  
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,  
I'll be as iron cauld.

“ Then I'll appear into your arms  
Like the adder an' the snake ; 160

Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,  
I am your warld's maike.

"Then I'll appear into your arms  
Like to the deer sae wild ;  
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae, 165  
And I'll father your child.

"And I'll appear into your arms  
Like to a silken string ;  
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,  
Till ye see the fair mornin'. 170

"And I'll appear into your arms  
Like to a naked man ;  
Ye'll haud me fast, lat me not gae,  
And wi' you I'll gae hame."

Then she has done her to Miles-cross, 175  
Between twal hours an' ane ;  
And filled her hands o' holie water,  
And kiest her compass roun'.

The first ane court that came her till,  
Was published king and queen ; 180  
The niest ane court that came her till,  
Was maidens mony ane.

The niest ane court that came her till,  
Was footmen, grooms, and squires ;  
The niest ane court that came her till, 185  
Was knights ; and he was there !

True Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,  
A gowd star on his crown ;

Because he was an earthly man,  
Got that for a regown.

190

And out at the steed's right nostril,  
He breath'd a fiery flame ;  
She loots her low, an' sains hersel,  
And she was busy then.

She's taen the horse then by the head,  
And loot the bridle fa' ;  
The Queen o' Elfin she cried out,—  
" True Tam-a-Line's awa'."

195

" Stay still, true Tam-a-Line," she says,  
" Till I pay you your fee ;"  
" His father wants not lands nor rents,  
He'll ask nae fee frae thee."

200

" Gin I had kent yestreen, yestreen,  
What I ken weel the day,  
I shou'd hae taen your fu' fause heart,  
Gien you a heart o' clay."

205

Then he appeared into her arms  
Like the wolf that ne'er wad tame ;  
She held him fast, lat him not gae,  
Case they ne'er met again.

210

Then he appeared into her arms  
Like the fire burning bauld ;  
She held him fast, lat him not gae,  
He was as iron cauld.

And he appeared into her arms  
Like the adder an' the snake ;

215

She held him fast, lat him not gae,  
He was her warld's maikie.

And he appeared into her arms  
Like to the deer sae wild ; 220  
She held him fast, lat him not gae,  
He's father o' her child.

And he appeared into her arms  
Like to a silken string ;  
She held him fast, lat him not gae, 225  
Till she saw fair mornin'.

And he appeared into her arms  
Like to a naked man ;  
She held him fast, lat him not gae,  
And wi' her he's gane hame. 230

These news hae reach'd thro' a' Scotland,  
And far ayont the Tay,  
That ladye Margaret, our king's dochter,  
That nicht had gain'd her prey.

She borrowed her love at mirk midnight, 235  
Bare her young son ere day ;  
And though ye'd search the warld wide,  
Ye'll nae find sic a may.



TOM LINN. (See p. 232.)

THIS fragment was taken down from the recitation of an old woman. Maidment's *New Book of Old Ballads*, p. 54.

O ALL you ladies young and gay,  
Who are so sweet and fair,  
Do not go into Chaster's wood,  
For Tomlinn will be there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fair Margaret sat in her bonny bower,      5  
Sewing her silken seam,  
And wished to be in Chaster's wood,  
Among the leaves so green.

• She let the seam fall to her foot,  
The needle to her toe,      10  
And she has gone to Chaster's wood,  
As fast as she could go.

When she began to pull the flowers ;  
She pull'd both red and green ;  
Then by did come, and by did go, 15  
Said, " Fair maid, let abene !

" O why pluck you the flowers, lady,  
Or why climb you the tree ?  
Or why come ye to Chaster's wood,  
Without the leave of me ? " 20

" O I will pull the flowers," she said,  
" Or I will break the tree ;  
For Chaster's wood it is my own,  
I'll ask no leave at thee."

He took her by the milk-white hand, 25  
And by the grass-green sleeve ;  
And laid her down upon the flowers,  
At her he ask'd no leave.

The lady blush'd and sourly frown'd,  
And she did think great shame ; 30  
Says, " If you are a gentleman,  
You will tell me your name."

" First they call me Jack," he said,  
" And then they call'd me John ;  
But since I liv'd in the Fairy court, 35  
Tomlinn has always been my name.

" So do not pluck that flower, lady,  
That has these pimples gray ;  
They would destroy the bonny babe  
That we've gotten in our play." 40

" O tell to me, Tomlinn," she said,  
" And tell it to me soon ;  
Was you ever at a good church door,  
Or got you christendom ? "

" O I have been at good church door, 45  
And oft her yetts within ;  
I was the Laird of Foulis's son,  
The heir of all his land.

" But it fell once upon a day,  
As hunting I did ride, 50  
As I rode east and west yon hill,  
Then woe did me betide.

" O drowsy, drowsy as I was,  
Dead sleep upon me fell ;  
The Queen of Fairies she was there, 55  
And took me to hersel.

" The morn at even is Hallowe'en,  
Our Fairy court will ride,  
Through England and through Scotland both,  
Through all the world wide ; 60  
And if that ye would me borrow,  
At Rides Cross ye may bide.

" You may go into the Miles Moss,  
Between twelve hours and one ;  
Take holy water in your hand, 65  
And cast a compass round.

" The first court that comes along,  
You'll let them all pass by ;

The next court that comes along,  
Salute them reverently. 70

“ The next court that comes along,  
Is clad in robes of green ;  
And it's the head court of them all,  
For in it rides the Queen.

“ And I upon a milk-white steed, 75  
With a gold star in my crown ;  
Because I am an earthly man,  
I'm next the Queen in renown.

“ Then seize upon me with a spring,  
Then to the ground I'll fa' ; 80  
And then you'll hear a rueful cry,  
'That Tomlinn is awa'.

“ Then I'll grow in your arms two,  
Like to a savage wild ;  
But hold me fast, let me not go, 85  
I'm father of your child.

“ I'll grow into your arms two  
Like an adder, or a snake ;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
I'll be your earthly maik. 90

“ I'll grow into your arms two  
Like ice on frozen lake ;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
Or from your goupén break.

376 BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE.

"I'll grow into your arms two, 85  
Like iron in strong fire ;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
Then you'll have your desire."

And its next night into Miles Moss,  
Fair Margaret has gone ; 100  
When lo she stands beside Rides Cross,  
Between twelve hours and one.

There's holy water in her hand,  
She casts a compass round ;  
And presently a Fairy band 105  
Comes riding o'er the mound.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

THIS seems to be the most appropriate connection for a short fragment from Maidment's *North Country Garland*, (p. 21.) It was taken down from the recitation of a lady who had heard it sung in her childhood.

BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE.

BURD Ellen sits in the bower windowe,  
With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,  
Twisting the red silk and the blue,  
With the double rose and the May-hay.

And whiles she twisted, and whiles she twan, 5  
*With a double, &c.*

And whiles the tears fell down amang,  
*With the double, &c.*

Till once there by cam young Tamlane, 10  
*With a double, &c.*

"Come light, oh light, and rock your young son!"  
*With the double, &c.*

"If you winna rock him, you may let him rair,  
*With a double, &c.*

For I hae rockit my share and mair." 15  
*With the double, &c.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Young Tamlane to the seas he's gane,  
*With a double laddy double, and for the double dow,*  
 And a' women's curse in his company's gane,  
*With the double rose and the May-hay.* 20

ALS Y YOD ON A MOUNDAY. (See p. 244.)

IN the manuscript from which these verses are taken, they form the preface to a long strain of incomprehensible prophecies of the same description as those which are appended to *Thomas of Erskyldoune*. Whether the two portions belong together, or not, (and it will be seen that they are ill enough joined,) the first alone requires to be cited here for the purpose of comparison with the *Wee Wee Man*. The whole piece has been twice printed, first by Finlay, in his *Scottish Ballads*, (ii. 163,) and afterwards, by a person who was not aware that he had been anticipated, in the *Retrospective Review*, Second Series, vol. ii. p. 326. Both texts are in places nearly unintelligible, and are evidently full of errors, part of which we must ascribe to the incompetency of the editors. Finlay's is here adopted as on the whole the best, but it has received a few corrections from the other, and one or two conjectural emendations.

ALS y yod on ay Mounday  
Bytwene Wyltinden and Wall,  
The ane after brade way,  
Ay litel man y mette with alle,  
The leste yat ever y, sathe to say,  
Oither in bowr, oither in halle;  
His robe was noither grene na gray,  
Bot alle yt was of riche palle.

On me he cald, and bad me bide ;  
 Well stille y stode ay litel space ; 10  
 Fra Lanchestre the parke syde  
 Yeen he come, wel fair his pase.  
 He hailed me with mikel pride ;  
 Ic haved wel mykel ferly wat he was ;  
 I saide,—“ Wel mote the betyde, 15  
 That litel man with large face.”

I beheld that litel man  
 Bi the strete als we gon gae ;  
 His berd was syde ay large span,  
 And glided als the fether of pae ; 20  
 His heved was wyte als ony swan,  
 His hegehen was gret and grai als so ;  
 Brues lange, wel I the can  
 Merk it to fize inches and mae.

Armes scort, for sothe I saye, 25  
 Ay span seemed thaem to bee :  
 Handes brade vytouten nay,  
 And fingeres lange, he scheued me.  
 Ay stane he tok op thar it lay,  
 And castit forth that I moth see ; 30  
 Ay merk-soot of large way  
 Bifore me strides he castit three.

Wel stille I stod als did the stane,  
 To loke him on thouth me nouth lang ;  
 His robe was alle gold begane, 35  
 Wel craftelike maked, I understande ;



Botones asurd, everlk ane,  
 Fra his elbouthe ontill his hande;  
 Elde lik man was he nane;  
 That in myn hert ich onderstande. 40

Till him I sayde full sone on ane,  
 For forthirmar I wald him fraine,  
 " Gladli wald I wit thi name,  
 And I wist wat me mouthe gaine;  
 Thou ert so litel of fleshe and bane, 45  
 And so mikel of mith and mayne,  
 War vones thou, litel man, at hame?  
 Wit of thee I wald full faine."

" Thoth I be litel and lith,  
 Am y noth wytouten wane; 50  
 Ferli frained thou wat hi bith,  
 That thou salt noth wit my name;  
 My wonige stede full wel es dyght,  
 Nou sone thou salt se at hame."  
 Till him I sayde, " For Godes mith, 55  
 Let me forth myn erand gane."

" The thar noth of thin erand lette,  
 Thouth thou come ay stonde wit me,  
 Forther salt thou noth bi sette,  
 Bi miles twa noyther bi three." 60  
 Na linger durst I for him lette,  
 But forth y funded wyt that free;  
 Stintid vs brok no beck;  
 Ferlich me thouth hu so mouth bee.

39, Clidelik. 48, Glalli wild. 52, That, qy. Yat?; with.  
 53, dygh.

He vent forth, als y you say, 65  
     In at ay yate, y vnderstande ;  
 In til ay yate wvndouten nay ;  
     It to se thouth me nouth lang.  
 The bankers on the binkes lay,  
     And fair lordes sett y fonde ; 70  
 In ilka ay hirn y herd ay lay,  
     And leuedys soth meloude sange.

[Here there seems to be a break, and a new start made, with a tale told not on a *Monday*, but on a *Wednesday*.]

Lithe, bothe zonge and alde :  
     Of ay worde y will you saye,  
 Ay litel tale that me was tald  
     Erli on ay Wedenesdaye.  
 A mody barn, that was ful bald,  
     My friend that y frained aye,  
 Al my gesing he me tald,  
     And galid me als we went bi waye.

"Miri man, that es so wyth,  
     Of ay thing gif me answe :  
 For him that mensked man wyt mith,  
     Wat sal worth of this were ? &c.

THE ELPHIN KNIGHT. (See p. 246.)

"THE following transcript is a literal copy from the original in the Pepysian library, Cambridge." Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. i.

"A Proper New Ballad, entituled, *The Wind hath blown my Plaid away, or, A Discourse betwixt a young Maid and the Elphin-Knight*; To be sung with its own pleasant New Tune."

THE Elphin Knight sits on yon hill,  
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba,  
He blowes his horn both loud and shril,  
The wind hath blown my plaid awa.

He blowes it East, he blowes it West,  
Ba, ba, &c.  
He blowes it where he lyketh best.  
The wind, &c.

"I wish that horn were in my kist,  
Ba, ba, &c.  
Yea, and the knight in my armes two."  
The wind, &c.

She had no sooner these words said,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

When that the knight came to her bed.

15

*The wind, &c.*

“Thou art over young a maid,” quoth he,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

“Married with me thou il wouldst be.”

*The wind, &c.*

20

“I have a sister younger than I,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

And she was married yesterday.”

*The wind, &c.*

“Married with me if thou wouldst be,

25

*Ba, ba, &c.*

A courtesie thou must do to me.

*The wind, &c.*

“For thou must shape a sark to me,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

30

Without any cut or heme,” quoth he.

*The wind, &c.*

“Thou must shape it needle-and sheerlesse,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

And also sue it needle-threadlesse.”

35

*The wind, &c.*

“If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

Another thou must do to me.

*The wind, &c.*

40

" I have an aiker of good ley-land,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.

*The wind, &c.*

" For thou must cure it with thy horn,

45

*Ba, ba, &c.*

So thou must sow it with thy corn.

*The wind, &c.*

" And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

50

Robin Redbreast he must trail it hame.

*The wind, &c.*

" Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

And thrash it into thy shoes' soll.

55

*The wind, &c.*

" And thou must winnow it in thy looff,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

And also seek it in thy glove.

*The wind, &c.*

60

" For thou must bring it over the sea,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

And thou must bring it dry home to me.

*The wind, &c.*

" When thou hast gotten thy turns well done, 65

*Ba, ba, &c.*

Then come to me and get thy sark then.

*The wind, &c."*

“ I’l not quite my plaid for my life,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

70

It haps my seven bairns and my wife.

*The wind shall not blow my plaid awa.”*

“ My maidenhead I’l then keep still,

*Ba, ba, &c.*

Let the Elphin Knight do what he will.

75

*The wind’s not blown my plaid awa.”*

“ *My plaid awa, my plaid awa,*

*And o’er the hill and far awa,*

*And far awa, to Norrowa,*

*My plaid shall not be blown awa.”*

THE LAIDLEY WORM OF SPINDLESTON-  
HEUGH. See p. 255.

"A SONG above 500 years old, made by the old mountain-bard, Duncan Frasier, living on Cheviot, A. D. 1270."

This ballad, first published in Hutchinson's *History of Northumberland*, was the composition of Mr. Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham. Several stanzas are, however, adopted from some ancient tale. It has been often printed, and is now taken from Ritson's *Northumberland Garland*.

The similar story of *The Worme of Lambton*, versified by the Rev. J. Watson, may be seen in Richardson's *Borderer's Table-Book*, viii. 129, or in Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry*, page 784.

For Scandinavian legends of linden-worms, see the Swedish collections of Arwidsson (ii. 270) and Geijer, (iii. 122, 124,) and the *Danske Viser* of Nyerup, i. 255.

THE king is gone from Bambrough Castle,  
Long may the princess mourn ;  
Long may she stand on the castle wall,  
Looking for his return.

*Laidley* is loathly, loathsome.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,  
And with her she has them ta'en,  
She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,  
And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,  
She tript into the yard ; 10  
But it was more for the king's sake,  
Than for the queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the king  
Brought the queen with him home ;  
And all the lords in our country 15  
To welcome them did come.

" O welcome father ! " the lady cries,  
" Unto your halls and bowers ;  
And so are you, my step-mother,  
For all that's here is yours." 20

A lord said, wondering while she spake,  
" This princess of the North  
Surpasses all of female kind  
In beauty, and in worth."

The envious queen replied, " At least, 25  
You might have excepted me ;  
In a few hours, I will her bring  
Down to a low degree.

" I will her liken to a laidley worm,  
That warps about the stone, 30

v. 21-28. Compare *Young Waters*, (iii. 90,) v. 21-28, and  
*Young Beichan and Susie Pye*, (iv. 7,) v. 118-124.



And not till Childy Wynd comes back,  
Shall she again be won."

The princess stood at the bower door'  
Laughing, who could her blame?  
But e'er the next day's sun went down, 33  
A long worm she became.

For seven miles east, and seven miles west,  
And seven miles north, and south,  
No blade of grass or corn could grow,  
So venomous was her mouth. 40

The milk of seven stately cows  
(It was costly her to keep)  
Was brought her daily, which she drank  
Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave 45  
Which held her folded up,  
And the stone trough, the very same  
Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,  
And word is gone over the sea, 50  
That a laidley worm in Spindleston-Heughs  
Would ruin the North Country.

Word went east, and word went west,  
And over the sea did go;  
The Child of Wynd got wit of it, 55  
Which filled his heart with woe.

v. 31. Childy Wynd is obviously a corruption of Child -  
Owain.

He called straight his merry men all,  
They thirty were and three :  
" I wish I were at Spindleston,  
This desperate worm to see.

60

" We have no time now here to waste,  
Hence quickly let us sail :  
My only sister Margaret,  
Something, I fear, doth ail."

They built a ship without delay,  
With masts of the rown tree,  
With flutring sails of silk so fine,  
And set her on the sea.

65

They went on board ; the wind with speed,  
Blew them along the deep ;  
At length they spied an huge square tower  
On a rock high and steep.

70

The sea was smooth, the weather clear ;  
When they approached nigher,  
King Ida's castle they well knew,  
And the banks of Bambroughshire.

75

The queen look'd out at her bower window,  
To see what she could see ;  
There she espied a gallant ship  
Sailing upon the sea.

80

When she beheld the silken sails,  
Full glancing in the sun,  
To sink the ship she sent away  
Her witch wives every one.

The spells were vain ; the hags returned      85  
To the queen in sorrowful mood,  
Crying that witches have no power  
Where there is rown-tree wood.

Her last effort, she sent a boat,  
Which in the haven lay,      90  
With armed men to board the ship,  
But they were driven away.

The worm lept out, the worm lept down,  
She plaited round the stone ;  
And ay as the ship came to the land      95  
She banged it off again.

The Child then ran out of her reach  
The ship on Budley-sand,  
And jumping into the shallow sea,  
Securely got to land.      100

And now he drew his berry-brown sword,  
And laid it on her head ;  
And swore, if she did harm to him,  
That he would strike her dead.

“ O quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,      105  
And give me kisses three ;  
For though I am a poisonous worm,  
No hurt I'll do to thee.

“ O quit thy sword, and bend thy bow,  
And give me kisses three ;      110  
If I'm not won e'er the sun go down,  
Won I shall never be.”

101, berry-broad.

He quitted his sword, and bent his bow,  
He gave her kisses three ;  
She crept into a hole a worm, 115  
But out stept a lady.

No clothing had this lady fine,  
To keep her from the cold ;  
He took his mantle from him about,  
And round her did it fold. 120

He has taken his mantle from him about,  
And in it he wrapt her in,  
And they are up to Bambrough castle,  
As fast as they can win.

His absence, and her serpent shape, 125  
The king had long deplored ;  
He now rejoyced to see them both  
Again to him restored.

The queen they wanted, whom they found  
All pale, and sore afraid, 130  
Because she knew her power must yield  
To Childy Wynd's, who said,

" Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch ;  
An ill death mayest thou dee ;  
As thou my sister hast lik'ned, 135  
So lik'ned shalt thou be.

" I will turn you into a toad,  
That on the ground doth wend ;  
And won, won shalt thou never be,  
Till this world hath an end." 140

Now on the sand near Ida's tower,  
She crawls a loathsome toad,  
And venom spits on every maid  
She meets upon her road.

The virgins all of Bambrough town  
Will swear that they have seen  
This spiteful toad, of monstrous size,  
Whilst walking they have been.

45

All folks believe within the shire  
This story to be true,  
And they all run to Spindleston,  
The cave and trough to view.

150

This fact now Duncan Frasier,  
Of Cheviot, sings in rhyme,  
Lest Bambroughshire men should forget  
Some part of it in time.

155

LORD DINGWALL. (See p. 270.)

From Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*. (i. 204.)

WE were sisters, sisters seven,  
    *Bawing down, bowing down ;*  
The fairest women under heaven.  
    *And aye the birks a-bowing.*

They kiest kevels them amang,  
Wha wou'd to the grenewood gang.

The kevels they gied thro' the ha',  
And on the youngest it did fa'.

Now she must to the grenewood gang,  
To pu' the nuts in grenewood hang.

She hadna tarried an hour but ane,  
Till she met wi' a highlan' groom.

10

He keeped her sae late and lang,  
Till the evening set, and birds they sang.

He ga'e to her at their parting,  
A chain o' gold, and gay gold ring :

And three locks o' his yellow hair : 15  
Bade her keep them for evermair.

When six lang months were come and gane,  
A courtier to this lady came.

Lord Dingwall courted this lady gay,  
And so he set their wedding-day. 20

A little boy to the ha' was sent,  
To bring her horse was his intent.

As she was riding the way along,  
She began to make a heavy moan.

"What ails you, lady," the boy said, 25  
"That ye seem sae dissatisfied ?"

"Are the bridle reins for you too strong?  
Or the stirrups for you too long ?"

"But, little boy, will ye tell me,  
The fashions that are in your countrie ?" 30

"The fashions in our ha' I'll tell,  
And o' them a' I'll warn you well.

"When ye come in upon the floor,  
His mither will meet you wi' a golden chair.

"But be ye maid, or be ye nane, 35  
Unto the high seat make ye boun'.

"Lord Dingwall aft has been beguil'd,  
By girls whom young men hae defiled.

"He's cutted the paps frae their breast bane,  
And sent them back to their ain hame." 40

When she came in upon the floor,  
His mother met her wi' a golden chair.

But to the high seat she made her boun' :  
She knew that maiden she was nane.

When night was come, they went to bed, 45  
And ower her breast his arm he laid.

He quickly jumped upon the floor,  
And said, "I've got a vile rank whore."

Unto his mother he made his moan,  
Says, "Mother dear, I am undone." 50

"Ye've aft tald, when I brought them hame,  
Whether they were maid or nane.

"I thought I'd gotten a maiden bright,  
I've gotten but a waefu' wight.

"I thought I'd gotten a maiden clear, 55  
But gotten but a vile rank whore."

"When she came in upon the floor,  
I met her wi' a golden chair.

"But to the high seat she made her boun',  
Because a maiden she was nane." 60

"I wonder wha's tauld that gay ladie,  
The fashion into our countrie."



"It is your little boy I blame,  
Whom ye did send to bring her hame."

Then to the lady she did go,  
And said, "O Lady, let me know

65

"Who has defiled your fair bodie ?  
Ye're the first that has beguiled me."

"O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
The fairest women under heaven ;

70

"And we kiest kevels us amang,  
Wha wou'd to the grenewood gang ;

"For to pu' the finest flowers,  
To put around our summer bowers.

"I was the youngest o' them a',  
The hardest fortune did me befa'.

75

"Unto the grenewood I did gang,  
And pu'd the nuts as they down hang.

"I hadna stay'd an hour but ane,  
Till I met wi' a highlan' groom.

80

"He keeped me sae late and lang,  
Till the evening set, and birds they sang.

"He gae to me at our parting,  
A chain of gold, and gay gold ring :

“ And three locks o’ his yellow hair : 85  
Bade me keep them for evermair.

“ Then for to show I make nae lie,  
Look ye my trunk, and ye will see.”

Unto the trunk then she did go,  
To see if that were true or no. 90

And aye she sought, and aye she flang,  
Till these four things came to her hand.

Then she did to her ain son go,  
And said, "My son, ye'll let me know.

“Ye will tell to me this thing:—  
What did yo wi’ my wedding-ring?”

“ Mother dear, I’ll tell nae lie :  
I gave it to a gay ladie.

“ I would gie a’ my ha’s and towers,  
I had this bird within my bowers.” 100

**“Keep well, keep well, your lands and strands,  
Ye hae that bird within your hands.**

"Now, my son, to your bower ye'll go:  
Comfort your ladie, she's full o' woe."

Now when nine months were come and gane, 100  
The lady she brought hame a son.

It was written on his breast-bane,  
Lord Dingwall was his father's name.

He's ta'en his young son in his arms,  
And aye he prais'd his lovely charms. 110

And he has gi'en him kisses three,  
And doubled them ower to his ladie.

**HYNDE ETIN.** (See p. 297.)

From Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 228.

MAY MARG'RET stood in her bouer door,  
Kaiming doun her yellow hair ;  
She spied some nuts growin in the wud,  
And wish'd that she was there.

She has plaited her yellow locks  
A little abune her bree ;  
And she has kilted her petticoats  
A little below her knee ;  
And she's aff to Mulberry wud,  
As fast as she could gae.

5

10

She had na pu'd a nut, a nut,  
A nut but barely ane,  
Till up started the Hynde Etin,  
Says, " Lady ! let thae alane."

" Mulberry wuds are a' my ain ;  
My father gied them me,  
To sport and play when I thought lang ;  
And they sall na be tane by thee."

15

And ae she pu'd the tither berrie,  
Na thinking o' the skaith ; 20  
And said, " To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,  
I wad be unco laith."

But he has tane her by the yellow locks,  
And tied her till a tree,  
And said, " For slichting my commands, 25  
An ill death shall ye dree."

He pu'd a tree out o' the wud,  
The biggest that was there ;  
And he howkit a cave monie fathoms deep,  
And put May Marg'ret there. 30

" Now rest ye there, ye saucie may ;  
My wuds are free for thee ;  
And gif I tak ye to mysell,  
The better ye' ll like me."

Na rest, na rest May Marg'ret took, 35  
Sleep she got never nane ;  
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,  
Her head upon a stane.

" O tak me out," May Marg'ret cried,  
O tak me hame to thee ; 40  
And I sall be your bounden page  
Until the day I dee."

He took her out o' the dungeon deep,  
And awa wi' him she's gane ;  
But sad was the day an earl's dochter 45  
Gaed hame wi' Hynde Etin.

\* \* \* \*

It fell out ance upon a day,  
 Hynde Etin's to the hunting gane;  
 And he has tane wi' him his eldest son,  
 For to carry his game.

50

"O I wad ask you something, father,  
 An ye wadna angry be;"—  
 "Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,  
 Ask onie thing at me."

"My mother's cheeks are aft times weet,  
 Alas! they are seldom dry;"—  
 "Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
 Tho' she should brast and die.

55

"For your mother was an earl's dochter,  
 Of noble birth and fame;  
 And now she's wife o' Hynde Etin,  
 Wha ne'er got christendame.

60

"But we'll shoot the laverock in the lift,  
 The buntlin on the tree;  
 And ye'll tak them hame to your mother,  
 And see if she'll comforted be."

65

\* \* \* \*

"I wad ask ye something, mother,  
 An' ye wadna angry be;"—  
 "Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,  
 Ask onie thing at me."

70

"Your cheeks they are aft times weet,  
Alas! they're seldom dry;"—

"Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
Tho' I should brast and die.

"For I was ance an earl's dochter,  
Of noble birth and fame;  
And now I am the wife of Hynde Etin,  
Wha ne'er got christendame."

## SIR OLUF AND THE ELF-KING'S DAUGHTER. (See p. 310.)

This is a translation by Jamieson, (*Popular Ballads and Songs*, i. 219,) of the *Elveskud*,<sup>1</sup> in the Danish *Kjæmpe Viser*. Lewis has given a version of the same in the *Tales of Wonder*, (No. 10.) The corresponding Swedish ballad, *The Elf-Woman and Sir Olof*,<sup>2</sup> is translated by Keightley, *Fairy Mythology*, p. 84.

Other ballads of a similar description are *Elfer Hill*, (from the Danish, Jamieson, i. 225; from the Swedish, Keightley, 86; through the German, *Tales of Wonder*, No. 6:) *Sir Olof in the Elve-Dance*, (Keightley, 82; *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*, by William and Mary Howitt, i. 269:) *The Merman and Marstig's Daughter*, (from the Danish, Jamieson, i. 210; *Tales of Wonder*, No. 11:) the Breton tale of *Lord Nann and the Korrigan*, (Keightley, 433:) *Sir Peter of Stauffenbergh and the Mermaid*, (from the German, Jamieson, *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, 257,) and the well-known *Fischer* of Goethe.

The best account of the superstitions pertaining to Elves and Mermaids is given in Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, ii. 63, 76.

<sup>1</sup> *Udvalgte Danske Viser*, Abrahamson, Nyerup, and Rahbek, Copenhagen, 1812, i. 237.

<sup>2</sup> *Svenska Folk-Visor*, Geijer and Afzelius, Stockholm, 1816, iii. 165.



SIR OLUF the hend has ridden sae wide,  
All unto his bridal feast to bid.

And lightly the elves, sae feat and free,  
They dance all under the greenwood tree !

And there danced four, and there danced five ;      5  
The Elf-King's daughter she reekit bilive.

Her hand to Sir Oluf sae fair and free :  
" O welcome, Sir Oluf, come dance wi' me !

" O welcome, Sir Oluf ! now lat thy love gae,  
And tread wi' me in the dance sae gay."      10

" To dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may ;  
The morn it is my bridal day."

" O come, Sir Oluf, and dance wi' me ;  
Twa buckskin boots I'll give to thee ;

" Twa buckskin boots, that sit sae fair,  
Wi' gilded spurs sae rich and rare.      15

" And hear ye, Sir Oluf ! come dance wi' me ;  
And a silken sark I'll give to thee ;

" A silken sark sae white and fine,  
That my mother bleached in the moonshine."      20

" I darena, I maunna come dance wi' thee ;  
For the morn my bridal day maun be."

" O hear ye, Sir Oluf ! come dance wi' me,  
And a helmet o' goud I'll give to thee."

" A helmet o' goud I well may ha'e ; 25  
But dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may."

" And winna thou dance, Sir Oluf, wi' me ?  
Then sickness and pain shall follow thee !"

She's smitten Sir Oluf—it strak to his heart ;  
He never before had kent sic a smart ; 30

Then lifted him up on his ambler red ;  
" And now, Sir Oluf, ride hame to thy bride."

And whan he came till the castell yett,  
His mither she stood and leant thereat.

" O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my ain dear son, 35  
Whareto is your lire sae blae and wan ?"

" O well may my lire be wan and blae,  
For I ha'e been in the elf-womens' play."

" O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my son, my pride,  
And what shall I say to thy young bride ?" 40

" Ye'll say, that I've ridden but into the wood,  
To prieve gin my horse and hounds are good."

Ear on the morn, whan night was gane,  
The bride she cam wi' the bridal train.

They skinked the mead, and they skinked the wi  
" O whare is Sir Oluf, bridegroom mine ? "

" Sir Oluf has ridden but into the wood,  
To prieve gin his horse and hounds are good."

And she took up the scarlet red,  
And there lay Sir Oluf, and he was dead !

Ear on the morn, whan it was day,  
Three likes were ta'en frae the castle away ;

Sir Oluf the leal, and his bride sae fair,  
And his mither, that died wi' sorrow and care.

And lightly the elves sae feat and free,  
They dance all under the greenwood tree !

## FRAGMENT OF THE DÆMON LOVER.

(See p. 319.)

(Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 92.)

"I HAVE seven ships upon the sea,  
Laden with the finest gold,  
And mariners to wait us upon ; —  
All these you may behold.

"And I have shoes for my love's feet, 5  
Beaten of the purest gold,  
And lined wi' the velvet soft,  
To keep my love's feet from the cold.

"O how do you love the ship," he said,  
"Or how do you love the sea ? 10  
And how do you love the bold mariners  
That wait upon thee and me ? "

"O I do love the ship," she said,  
"And I do love the sea ;  
But woe be to the dim mariners, 15  
That nowhere I can see."

They had not sailed a mile awa',  
Never a mile but one,  
When she began to weep and mourn,  
And to think on her little wee son. 20

“O hold your tongue, my dear,” he said,  
 “And let all your weeping abee,  
 For I’ll soon show to you how the lilies grow  
 On the banks of Italy.”

They had not sailed a mile awa',  
Never a mile but two,  
Until she espied his cloven foot,  
From his gay robes sticking thro'.

They had not sailed a mile awa',  
Never a mile but three,  
When dark, dark, grew his eerie looks,  
And raging grew the sea.

They had not sailed a mile awa',  
Never a mile but four,  
When the little wee ship ran round about, 35  
And never was seen more !

CONSTANTINE AND ARETE. See p. 335.

WE are indebted for the following recension of *Constantine and Areté* to Mr. Sophocles of Harvard College. It is constructed from Fauriel's text, combined with a copy in Zambelios's *Ἀισματα Δημοτικά*, and with a version taken down from the recitation of a Cretan woman. The translation is by the skilful hand of Professor Felton.

Μάννα μὲ τοὺς ἐννιά σου υἱοὺς καὶ μὲ τὴ μιά σου κόρη,  
 Τὴν κόρη τὴ μονάκριβη τὴν πολυαγαπημένη,  
 Τὴν εἶχες δώδεκα χρονῶν κ' ἥλιος δὲν σοῦ τὴν εἶδε,  
 'Σ τὰ σκοτεινὰ τὴν ἤλουγες, 'ς τ' ἄφεγγα τὴν ἐπλέκες,  
 'Σ τ' ἄστρο καὶ 'ς τὸν αὐγερινὸ τσ' ἔφκειανες τὰ σγουρα  
 της. 5

Ἡ γειτονιά δὲν ἤξερε πῶς εἶχες θυγατέρα,  
 Καὶ προξενιά σου φέρανε ἀπὸ τὴ Βαβυλῶνη.  
 Οἱ ὀκτῶ ἀδερφοὶ δὲν θέλουνε, καὶ ὁ Κωσταντῖνος θέλει.

“ Δὸς τὴνε, μάννα, δὸς τὴνε τὴν Ἀρετὴ 'ς τὰ ξένα,  
 Νὰ 'χω κ' ἐγὼ παρηγοριά 'ς τὴ στράτα ποῦ διαβαίνω.” 10

“ Φρένιμος εἶσαι, Κωσταντῆ, μ' ἄσχημ' ἀπιλογήθης.  
 \* Ἀν τύχη πίκρα γῆ χαρὰ, ποιοὺς θὰ μοῦ τὴνε φέρῃ ; ”

Τὸ θεὸ τῆς βάνει ἐγγυτὴ καὶ τοὺς ἀγίους μαρτύρους,  
 \* Ἀν τύχη πίκρα γῆ χαρὰ νὰ πάῃ νὰ τῆς τὴν φέρῃ .

Καὶ σάν τὴν ἐπαντρέψανε τὴν Ἀρετὴν ὅς τὰ ξένα, 17  
Ἔρχεται χρόνος δίσσεφτος καὶ οἱ ἐννιά πεθάναν.

Ἔμεινε ἡ μάννα μοναχὴ σάν καλαμιὰ ὅς τὸν κάμπο.  
Ὅς τὰ ὀχτὼ μνήματα δέρνεται, ὅς τὰ ὀχτὼ μυρολογαίει,  
Ὅς τοῦ Κωσταντίνου τὸ θαφτιὸ ἀνέσπα τὰ μαλλιά της.

“Σήκου, Κωσταντινάκη μου, τὴν Ἀρετὴν μου θέλω. 20  
Τὸ θεὸ μου ἔβαλες ἐγγυτὴ καὶ τοὺς ἀγίους μαρτύρους,  
Ἄν τύχη πίκρα γῆ χαρὰ νὰ πᾶς νὰ μοῦ τὴν φέρῃς.”

Καὶ μέσα ὅς τὰ μεσάνυχτα ἀπ’ τὸ κιβούρι βγαίνει.  
Κάνει τὸ σύγνεφο ἄλογο, καὶ τ’ ἄστρο σαλιβάρει,  
Καὶ τὸ φεγγάρι συντροφιά καὶ πάει νὰ τὴν φέρῃ. 25  
Βρίσκει τὴν καὶ χτενίζονται ὄξου ὅς τὸ φεγγαράκι.  
Ἀπομακριὰ τὴν χαιρετάει καὶ ἀπομακριὰ τῆς λέγει.

“Γιὰ ἔλα, Ἀρετούλα μου, κυράνα μας σὲ θέλει.”  
“Ἀλίμονο, ἀδερφάκι μου, καὶ τί ν’ ἐστὶν ὅρα!  
Ἄν ᾤν χαρὰ ὅς τὸ σπίτι μας, νὰ βάλω τὰ χρυσὰ μου, 30  
Καὶ ἂν πίκρα, ἀδερφάκι μου, νὰ ῥθω ὡς καθὼς εἶμαι.”

“Μηδὲ πίκρα μηδὲ χαρὰ ἔλα ὡς καθὼς εἶσαι.”  
Ὅς τὴ στράτα ποῦ διαβαίνουν, ὅς τὴ στράτα ποῦ παγαίνουν,  
Ἀκοῦν πουλιὰ καὶ κιλαδοῦν, ἀκοῦν πουλιὰ καὶ λένε.

“Γιὰ δὲς κοπέλα ὁμορφὴ νὰ σέρνῃ ἀπεθαμένος!” 35  
“Ἀκουσες, Κωσταντάκη μου, τί λένε τὰ πουλάκια;”

“Πουλάκια ν’ ἐκὶ καὶ ἄς κιλαδοῦν, πουλάκια ν’ ἐκὶ καὶ ἄς  
λένε.”

Καὶ παρακεῖ ποῦ πάγαιναν καὶ ἄλλα πουλιὰ τοὺς λέγαν.

“Τί βλέπουμε τὰ θλιβερὰ τὰ παραπονεμένα;  
Νὰ περπατοῦν οἱ ζωντανοὶ μὲ τοὺς ἀπεθαμένους;” 40

“Ἀκουσες, Κωσταντάκη μου, τί λένε τὰ πουλάκια;”  
“Πουλάκια ν’ ἐκὶ καὶ ἄς κιλαδοῦν, πουλάκια ν’ ἐκὶ καὶ ἄς λένε.”

“Φοβοῦμαι σ’ ἀδερφάκι μου, καὶ λιβανιὲς μυρίζεις.”  
“Ἐχτὲς βραδὺς ἐπήγαμε κάτω ὅς τὸν Ἀϊγιάνην,  
Κ’ ἐθύμασέ μας ὁ παπᾶς μὲ τὸ πολὺ λιβάνι.” 45

Καὶ παρεμπρὸς ποῦ πήγανε, καὶ ἄλλα πουλιὰ τοὺς λένε.  
“Ὡ θεὸ μεγαλοδύναμε, μεγάλο θάμα κάνεις!

Τέτοια πανώρη λυγερὴ νὰ σέρνῃ ἀπεθαμένος!”

Τ’ ἀκουσε πάλε ἡ Ἀρετὴ κ’ ἐρράγισ’ ἡ καρδιά της.

“\*Ακουσες, Κωσταντάκη μου, τί λένε τὰ πουλάκια ; 50  
Πές μου ποῦ ’ν’ τὰ μαλλάκια σου, τὸ πηγουρὸ μουστάκι ;”

“Μεγάλη ἀρρώστια μ’ εὔρηκε, μ’ ἔρρηξε τοῦ θανάτου.”  
Βρίσκουν τὸ σπίτι κλειδωτὸ κλειδομανταλωμένο,  
Καὶ τὰ σπιτοπαράθυρα ποῦ ’ταν ἀραχνιασμένα ·

“\*Ἀνοιξε, μάννα μ’, ἀνοιξε, καὶ νὰ τὴν Ἀρετὴ σου.” 55  
“\*Ἄν ἦσαι Χάρος, διάβαινε, καὶ ἄλλα παιδιὰ δέν ἔχω ·  
’Ἡ δόλχη Ἀρετούλα μου λείπει μακριὰ ’ς τὰ ξένα.”

“\*Ἀνοιξε, μάννα μ’, ἀνοιξε, κ’ ἐγώ’ μαι ὁ Κωσταντῆς  
σου.

Τὸ θιὸ σοῦ ’βάλα ἐγγυτὴ καὶ τοὺς ἀγιοὺς μαρτύρους,  
\*Ἄν τύχη πίκρα γῇ χαρὰ νὰ πάω νὰ σοῦ τὴν φέρω.” 60  
Καὶ ὥστε νὰ ’βγῇ ’ς τὴν πόρτα της, ἐβγήκε ἡ ψυχὴ  
της.



## CONSTANTINE AND ARETE.

O MOTHER, thou with thy nine sons, and with one  
only daughter,  
Thine only daughter, well beloved, the dearest of thy  
children,  
For twelve years thou didst keep the maid, the sun  
did not behold her,  
Whom in the darkness thou didst bathe, in secret braid  
her tresses,  
And by the starlight and the dawn, didst wind her  
curling ringlets,  
Nor knew the neighborhood that thou didst have so  
fair a daughter,—  
When came to thee from Babylon a woer's soft  
entreaty:  
Eight of the brothers yielded not, but Constantine  
consented.

“O mother give thine Arete, bestow her on the  
stranger,  
That I may have her solace dear when far away I  
wander.”

“Though thou art wise, my Constantine, thou hast  
unwisely spoken:  
Be woe my lot or be it joy, who will restore my  
daughter?”

He calls to witness God above, he calls the holy  
martyrs,  
Be woe her lot, or be it joy, he would restore her  
daughter:  
And when they wedded Arete, in that far distant  
country,  
Then comes the year of sorrowing, and all the nine  
did perish.  
All lonely was the mother left, like a reed alone in  
the meadow;  
O'er the eight graves she beats her breast, o'er eight is  
heard her wailing,  
And at the tomb of Constantine, she rends her hair  
in anguish.

“Arise, my Constantine, arise, for Arete I languish:  
On God to witness thou didst call, didst call the holy  
martyrs,  
Be woe my lot or be it joy, thou wouldst restore my  
daughter.”

And forth at midnight hour he fares, the silent tomb  
deserting,  
He makes the cloud his flying steed, he makes the star  
his bridle,  
And by the silver moon convoyed, to bring her home  
he journeys:  
And finds her combing down her locks, abroad by  
silvery moonlight,  
And greets the maiden from afar, and from afar  
bespeaks her.

“Arise, my Aretula dear, for thee our mother  
longeth.”

“Alas! my brother, what is this? what wouldst at  
such an hour?

If joy betide our distant home, I wear my golden  
raiment,

If woe betide, dear brother mine, I go as now I'm  
standing."

"Think not of joy, think not of woe—return as here  
thou standest."

And while they journey on the way, all on the way  
returning,

They hear the Birds, and what they sing, and what the  
Birds are saying.

"Ho! see the maiden all so fair, a Ghost it is that  
bears her."

"Didst hear the Birds, my Constantine, didst list to  
what they're saying?"

"Yes: they are Birds, and let them sing, they're  
Birds, and let them chatter:"

And yonder, as they journey on, still other Birds  
salute them.

"What do we see, unhappy ones, ah! woe is fallen  
on us;—

Lo! there the living sweep along, and with the dead  
they travel."

"Didst hear, my brother Constantine, what yonder  
Birds are saying?"

"Yes! Birds are they, and let them sing, they're Birds,  
and let them chatter."

"I fear for thee, my Brother dear, for thou dost  
breathe of incense."

"Last evening late we visited the church of Saint  
Johannes,

And there the priest perfumed me o'er with clouds of  
fragrant incense."

And onward as they hold their way, still other Birds  
bespeak them:

"O God, how wondrous is thy power, what miracles  
thou workest!

A maid so gracious and so fair, a Ghost it is that  
bears her : "

'Twas heard again by Arete, and now her heart  
was breaking ;

"Didst hearken, brother Constantine, to what the Birds  
are saying ?

Say where are now thy waving locks, thy strong thick  
beard, where is it ? "

"A sickness sore has me befallen, and brought me  
near to dying."

They find the house all locked and barred, they find  
it barred and bolted,

And all the windows of the house with cobwebs  
covered over.

"Unlock, O mother mine, unlock, thine Arete thou  
seest."

"If thou art Charon, get thee gone—I have no other  
children :

My hapless Arete afar, in stranger lands is dwell-  
ing."

"Unlock, O mother mine, unlock, thy Constantine  
entreats thee.

I called to witness God above, I called the holy  
martyrs,

Were woe thy lot, or were it joy, I would restore thy  
daughter."

And when unto the door she came, her soul from  
her departed.

## FRAGMENT OF CHILD ROWLAND AND BURD ELLEN.

It is not impossible that this ballad should be the one quoted by Edgar in *King Lear*, (Act iii. sc. 4 :)

“ Child Rowland to the dark tower came.”

We have extracted the fragment given by Jamieson, with the breaks in the story filled out, from *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, p. 397 ; and we have added his translation of the Danish ballad of *Rosmer Hafmand*, which exhibits a striking similarity to *Child Rowland*, from *Popular Ballads and Songs*, ii. 202.

\* \* \* \* \*

[“ KING Arthur’s sons o’ merry Carlisle]  
Were playing at the ba’ ;  
And there was their sister Burd Ellen,  
I’ the mids amang them a’.

“ Child Rowland kick’d it wi’ his foot,  
And keppit it wi’ his knee ;  
And ay, as he play’d out o’er them a’,  
O’er the kirk he gar’d it flee.

"Burd Ellen round about the isle  
 To seek the ba' is gane ; 10  
 But they bade lang and ay langer,  
 And she camena back again.

"They sought her east, they sought her west,  
 They sought her up and down ;  
 And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle,] 15  
 For she was nae gait found ! "

At last her eldest brother went to the Warluck Merlin, (*Myrddin Wyldt*,) and asked if he knew where his sister, the fair Burd Ellen, was. "The fair Burd Ellen," said the Warluck Merlin, "is carried away by the fairies, and is now in the castle of the king of Elfland ; and it were too bold an undertaking for the stoutest knight in Christendom to bring her back." "Is it possible to bring her back ?" said her brother, "and I will do it, or perish in the attempt." "Possible indeed it is," said the Warluck Merlin ; "but woe to the man or mother's son who attempts it, if he is not well instructed beforehand of what he is to do."

Influenced no less by the glory of such an enterprise, than by the desire of rescuing his sister, the brother of the fair Burd Ellen resolved to undertake the adventure ; and after proper instructions from Merlin, (which he failed in observing,) he set out on his perilous expedition.

"But they bade lang and ay langer,  
 Wi' dout and mickle maen ;  
 And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle,]  
 For he camena back again." 20

The second brother in like manner set out; but failed in observing the instructions of the Warluck Merlin; and

“They bade lang and ay langer,  
 Wi’ mickle dout and maen;  
 And wae were the hearts [in merry Carlisle,]  
 For he camena back again.”

Child Rowland, the youngest brother of the fair Burd Ellen, then resolved to go; but was strenuously opposed by the good queen, [Gwenevra,] who was afraid of losing all her children.

At last the good queen [Gwenevra] gave him her consent and her blessing; he girt on (in great form, and with all due solemnity of sacerdotal consecration,) his father’s good *claymore*, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and repaired to the cave of the Warluck Merlin. The Warluck Merlin gave him all necessary instructions for his journey and conduct, the most important of which were, that he should kill every person he met with after entering the land of Fairy, and should neither eat nor drink of what was offered him in that country, whatever his hunger or thirst might be; for if he tasted or touched in Elfland, he must remain in the power of the Elves, and never see *middle eard* again.

So Child Rowland set out on his journey, and travelled “on and ay farther on,” till he came to where (as he had been forewarned by the Warluck Merlin,) he found the king of Elfland’s horse-herd feeding his horses.

“Canst thou tell me,” said Child Rowland to the

horse-herd, "where the king of Elfland's castle is?"—"I cannot tell thee," said the horse-herd; "but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the cow-herd, and he, perhaps, may tell thee." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the horse-herd. Child Rowland then went on a little farther, till he came to the king of Elfland's cow-herd, who was feeding his cows. "Canst thou tell me," said Child Rowland to the cow-herd, "where the king of Elfland's castle is?"—"I cannot tell thee," said the cow-herd; "but go on a little farther, and thou wilt come to the sheep-herd, and he perhaps may tell thee." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the cow-herd. He then went on a little farther, till he came to the sheep-herd. \* \* \* \* [The sheep-herd, goat-herd, and swine-herd are all, each in his turn, served in the same manner; and lastly he is referred to the hen-wife.]

"Go on yet a little farther," said the hen-wife, till thou come to a round green hill surrounded with rings (*terraces*) from the bottom to the top; go round it three times *widershins*, and every time say, "Open, door! open, door! and let me come in; and the third time the door will open, and you may go in." So Child Rowland drew the good claymore, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain, and hewed off the head of the hen-wife. Then went he three times *widershins* round the green hill, crying, "Open, door! open, door! and let me come in;" and the third time the door opened, and he went in.

It immediately closed behind him; and he proceeded through a long passage, where the air was soft and



agreeably warm like a May evening, as is all the air of Elfland. The light was a sort of twilight or gloaming; but there were neither windows nor candles, and he knew not whence it came, if it was not from the walls and roof, which were rough, and arched like a grotto, and composed of a clear transparent rock, incrustured with *sheeps-silver* and spar, and various bright stones. At last he came to two wide and lofty folding-doors, which stood a-jar. He opened them, and entered a large and spacious hall, whose richness and brilliance no tongue can tell. It seemed to extend the whole length and height of the hill. The superb Gothic pillars by which the roof was supported, were so large and so lofty, (said my seannachy,) that the pillars of the Chanry Kirk,\* or of Pluscardin Abbey, are no more to be compared to them, than the Knock of Alves is to be compared to Balrinnies or Ben-a-chi. They were of gold and silver, and were fretted like the west window of the Chanry Kirk, with wreaths of flowers composed of diamonds and precious stones of all manner of beautiful colors. The key-stones of the arches above, instead of coats of arms and other devices, were ornamented with clusters of diamonds in the same manner. And from the middle of the roof, where the principal arches met, was hung by a gold chain, an immense lamp of one hollowed pearl, perfectly transparent, in the midst of which was suspended a large carbuncle, that by the power of magic continually turned round, and shed over all the hall a clear and mild light like the setting sun; but the hall was so large, and these dazzling objects so far removed,

\* The cathedral of Elgin naturally enough furnished similes to a man who had never in his life been twenty miles distant from it.

that their blended radiance cast no more than a pleasing lustre, and excited no more than agreeable sensations in the eyes of Child Rowland.

The furniture of the hall was suitable to its architecture ; and at the farther end, under a splendid canopy, seated on a gorgeous sofa of velvet, silk, and gold, and “keming her yellow hair wi’ a silver kemb,”

“ There was his sister burd Ellen ; 25  
She stood up him before.”

Says,

“ ‘ God rue on thee, poor luckless fode !  
What has thou to do here ?

“ ‘ And hear ye this, my youngest brither,  
Why badena ye at hame ? 30  
Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,  
Ye canna brook ane o’ them.

“ And sit thou down ; and wae, O wae  
That ever thou was born ;  
For come the King o’ Elfland in, 35  
Thy leccam is forlorn ! ’ ”

A long conversation then takes place ; Child Rowland tells her the news [of merry Carlisle,] and of his own expedition ; and concludes with the observation, that, after this long and fatiguing journey to the castle of the king of Elfland, he is *very hungry*.

Burd Ellen looked wistfully and mournfully at him, and shook her head, but said nothing. Acting under the influence of a magic which she could not resist, she arose, and brought him a golden bowl full of bread and milk, which she presented to him with the same timid, tender, and anxious expression of solicitude.

•

Remembering the instructions of the Warluck Merlin, "Burd Ellen," said Child Rowland, "I will neither taste nor touch till I have set thee free!" Immediately the folding-doors burst open with tremendous violence, and in came the king of Elfland,

"With '*fi, fi, fo, and fum!*  
 I smell the blood of a Christian man!  
 Be he dead, be he living, wi' my brand  
 I'll clash his harns frae his harn-pan!'" 40

"Strike, then, Bogle of Hell, if thou darest!" exclaimed the undaunted Child Rowland, starting up, and drawing the good claymore, [Excalibar,] that never struck in vain.

A furious combat ensued, and the king of Elfland was felled to the ground; but Child Rowland spared him on condition that he should restore to him his two brothers, who lay in a trance in a corner of the hall, and his sister, the fair burd Ellen. The king of Elfland then produced a small crystal phial, containing a bright red liquor, with which he anointed the lips, nostrils, eye-lids, ears, and finger-ends of the two young men, who immediately awoke as from a profound sleep, during which their souls had quitted their bodies, and they had seen, &c., &c., &c. So they all four returned in triumph to [merry Carlisle.]

Such was the rude outline of the romance of Child Rowland, as it was told to me when I was about seven or eight years old, by a country tailor then at work in my father's house. He was an ignorant and dull good sort of honest man, who seemed never to have questioned the truth of what he related. Where the *et*

*cæteras* are put down, many curious particulars have been omitted, because I was afraid of being deceived by my memory, and substituting one thing for another. It is right also to admonish the reader, that the Warluck Merlin, Child Rowland, and Burd Ellen, were the only *names* introduced in *his* recitation ; and that the others, inclosed within brackets, are assumed upon the authority of the locality given to the story by the mention of *Merlin*. In every other respect I have been as faithful as possible.

**ROSMER HAFMAND,**

**OR,**

## THE MER-MAN ROSMER.

(*Danske Viser*, i. 218.)

THERE dwalls a lady in Danmarck,  
Lady Hillers lyle men her ca';  
And she's gar'd bigg a new castell,  
That shines o'er Danmarck a'.

Her dochter was stown awa frae her ;  
 She sought for her wide-whare ;  
 But the mair she sought, and the less she fand,—  
 That wirks her sorrow and care.

And she's gar'd bigg a new ship,  
Wi' vanes o' flaming goud,  
Wi' mony a knight and mariner,  
Sae stark in need bestow'd.

She's followed her sons down to the strand,  
That chaste and noble fire ;  
And wull and waif for eight lang years  
They sail'd upon the sea.

And eight years wull and waif they sail'd,  
 O' months that seem'd sae lang;  
 Syne they sail'd afore a high castell,  
 And to the land can gang. 20

And the young lady Svanè lyle,  
 In the bower that was the best,  
 Says, "Wharfrae can thir frem swains,  
 Wi' us this night to guest?"

Then up and spak her youngest brither, 25  
 Sae wisely ay spak he;  
 "We are a widow's three poor sons,  
 Lang wilder'd on the sea.

"In Danmarck were we born and bred,  
 Lady Hillers lyle was our mither; 30  
 Our sister frae us was stown awa,  
 We findna whare or whither."

"In Danmarck were ye born and bred?  
 Was Lady Hillers your mither?  
 I can nae langer heal frae thee, 35  
 Thou art my youngest brither.

"And hear ye this, my youngest brither:  
 Why bade na ye at hame?  
 Had ye a hunder and thousand lives,  
 Ye canna brook ane o' them." 40

She's set him in the weiest nook  
 She in the house can meet;  
 She's bidden him for the high God's sake  
 Nouthur to laugh ne greet.

- Rosmer hame frae Zealand came, 45  
And he took on to bann :  
“ I smell fu’ weel, by my right hand,  
That here is a Christian man.”
- “ There flew a bird out o’er the house,  
Wi’ a man’s bane in his mouth ; 50  
He coost it in, and I cast it out,  
As fast as e’er I couth.”
- But wilyly she can Rosmer win ;  
And clapping him tenderly,  
“ It’s here is come my sister-son ; — 55  
Gin I lose him, I’ll die.
- “ It’s here is come, my sister-son,  
Frae baith our fathers’ land ;  
And I ha’e pledged him faith and troth,  
That ye will not him bann.” 60
- “ And is he come, thy sister-son,  
Frae thy father’s land to thee ?  
Then I will swear my highest aith,  
He’s dree nae skaith frae me.”
- ’Twas then the high king Rosmer, 65  
He ca’d on youngers twae :  
“ Ye bid proud Svanè lyle’s sister-son  
To the chalmer afore me gae.”
- It was Svanè lyle’s sister-son,  
Whan afore Rosmer he wan, 70  
His heart it quook, and his body shook,  
Sae fley’d, he scarce dow stand.

Sae Rosmer took her sister-son,  
Set him upon his knee ;  
He clappit him sae luifsomely, 75  
He turned baith blue and blae.

And up and spak she, Svanè lyle ;  
“ Sir Rosmer, ye’re nae to learn  
That your ten fingers arena sma,  
To clap sae little a bairn.” 80

There was he till, the fifthen year,  
He green’d for hame and land :  
“ Help me now, sister Svanè lyle,  
To be set on the white sand.”

It was proud Lady Svanè lyle, 85  
Afore Rosmer can stand :  
“ This younker sae lang in the sea has been,  
He greens for hame and land.”

“ Gin the younker sae lang in the sea has been,  
And greens for hame and land, 90  
Then I’ll gie him a kist wi’ goud,  
Sae fitting till his hand.”

“ And will ye gi’e him a kist wi’ goud,  
Sae fitting till his hand ?  
Then hear ye, my noble heartis dear, 95  
Ye bear them baith to land.”

Then wrought proud Lady Svanè lyle  
What Rosmer little wist ;  
For she’s tane out the goud sae red,  
And laid hersel i’ the kist. 100



He's ta'en the man upon his back ;  
The kist in his mouth took he ;  
And he gas gane the lang way up  
Frae the bottom o' the sea.

" Now I ha'e borne thee to the land ; 105  
Thou seest baith sun and moon ;  
Namena Lady Svanè for thy highest God,  
I beg thee as a boon."

Rosmer sprang i' the saut sea out,  
And jawp'd it up i' the sky ; 110  
But whan he cam till the castell in,  
Nae Svanè lyle could he spy.

Whan he came till the castell in,  
His dearest awa was gane ;  
Like wood he sprang the castell about, 115  
On the rock o' the black flintstane.

Glad they were in proud Hillers lyle's house,  
Wi' welcome joy and glee ;  
Hame to their friends her bairns were come,  
That had lang been in the sea. 120

## A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

FROM *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, iii. 135.  
In Brand's *Antiquities*, (by Ellis,) ed. 1849, ii. 275, is another copy, exhibiting a few trifling variations.

“ This is a sort of charm sung by the lower ranks of Roman Catholics in some parts of the North of England, while watching a dead body, previous to interment. The tune is doleful and monotonous, and, joined to the mysterious import of the words, has a solemn effect. The word *sleet*,\* in the chorus, seems to be corrupted from *selt*, or salt ; a quantity of which, in compliance with a popular superstition, is frequently placed on the breast of a corpse.

“ The late Mr. Ritson found an illustration of this dirge in a MS. of the Cotton Library, containing an account of Cleveland, in Yorkshire, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was kindly communicated to the Editor by Mr. Frank, Mr. Ritson's executor, and runs thus — ‘ When any dieth, certaine women sing a song to the dead bodie, recyting the journey that the par-

\* Ellis gives *fleet*, interpreting it *water*, but *fleet* means only a large body of water.—ED.

tye deceased must goe ; and they are of beliefe (such is their fondnesse) that once in their lives, it is good to give a pair of new shoes to a poor man, for as much as, after this life, they are to pass barefoote through a great launde, full of thornes and furzen, except by the meryte of the almes aforesaid they have redemed the forfeyte ; for, at the edge of the launde, an ould man shall meet them with the same shoes that were given by the partie when he was lyving ; and, after he hath shodde them, dismisseth them to go through thick and thin, without scratch or scalle.”—*Julius*, F. VI. 459.

“ The mythologic ideas of the dirge are common to various creeds. The Mahometan believes, that, in advancing to the final judgment-seat, he must traverse a bar of red-hot iron, stretched across a bottomless gulf. The good works of each true believer, assuming a substantial form, will then interpose betwixt his feet and this *Bridge of Dread* ; but the wicked, having no such protection, must fall headlong into the abyss.—D’HERBELOT, *Bibliothèque Orientale*.

“ Passages, similar to this dirge, are also to be found in *Lady Culross’s Dream*, as quoted in the second Dissertation prefixed by Mr. Pinkerton to his *Select Scottish Ballads*, 2 vols. The dreamer journeys towards heaven, accompanied and assisted by a celestial guide :—

“ Through dreadful dens which made my heart aghast,  
He bare me up when I began to tire.  
Sometimes we clamb o’er craggy mountains high,  
And sometimes stay’d on ugly braes of sand ;  
They were so stay that wonder was to see :  
But, when I fear’d, he held me by the hand.  
Through great deserts we wandered on our way.

Forward we passed on narrow bidge of tree,  
O'er waters great, which hideously did roar."

" Again, she supposes herself suspended over an infernal gulf:—

" Ere I was ware, one gripped me at last,  
And held me high above a flaming fire.  
The fire was great; the heat did pierce me sore;  
My faith grew weak; my grip was very small;  
I trembled fast; my fear grew more and more."

" But the most minute description of the *Brig o' Dread* occurs in the legend of *Sir Owain*, No. XL. in the MS. Collection of Romances, W. 4. 1, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh."—SCOTT.

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,  
*Every night and alle,*  
Fire, and sleete, and candle lighte,  
*And Christe receive thye saule.*

When thou from hence away are paste,  
*Every night and alle,*  
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste,  
*And Christe receive thye saule.*

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,  
*Every night and alle,*  
Sit thee down and put them on,  
*And Christe receive thye saule.*

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,  
*Every night and alle,*  
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,  
*And Christe receive thye saule.*

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,  
    *Every night and alle,*  
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at laste,  
    *And Christe receive thye saule.*

20

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,  
    *Every night and alle,*  
To purgatory fire thou comest at laste,  
    *And Christe receive thye saule.*

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,  
    *Every night and alle,*  
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,  
    *And Christe receive thye saule.*

25


If meate or drinke thou never gavest nane,  
    *Every night and alle,*  
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane,  
    *And Christe receive thye saule.*

30

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,  
    *Every night and alle,*  
Fire, and sleete, and candle lighte,  
    *And Christe receive thye saule.*

35

## GLOSSARY.

 Figures placed after words denote the pages in which they occur.

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- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>a, <i>one</i>.<br/> a', <i>all</i>.<br/> abee, <i>be</i>.<br/> aboon, abune, <i>above</i>.<br/> aby, <i>pay for</i>.<br/> ae, <i>only, sole</i>.<br/> ahin, <i>behind</i>.<br/> airn, <i>iron</i>.<br/> algate, <i>always</i>.<br/> all and some, <i>each and all</i>.<br/> allyans, <i>aliens</i>.<br/> als, <i>also</i>.<br/> altherebest, <i>best of all</i>.<br/> anes, <i>once</i>.<br/> appone, <i>upon</i>.<br/> araye, <i>order</i>.<br/> arblast, <i>cross-bow</i>.<br/> are, <i>before</i>.<br/> arighte, <i>laid hold of</i>.<br/> ask, <i>newt, a kind of lizard</i>.<br/> askryede, <i>described</i>.<br/> asurd, <i>azured, blue</i>.<br/> atent, <i>intention</i>.<br/> aunenied, <i>avenged</i>.<br/> auntres, <i>adventures</i>.<br/> avanse, <i>profit</i>.</p> | <p>awenn, <i>own</i>.<br/> ayont, <i>beyond</i>.<br/> <br/> bade, <i>abode, staid</i>.<br/> bairnly, <i>child-like</i>.<br/> bald, <i>bold</i>.<br/> bale, <i>blaze, fire</i>.<br/> bale, <i>harne, ruin, sorrow</i>.<br/> ban', <i>bound</i>.<br/> bane, <i>bone</i>.<br/> bankers, 356, <i>coverings for benches</i>.<br/> bann, <i>curse</i>.<br/> bard, 181?<br/> barn, <i>child, wight</i>.<br/> baskefysyke, 29?<br/> bayne, <i>prompt, ready</i>.<br/> beck, <i>stream</i>.<br/> be-deene, 45, <i>forthwith?</i><br/> bedone, 6, <i>bedecked</i>.<br/> begane, <i>decked</i>.<br/> behete, <i>assure</i>.<br/> belde, <i>build</i>.<br/> belde, 174, <i>shelter, refuge</i>.<br/> ben, <i>in</i>.<br/> ben, <i>prompt, ready</i>.</p> |
|--|--|

- bent, *plain, field* (from the coarse grass growing on open lands); bentis, bents, *coarse grass*.  
 beryde, 216, *cried, made a noise*.  
 beryengs, *obsequies*.  
 bestedde, *circumstanced*.  
 bierly, 266, *proper, becoming*.  
 bigg, *build; bigging, building, dwelling*.  
 bilive, *quickly*.  
 Billy Blind, or Billy Blin, a *Brownie, or domestic fairy*.  
 binkes, *benches*.  
 bird, 376, *lady*.  
 birk, *birch*.  
 birled, 329, *poured out drink, or drunk*.  
 blae, *livid*.  
 blee, *color, complexion*.  
 blewe, 217, *sounded a horn*.  
 blin, blyn, blynne, *stop, cease*.  
 bogle, *spectre, goblin*.  
 bone, *boon*.  
 boome, 355. Qy. goome, *man?*  
 bord, *table*.  
 borrow, *stand surety for, ransom, rescue*.  
 bostlye, *boasting*.  
 boun, *boon*.  
 boun, 305, *make ready, go*.  
 bourdes, *jests*.  
 boure, *bower, chamber*.  
 bown, *ready, ready to go*.  
 bowrd, *jest*.  
 brae, *hill-side*.  
 braid, *started*.  
 brast, *burst*.  
 brathe, *fierce*.  
 brayd, *started, turned*.  
 braw, *brave, fine*.  
 bread, *breadth*.  
 breake, [the deere,] 59, *cut up*.  
 bree, *brow*.  
 breme, *fierce*.  
 brening, *burning*.  
 brent, *burnt*.  
 brenyys, 176, *cuirasses*.  
 brether, 33, *brethren*.  
 bright, *bright*.  
 brimes, *waters*.  
 britted, 18, *brittended, cut up, carved*.  
 broom-cow, *bush of broom*.  
 brook, *enjoy, preserve*.  
 brues, *brows*.  
 brunt, *burnt*.  
 bryste, *burst*.  
 bue, 352, 353, *fair?*  
 bugyle, *horn*.  
 buntin, *black bird; al. wood-lark*.  
 burd-alane, *alone*.  
 Burlow-beanie, 359, *name of a fiend*.  
 burn, *brook*.  
 burne, *man, knight*.  
 busk, *dress, make ready*.  
 by and by, *straight way*.  
 bydeene, 11, 177, *continuously, together, in numbers?*  
 bygone, *bedecked*.  
 byleve, *remain*.  
 byrde, 219, *lady*.  
 byteche, *commit*.  
 can, (gan,) *used as an auxili-*

- ary with an infinitive mood, to express the past tense of a verb.*  
 carful, *sorrowful.*  
 carknet, *necklace.*  
 carline, *old woman.*  
 carp, *talk.*  
 cast, *planned.*  
 chalmer, *chamber.*  
 channerin', *fretting*  
 charbocles, *carbuncles.*  
 chase, 164, *hasten?* See *chese.*  
 chere, *countenance.*  
 chese, 172, *hastened?* See *chase.*  
 chese, 225, *choose.*  
 chess, *jess, strap.*  
 chestan, *chesnut.*  
 chewys, *choonest.*  
 chiel, *child, young man.*  
 christendame, *christening.*  
 claes, *clothes.*  
 clapping, *fondling.*  
 clear, clere, *fair, morally pure.*  
 clergye, *learning.*  
 clout, *blow.*  
 cockward, *cuckold.*  
 coft, *bought.*  
 coiffer, 351, *coif, head-dress, cap?*  
 cold, *could, knew; used as an auxiliary with the infinitive to express a past tense; e. g. he cold fling, he flung.*  
 coleyne, Collen, *Cologne steel.*  
 com'nye, 355, *communing, discourse.*  
 compass, *circle.*  
 compenabull, 28, *sociable, admitting to participation.*  
 confusion, *destruction.*  
 conning, *knowledge.*  
 coosten, *cast.*  
 couth, *could, knew, understood.*  
 covent, *convent.*  
 crapoté, 217. Qy. *cramasee, crimson?*  
 cropoure, *crupper.*  
 crowt, 10, *curl up.*  
 Crystiante, *Christendom.*  
 cure, *care.*  
 dag-durk, *dagger, dirk.*  
 damasee, *damson.*  
 dang, *struck.*  
 dair, *harm.*  
 dasse, *dais.*  
 dauntton, *daunt.*  
 dayed, *died.*  
 deas, *dais, platform.*  
 decay, *destruction.*  
 dee, *die.*  
 dee, *do.*  
 deid, *death.*  
 Delamore. "The forest of Delamere is an immense tract of wood and waste in Cheshire, and was formerly well stocked with deer."—*Madden.*  
 dele, dell, *part.*  
 delle, 219, *dally.*  
 dent, *stroke.*  
 dere, deere, *harm.*  
 derne, *secret.*  
 des, dese, *dais, elevated platform.*



- devyse, *direction*.  
 deynteous, *dainty*.  
 dight, 48, *attend to*.  
 dight corn, *winnow*.  
 dight, *placed*.  
 discover, *sever*.  
 distans, 30, *dissension, strife*.  
 dolent, 205, *mournful*.  
 doubt, *dout, fear*.  
 dought, *could, might*; 330,  
     *may, am able*.  
 dow, *could*.  
 dowie, *mournful, doleful*.  
 dowlte, 169, *fearfully?*  
 dree, *suffer*.  
 drest, *arranged*.  
 drumlie, *troubled, gloomy*.  
 dryssynge, *dressing*.  
 dule, *sorrow*.  
 dyght, dygzht, *adorned, dress-*  
     *ed*.  
 ear, *soon, early*.  
 echone, *each one*.  
 eerie, eiry, *fearful, producing*  
     *superstitious dread*.  
 eghne, *eyes*.  
 elde, *eldren, old*.  
 elritch, *elvish*.  
 embliethe, *blithe*.  
 endres-daye, 216, *past-day?*  
     *other day?* See Halliwell's  
     *Dictionary*.  
     "Of my fortune, how it  
     ferde,  
     This *endir* day, as y forth  
     ferde."  
 erlish, *elvish*.  
 esk, *newt*.  
 euyes, 54, *ivies?*  
 everychon, *every one*.  
 faem, *foum*.  
 faine, *desire*.  
 faine, *glad*.  
 fairest, *forest*.  
 falwyd, *turned pale, or yellow*.  
 fand, *found*.  
 fare, *behavior, way, manner:*  
     *in fare, 73, in course*.  
 fare, *go*.  
 farer, *further*.  
 faye, *faith*.  
 fayrse, *fierce*.  
 feald, 68, *truss?*  
 feat, *neat, dexterous*.  
 fee, 218, *animals, deer*.  
 feed, 256, *same as food, fud,*  
     *person, man or woman*.  
 feires, *companions*.  
 fele, *many*.  
 fell, *hill, moor*.  
 felle, *skin*.  
 fende, *fene, fiend*.  
 fend, *defend*.  
 fere, *companion, mate*.  
 fere, *in, in company, together*.  
 ferli, 356, *fairly*.  
 ferlie, *ferly, wonder*.  
 ferlich, *wondrous*.  
 fet, *fette, fetched*.  
 fethill, *fiddle*.  
 fifthen, *fifth*.  
 fil, *fell*.  
 firth, (*frith*), *wood*.  
 flang, *flung*.  
 flatour, 176, *flatten*.  
 Flatting. "Of the Castle of

- Flatting I have found no mention elsewhere. It is, doubtless a corruption."—*Madden.*  
 flaugh, *flew.*  
 flaw, 298, *lie.*  
 fleer, *floor.*  
 fley'd, *frightened.*  
 flone, *arrow.*  
 fode, *creature, child.*  
 fond, *try, make trial.*  
 fonde, 164, *fondle.*  
 forbye, *out of the way.*  
 fordoo, *destroy.*  
 fore, *fared.*  
 forowttyn, *without.*  
 forteynd, *happened.*  
 forther, *further.*  
 forthi, *therefore.*  
 fraine, *question.*  
 frauce, 50, *deceit.*  
 free, 356, *lord.*  
 free, *noble.*  
 frely, *noble, lovely.*  
 freyry, *fraternity.*  
 frem, *strange.*  
 fundynd, 366, *went.*  
 furley, *wondrous ; furleys, wonders.*  
 fyers, *fierce.*  
 fytt, *canto, division of a song.*  
 gad, *bar.*  
 gae, *gave.*  
 gae, *go, going.*  
 gait, *nae, no way.*  
 galid, 367, *sang.*  
 gangande, *going.*  
 gare, *strip.*  
 gar, *make, cause.*  
 garthes, *girths.*  
 gesing, 367, *guessing ; or, de-*  
*sire, A. Sax. gitsung?*  
 ghesting, *lodging, hospitable*  
*reception.*  
 gleed, *a burning coal.*  
 glided, 365. Qy. *gilded?*  
 glint, *gleam.*  
 gnrowth, *gnaws.*  
 gon, *begun.*  
 gon, *went.*  
 good, he can, 173, *has knowl-*  
*edge of good manners.*  
 goupén, *the hollow of the hand*  
*contracted to receive any-*  
*thing.*  
 gowan, *flower.*  
 gowd, *gold.*  
 gowden, *golden.*  
 gowles, *gules.*  
 gown of green, *to get on the,*  
*i. e. to be with child.*  
 grame, *mischief.*  
 grasse, 61, *i. e. grease.*  
 gravil, 351?  
 gree, *favor, prize.*  
 green'd, *longed.*  
 greet, *weep.*  
 gretid, *grew big.*  
 grew, *grey.*  
 groome, *man, knight.*  
 gule, *red.*  
 gurlie, *stormy, surly.*  
 gyne, *trick.*  
 gynne, *begin, undertake.*  
 ha', *hall.*  
 had, *hold, keep.*

- hagt, *bade*.  
 halch, *salute, embrace*.  
 halowe, *saint*.  
 halsed, *greeted*.  
 halse, *neck*.  
 haly, *holy*.  
 hame, *home*.  
 hap, *cover*.  
 harborrowe, *lodging*.  
 harde, *heard*.  
 harrowes, *plunders, despoils*.  
 harns, *brains*.  
 hat, *hit*.  
 hatt, *is called, hight*.  
 haud, *hold*.  
 hawberke, *cuirass*.  
 heal, *conceal*.  
 heathenneste, *heathendom*.  
 hecke, *rack for hay*.  
 hegehen, *eyes*.  
 hagh, *high*.  
 hem, *them*.  
 hende, *gentle*.  
 hent, *took*.  
 herme, *harm*.  
 hett, *bid, assure; was called*.  
 heved, *head*.  
 bewkes; a huke *is a party colored dress, or livery*.  
 high-coll'd, *high-cut*.  
 hight, *in, aloud*.  
 hind, *gentle*.  
 him lane, *alone*.  
 hingers, *hangings*.  
 hirn, *corner*.  
 hith, *hight, is called*.  
 hollen, *holly*.  
 hong, *hang*.  
 hore, *hoar, hoary*.  
 hose, 356, *embrace*.  
 howkit, *dug*.  
 howm, *holm; level, low ground on the bank of a stream*.  
 Hutton, 56. "Perhaps the manor of Hutton in Inglewood forest, Leath ward, Cumberland, is here intended. There is also Hatton Castle in Allerdale below Derwent, in the same county. The whole of the territory hereabout was romance ground."—*Madden*.  
 hye, *in, in haste*.  
 hyghte, *bid*.  
 hyze, *in, in haste*.  
 ic, *I*.  
 iknow, *known*.  
 ilka, *each*.  
 ilke, *same*.  
 inn, *castle, house*.  
 inowze, *enough*.  
 insame, *together*.  
 intill, *into, upon*.  
 iralle, 217. Qu. *rialle, royal?*  
 iwis, *certainly*.  
 jawp'd, *dashed, spattered*.  
 jelly, *jolly*.  
 jimp, *slender, neat*.  
 jolly, *pretty, gay*.  
 kaim, *comb*.  
 kane, *rent*.  
 kantle, *corner*.  
 karp, *talk*.

- kayred, 40, *journeyed*.  
 kembed, *combed*.  
 kell, 46, *caul, dress for a lady's head*.  
 ken, *know*.  
 keppit, *caught, kept*.  
 kest, *cast*.  
 kevels, *lots*.  
 kiest, *cast*.  
 kilted, *tucked*.  
 kirk, *church*.  
 kist, *chest*.  
 knight, *knight*.  
  
 laigh-coll'd, *low cut*.  
 laine, *concealment, falsehood*.  
 laith, *loath*.  
 lane, *alone*; joined with pronouns, as, my lane, his lane, her lane, their lane, myself alone, &c.  
 lang, to think, *to be weary, feel ennui*.  
 lapande, *lapping*.  
 lapped, *coagulated, clotted*.  
 lart. Qy. *laught, caught?*  
 lat, *let*.  
 laughters, *locks*.  
 laverock, *lark*.  
 layne, *conceal*.  
 leal, *loyal, chaste*.  
 leccam, *body*.  
 leele, *loyal*.  
 leesome, *pleasant, sweet*.  
 leffe, 29, *leave*.  
 lere, *lore, doctrine*.  
 les, *lying*.  
 lesyng, *lie*.  
 lett, *hindrance*.  
  
 lette, *delay*.  
 leuedys, *ladies*.  
 leuze, *laughed*.  
 leven, 229, *lawn*.  
 levin, *lightning*.  
 ley-land, *lea-land, not ploughed*.  
 licht, *light*.  
 liffe, *life*.  
 lift, *air*.  
 lighth, *member, limb*.  
 likes, *dead bodies*.  
 lingcam, *body?*  
 linger, *longer*.  
 lire, *face, countenance*.  
 lith, *supple, limber*.  
 lithe, *listen*.  
 lodlye, *loathly*.  
 loffe, *love*.  
 loof, *hollow of the hand*.  
 loot, *bow*.  
 loot, *let*.  
 lose, *fame, report*.  
 loun, *loon*.  
 louted, *bowed*.  
 lown, *lone*.  
 lowte, *bow*.  
 lowzhe, *laughed, smiled*.  
 luifsomely, *pleasantly, sweetly*.  
 luppen, *leapt*.  
 lyand, *lyggande, lying*.  
 lyle, *little*.  
 lystnys, *listen*.  
 lyth, *member, limb*.  
  
 maen, *moan*.  
 maik, *mate*.  
 makane, *making*.  
 make, *mate*.  
 mansworn, *perjured*.

- marrow, *mate*.  
 maste, *most, greatest*.  
 maun, *must*.  
 maunna, *may not*.  
 mawys, mavis, *singing thrush*.  
 may, *maid*.  
 medill-erthe, *earth, the world*.  
 mekill, *great*.  
 mell, *mallet*.  
 meloude, *melody*.  
 mensked, 367, *honored*.  
 menyde, *moaned*.  
 merks, *marks*.  
 merk-soot, 365, *mark-shot, distance between bow-marks*.—  
     Finlay.  
 merrys, *marrest*.  
 mese, *mess, meal*.  
 meyné, *company, retinue*.  
 nicht, *might*.  
 middle-eard, *the earth*.  
 min, 64, *mention*.  
 minion, *fine, elegant*.  
 mith, *might*.  
 mochill, *much*.  
 mode, *passion, energy*.  
 mody, *courageous*.  
 molatt, 60, *mullet, in heraldry*.  
 mold, mould, *earth, ground*.  
 montenans, *amount*.  
 more, *greater*.  
 most, *greatest*.  
 mother-naked, *naked as at one's birth*.  
 mouthe, *might*.  
 Mungo St., *St. Kentigern*.  
 my lane, *alone*.  
 mythes, *might*.  
 nay, *denial*.  
 newfangle, 7, *new-fashioned*.  
 nicked with nay, 56, *denied*.  
 niest, *nearest, close*.  
 nigromance, *necromancy*.  
 noth, *not*.  
 nouth, *not*.  
 noyther, *neither*.  
 on ane, *anon*.  
 one, *on, in*;  
 onie, *any*.  
 on live, *alive*.  
 or, ere, *before*.  
 orfare, 217, *embroidery*.  
 Oryence, *Orient*.  
 over one, 30, *in a company, together*. See Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*, in v.  
 ouer ane.  
 owre, *over, too*.  
 owreturn, *refrain*.  
 pae, *peacock*.  
 paines, *penance*.  
 pall, *rich cloth*.  
 palmer, *pilgrim*.  
 papcioyes, *popinjays*.  
 par amour, shee loued him,  
     i. e. *wantonly*.  
 parde, *par dieu*.  
 parell, *peril*.  
 pautit, *paw, beat with the foot*.  
 pay, 56, 355, *pleasure, satisfaction*.  
 paye, *content*.  
 payetrelle, 217, *(otherwise,*  
     patrel, poitrail, pectorale,

- &c.) a steel plate for the protection of a horse's chest.  
 payreide, *apparelled*.  
 perelle, *pearl*.  
 pight, *pitched*.  
 plas, 26, *place, palace*.  
 plyzt, *plight*.  
 postee, *power*.  
 poterner, 6, *pouch, purse*.  
*Rightly corrected by Percy from poterver. See pautonnière, pontonaria, and pantonarius, in Henschel's ed. of Ducange.*  
 prest, *priest*.  
 prest, *ready, prompt*.  
 prieve, *prove*.  
 prink'd, prinn'd, *adorned, drest up, made neat*.  
 pristly, *earnestly*.  
 propine, *gift*.  
 pryce, *prize*.  
  
 race, 71, *course*.  
 raches, *scenting hounds*.  
 radde, *quick, quickly*.  
 rair, *roar*.  
 ras, *rose*.  
 rashing, *striking like a boar*.  
 rathely, *quickly*.  
 raught, *reached*.  
 rauine, *beasts of chase, prey*.  
 raye, *array*.  
 redd, 29, *explained*.  
 rede, *counsel*.  
 rede, 166, *countenance*.  
 reekit, *smokes*.  
 reele bone, 217, *an unknown material of which saddles, especially, are in the romances said to be made; called variously, rewel-bone, (Cant. Tales, 13807,) rowel-bone, reuyll-bone, and (Young Bekie, vol. iv. 12) royal-bone.*  
 reet, *root*.  
 reme, *kingdom*.  
 renninge, *running*.  
 replenysshed, *filled*.  
 repreve, *reprove, deride*.  
 respyte, 197, *space remaining*.  
 reve, *taken away from*.  
 rewe, *take pity*.  
 ridand, *riding*.  
 rived, 351, *arrived*.  
 rode, *rood, cross*.  
 roe, *peace, rest*. Germ. *ruh'*.  
 rome, *growl, roar*.  
 rooke, *heap*.  
 rought, *recked, lamented*.  
 rought, *rout, company*.  
 rouse, *boast*.  
 route, *band, company*.  
 routh, *plenty*.  
 row, *roll, wrap*.  
 rudd, *complexion*.  
 rudly, 41, *speedily*.  
 rud-red, *ruddy red*.  
 rybybe, *kind of fiddle*.  
 ryn, *run*.  
 rysse, *rise*.  
  
 sadde, *heavy*; sadly, 193, *heavily*; sadlye, *grarely*.  
 safe-guard, *a riding skirt*.  
 saghe, *saw*.  
 saikless, *guiltless*.

- sained, *crossed, consecrated*.  
 saine, *say*.  
 sak, *sucked*.  
 sall, *shall*.  
 saw, *saying, tale*.  
 sawtrye, *psallery*.  
 scathe, *damage*.  
 schane, *shone*.  
 scho, *she*.  
 schone, *shoes*.  
 scort, *short*.  
 seannachy, *genealogist, bard,*  
     *or story-teller*.  
 sekirlye, *truly*.  
 selcowgh, *strange*.  
 selle, *saddle*.  
 senne, *since*.  
 sere, *sore*.  
 serke, *shirt*.  
 sex, *six*.  
 sey, 25, *saw*.  
 shathmont, 244, [A. Sax.  
     scæftmund,] *a measure*  
     *from the top of the extended*  
     *thumb to the utmost part of*  
     *the palm, six inches*.  
 sheede, *spill*.  
 sheeld - bones, *blade - bones,*  
     *shoulder-blades*.  
 sheene, *bright*.  
 sheen, *shoes*.  
 sheep-silver, *mica*.  
 shende, *ruin; shent, injured,*  
     *abused*.  
 sheugh, *furrow, ditch*.  
 shontest, 54, *shrinkest*.  
 shroffe, *shrived*.  
 sibbe, *kindred*.  
 sichin', *sighing*.  
 sicken, *such*.  
 siked, *sighed*.  
 skaith, *harm*.  
 skaith, [qy. skail?] 254, *save,*  
     *keep innocent of*.  
 skinked, *poured out*.  
 skyl, *reason, manner*.  
 slae, *sloe*.  
 slawe, *slain*.  
 slichting, *slighting*.  
 smert, *quickly*.  
 snell, *quick, keen*.  
 solas, *recreation, sport*.  
 sonde, *sending, message*.  
 sooth, soth, *truth*.  
 soth, 367, *sweet*.  
 sort, *company*.  
 soun, *sound*.  
 soune, *swoon, swooned*.  
 sped, *satisfied*.  
 speed, 9, *fare*.  
 spier, *ask*.  
 spill, *perish*.  
 sprent, *leapt*.  
 staker, *stagger*.  
 stark, *strong*.  
 start, *started*.  
 stede, *place, condition*.  
 stered, *guided*.  
 stered, *stirred, moved*.  
 stern, *star*.  
 steven, *voice*.  
 stinted, *stopped*.  
 stond, *time, while*.  
 store, *strong*.  
 stout, *haughty*.  
 stown, *stolen*.  
 stowre, *battle, conflict*.  
 stowre, *strong, brave*.

- straiked, *stroaked*  
 stratlins, 300, *straddlings*?  
 streek, *stretch*.  
 strene, *strain, race*.  
 sture, *strong*.  
 stythe, *stead, place*.  
 suire, *neck*.  
 suld, *should*.  
 sweere, *neck*.  
 swick, *blame*.  
 swilled, 361, *shook, as in rinc-*  
*ing*.  
 swoghyne, 221, *soughing*.  
 swylke, *such*.  
 swythe, *very much*.  
 syde, *long*.  
 syen, *since*.  
 syer, 66 *lord, master*.  
 sygthe, *then*.  
 syke, rivalet, *marshy bottom*.  
 sykerly, sykerlyke, *certainly,*  
*truly*.  
 syne, *then*.  
 sythed, 169, *sighed*.  
 syth, *times*.  
 tabull dormounte, 26, *standing*  
*table, the fixed table at the*  
*end of the hall. (?)*  
 taiken, *token*.  
 tan, tanne, *take*.  
 tedder, *tether*.  
 teld, *tent, house*.  
 teind, *tithe*.  
 tene, *grief, sorrow, loss, harm*.  
 tente, *attention, heed*.  
 tenteth, *contenteth*.  
 tærement, *interment*.  
 tett, 227, *lock [of hair.]*  
 thae, *those*.  
 than, *then*.  
 thar, *where*.  
 thee, *thrive*.  
 then, *than*.  
 thenne, *thin*.  
 thir, *those*.  
 tho, *those*.  
 thore, *there*.  
 thouch, *though*.  
 thought lang, *grew weary, felt*  
*ennui*.  
 thowe, *then*.  
 throe, thro, 169, *bold, fierce*.  
 throng, *beat down*.  
 throug, *threw*.  
 throw, *time, while*.  
 thrubchandler, 355?  
 till, *to*.  
 tirlled at the pin, *trilled, or*  
*rattled, at the door-pin, or*  
*latch, to obtain admission*.  
 tither, *the other*.  
 tod, *fox*.  
 to-draw, *drawn*.  
 toke, *gave, handed*.  
 toute, 29.  
 touting, *tooting*.  
 travayle, *labor*.  
 traye, 222, *suffering*. [dree?]  
 tryst, *appointment, assigna-*  
*tion*.  
 twal, *twelve*.  
 twan, *twined*.  
 twine, *part, deprive of*.  
 tyde, *time*.  
 tyte, *promptly, quick*.  
 umstrode, *bestrode*.



